March 16, 1935

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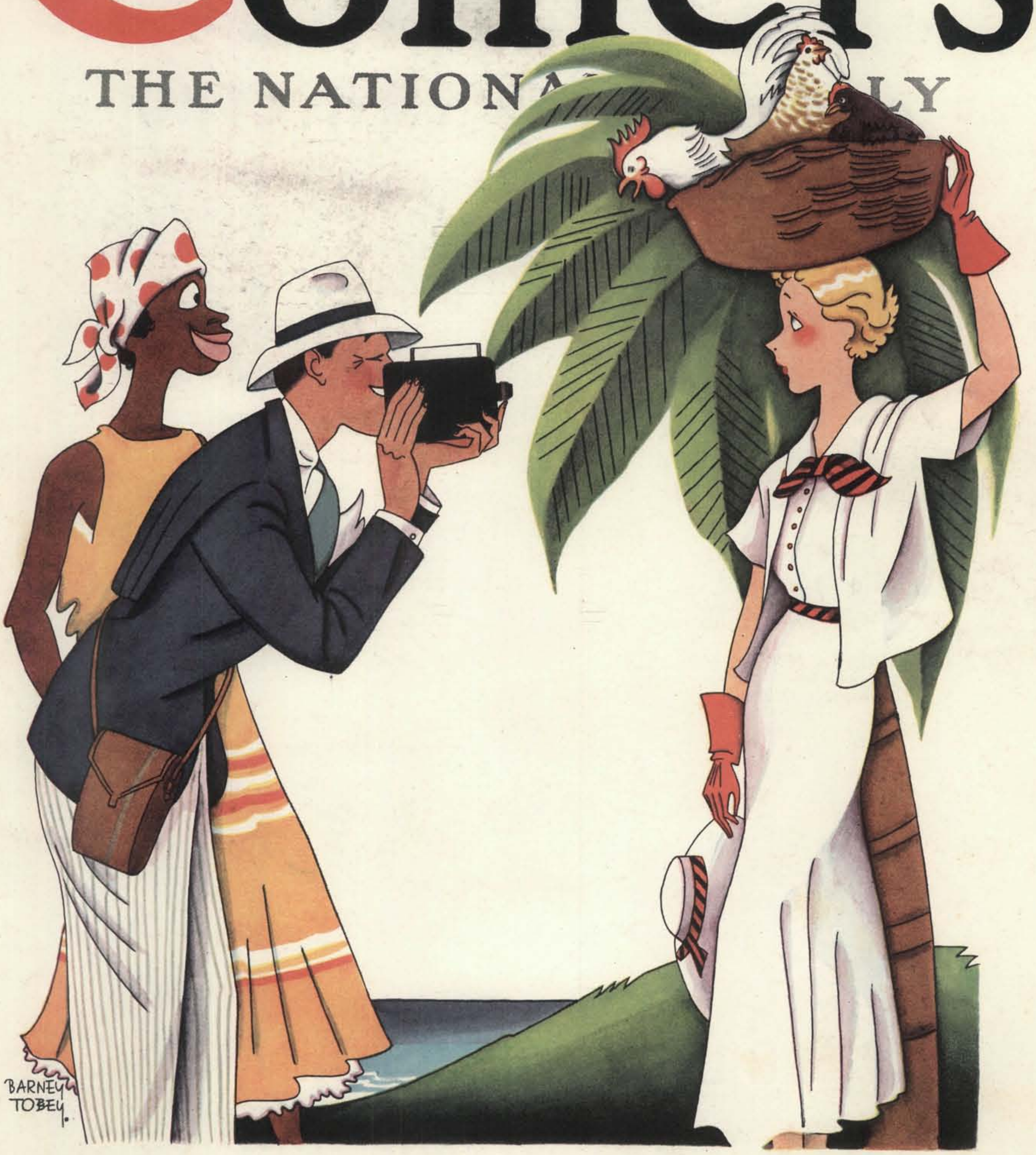

Dr. Socrates a brilliant novel by the author of Little Caesar **W.**

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ARCH 16, 1935

Lesson in Palmistry . .

Drip a drop
Of Old Overholt rye
On your palm
Rub your hands together
And sniff . . .

A simple test
Of whiskey quality
Long known to experts

The rich bouquet
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Will make you think
Of sunny grain fields
Out Dakota way
Of fragrant oak
Charred by coopers
Zesty yeast
And sweet hill water

These are the only ingredients
In Old Overholt rye
They explain its wholesome goodness

They explain also
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For a century and a quarter
Have uncorked this regal drink
With pride
For guests of quality

Try a taste!

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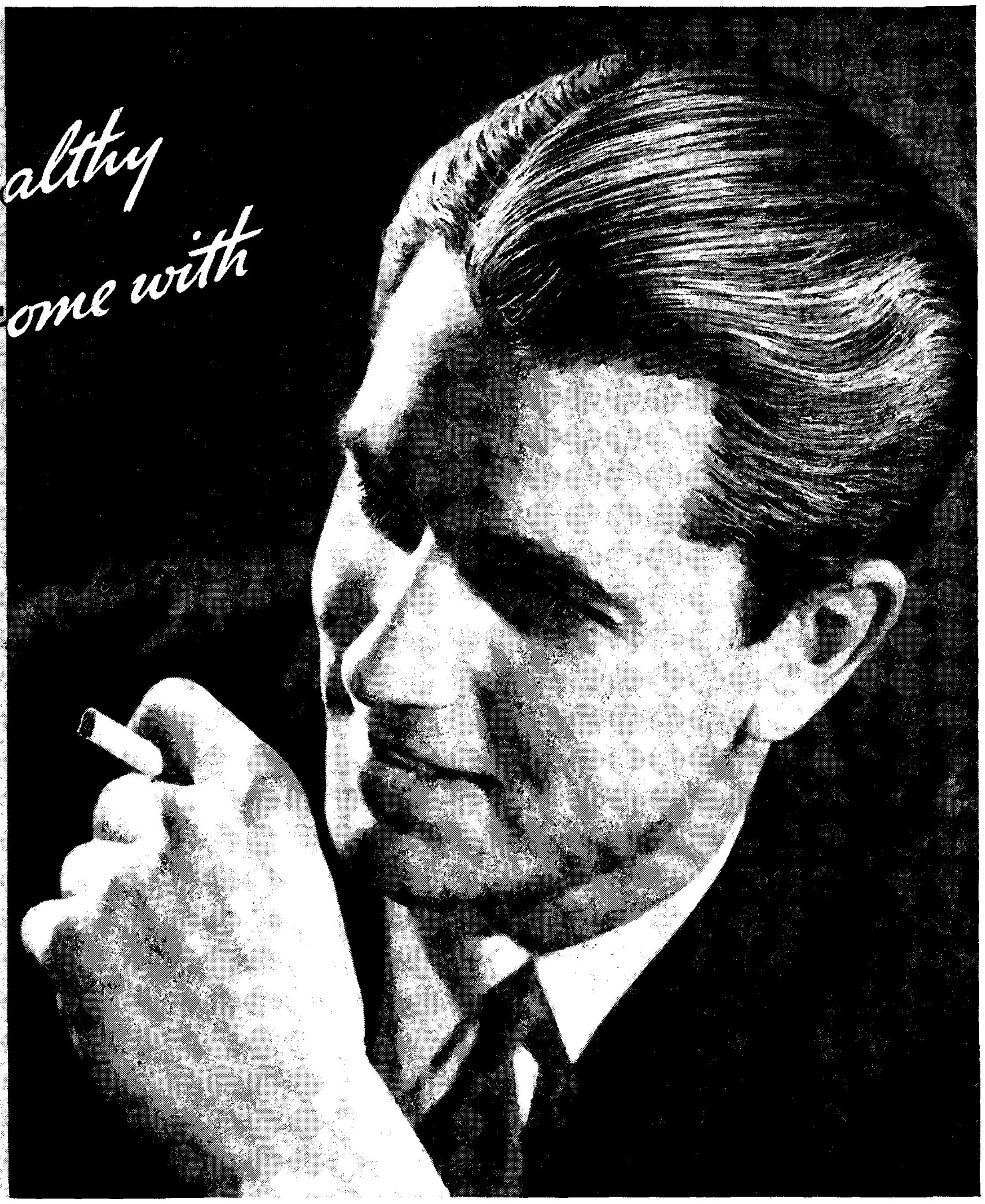
VITALIS

and the

60-SECOND WORKOUT



Everybody admires Handsome Hair. Twice a week give your Scalp and Hair this treatment →

IT'S SIMPLE—it's inexpensive—and it works—this modern way of keeping your scalp alive and your hair healthy and well-groomed—*the 60-Second Vitalis Workout!*

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You'll like Vitalis! You'll like the stimulating, healthy glow of the 60-Second Workout. Ask your barber about Vitalis or get a bottle from your druggist and start your own 60-Second Workouts today.

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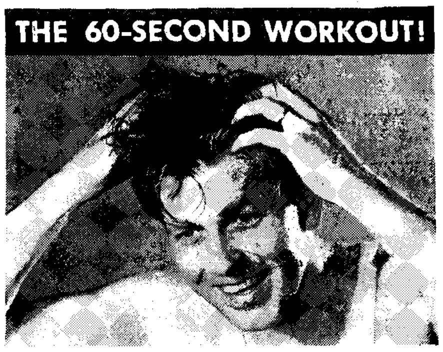

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10 SECONDS TO BRUSH . . When you comb and brush your hair, it stays smooth and lustrous . . with no trace of that unnatural "patent-leather" look.

ASK YOUR BARBER
He's an expert on the health of scalp and hair. Take his advice when he suggests Vitalis. He knows!

VITALIS

Keeps Hair Healthy and Handsome ●

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

PEARL S. BUCK, author of "The Good Earth," has written a love story of modern Shanghai. In it a lady of old China and a girl of today meet for a moment in a dance hall in the French Concession. They meet in rivalry over a man and part with complete understanding that bridges two ages. You will find reading it a brilliant and memorable experience.

WHEN Matt Quay wrote the constitution of Pennsylvania he included what was later to be known as the comic supplement. It was a clause to the effect that no one who had been sentenced to jail should ever sit in the state legislature. Mr. Quay brushed aside objections to this joker, saying, "Who's going to get convicted?"

A member of the present state senate was thoughtless enough to do just that. But in Pennsylvania's conservative senate for a long time nothing was said about it. The senate, however, is the one spot left toward which the old guard can look with trust and approval. In the governor's mansion lives a man so tainted with radicalism that he openly urges a tax upon corporations. Nor does he stop there. Things have come to a pretty pass in the Keystone State. Walter Davenport shows you how grave the situation is in "Pennsylvania—of All Places."

CAPTAIN MELROSE of the Malcolm Star was a man of experience and determination. It was not, strictly speaking, his fault that he was in love with a stewardess on his ship. It was awkward, of course—especially as the girl was engaged to the second mate. But there are things that captains can do to make the lives of second mates very difficult. Captain Melrose tried them all. The upshot was "Another Gold Band." Albert Richard Wetjen writes the story.

AFTER the trying experiences recorded this week in "Against Orders," Miss Lucie Mott very sensibly goes to live with her uncle, Inspector Wragge of Scotland Yard. But, just as we feared, Meredith is still on the job. But so, too, is Violet Joe. Together they provide a very exciting bit of melodrama in "First Catch the Girl," by E. Phillips Oppenheim.

T. R. YBARRA reports an interview with Mussolini. Quentin Reynolds contributes the last word on badminton. Corey Ford writes the Short Short Story. Alan LeMay concludes "The Smoky Years" in a blaze of glory. And they, one and all, are the top.

This Week

●

March 16, 1935

Cover by Barney Tobey

W. R. BURNETT
Dr. Socrates, Part I. Bandits paralyze Mid-West! Page 7

PHYLLIS DUGANNE
Heavy Spender. The love story of a man from Montana. Page 10

GEORGE CREEL
Mexican Red. What the National Revolutionary party is doing to Mexico. Page 12

KATHARINE ROBERTS
Acting in a Business Way. Kay Francis looks at the movies. Page 14

LUCIAN CARY
Double Rebound. Prescription for broken hearts—it takes two. Page 15

ROARK BRADFORD
Juju Powders. Black magic on Little Bee Bend. Page 16

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
Three Falls to a Fortune. The grooming of another perfect pachyderm. Page 18

WALTER DAVENPORT
Brethren and Sisters. Senator Bilbo, the eloquent and ingenious gentleman from Mississippi. Page 19

ALAN LeMAY
The Smoky Years, Part X. Jody, at the eleventh hour. Page 20

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
No Reflection Intended, by Katharine Newlin Burt. Page 22

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM
Against Orders. Scotland Yard, three jumps behind Miss Mott. Page 23

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. What will happen next? Page 37

EDITORIAL
Remaking the World. Page 66

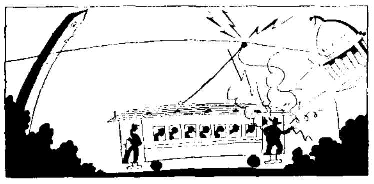
●

Any Week

ACCORDING to Miss Hallie Quick of Washington, D. C., who lives near the Weather Bureau and should know, spring isn't more than a weak stagger around the corner. And a very good thing, too, she adds. "Pretty soon now," says she, "government windows will be flung open. Soft spring airs will float in. Anyway, the whole place needs an airing. A Western congressman told me yesterday it was an outrage that relief money should be spent on postage stamps that brought complaining letters to senators and representatives. And he wasn't kidding."

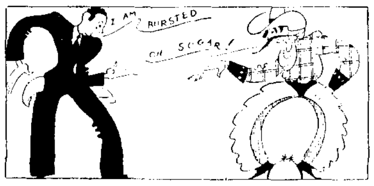
WE STEP aside for a moment to permit Mr. Babe Malito of Huntington, Long Island, New York, to proceed with a bit of research. Cries he: "Will all those who have actually been ruined by government interference, regulation or competition with public utilities, please stand over there to the right? Oh, come, come. Surely there must be someone. Surely an orphan or a widow. Why, from all the noise I've heard, I thought—well, now, will all those holding any stocks of any kind, who were ruined before this government went Bolshevik with its un-American interference, stand over to the left? Help, help. Just a minute, folks. Ouch. Not here. Over there. Help. Police. I'm being killed. Pu-leeeese."

PROVING, of course, that it all depends. Further proof is produced by Mr. Leslie Banta of Reno, Nevada, with news of a banker who, a year ago, was pawing the air, crying that the federal administration's "reckless spending was ruining the country and was nothing short of criminal." The gentleman is now, says Mr. Banta, "pawing the air all over again trying to get a job in the relief administrator's office."



"MAYBE you know Carter Glass, the one-man feud," writes Mr. T. R. Major of Chevy Chase, Maryland. "Anyway, I hear he took a ride on one of our street cars not long ago right after a bitter money battle at the Capitol. On the platform he and the conductor got into an argument about change. 'See here, young man,' shouted Senator Glass, 'I've had just about enough of squirts explaining finance to me.' So he got off and walked."

A CERTAIN amount of hearty choler heats Mr. Lincoln Darrow, of Los Angeles. Somewhere he read the word "bust" used in the past tense by an author who sought to describe the financial plight of a frontier character. "In the 70's and 80's," says he, "nobody in the country used the word 'bust' that way. The word was 'busted'—John Smith was busted, not bust. Of course, our very best people back East recoiled at the vulgarism and insisted upon bursted, but it didn't sound right. It was like having a flint-faced, rowdyish, two-gun cattle rustler say 'heck' instead of 'hell,' as so many of our writers have it. Why not be brave and have them say, 'Oh, sugar'?"



"AND suppose," says Mr. K. Tietaz of Richmond, Virginia, "the government offered us veterans the choice between jobs and the immediate payment of the bonus. Do you think the rioting would be serious?"

WELL, it might be quite a shock to some. But in Mena, Arkansas, they would have other things to think about. Mr. Bob Berry, the Voice of Mena, reports that "a change in rail schedules puts the daily passenger train through town at night now and the folks here have lost one of their principal amusements, not being able to watch the cars go by. But it has one big advantage: it brings Collier's to us one day earlier each week and everybody's feeling more friendly toward the railroad. We're doing mighty fine down here."

FURTHERMORE, Mr. James C. Linck of Billings, Montana, is in no gentle frame of mind. Mr. Linck wants to know whether we know what the "situation in Washington" reminds him of. We didn't until we finished his letter. "It reminds me," says he, "of a Boy Scout encampment suddenly invaded by a pack of wildcats."

AND Mr. Ralph F. Overholtzer of Little Rock, Arkansas, reports that: "It has been my impression that Owen P. White is a Texan, but one of our local preachers referred to him yesterday as a Yankee. Is the preacher right? Yes or no."

FOUR billion, eight hundred and eighty million times No.

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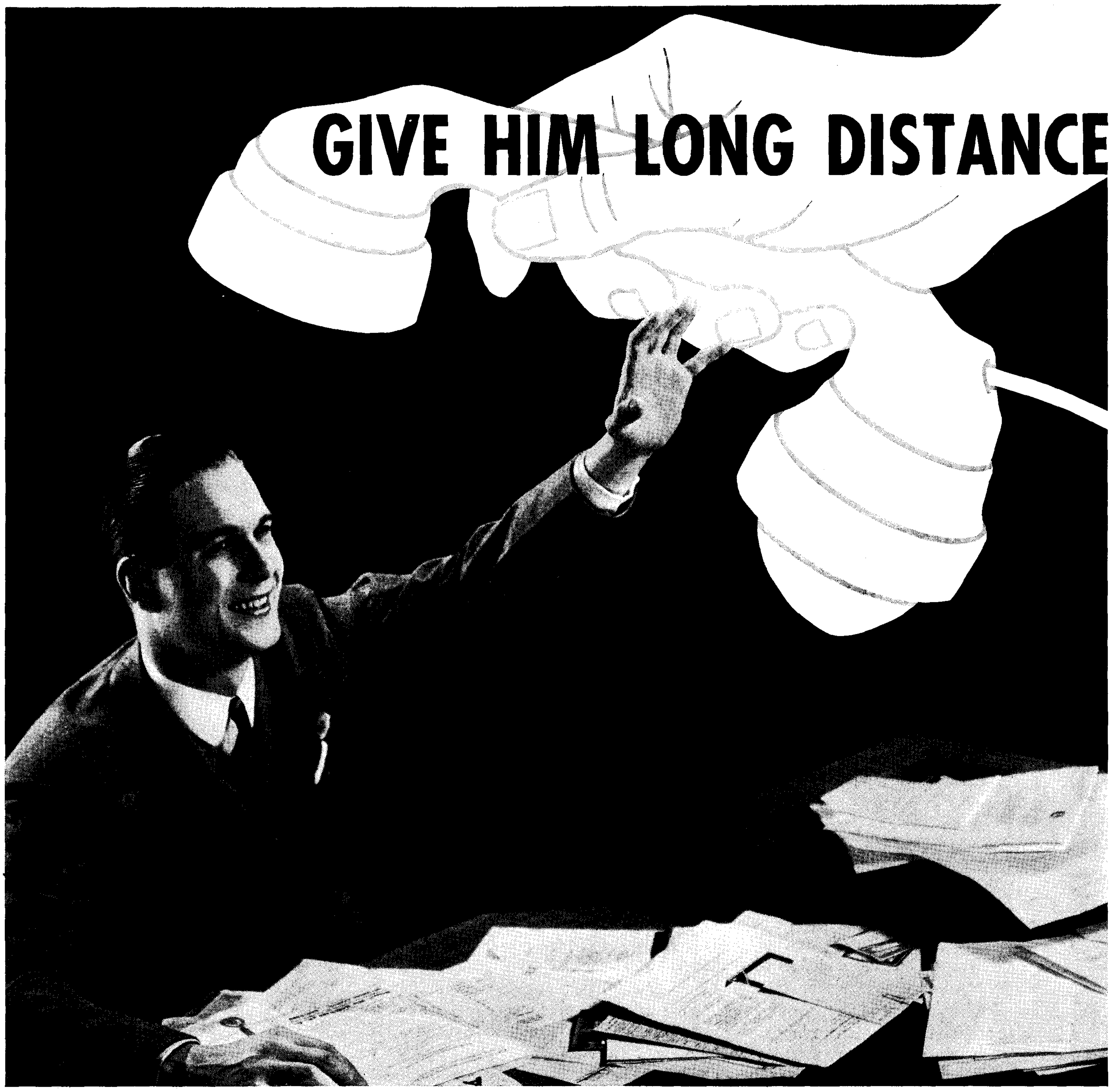

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Boston	Chicago	3.25	2.65	1.75
New York	Kansas City	4.00	3.25	2.25
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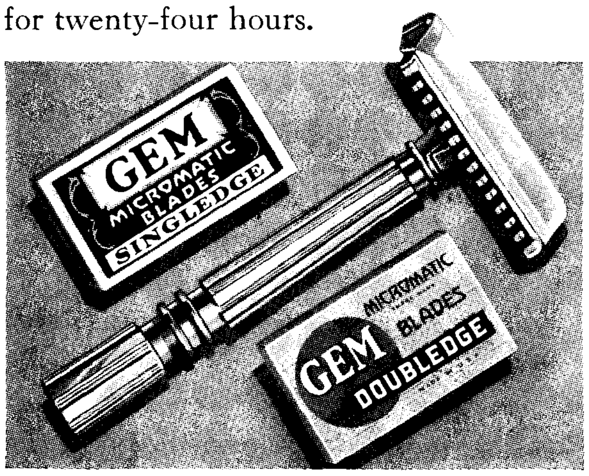
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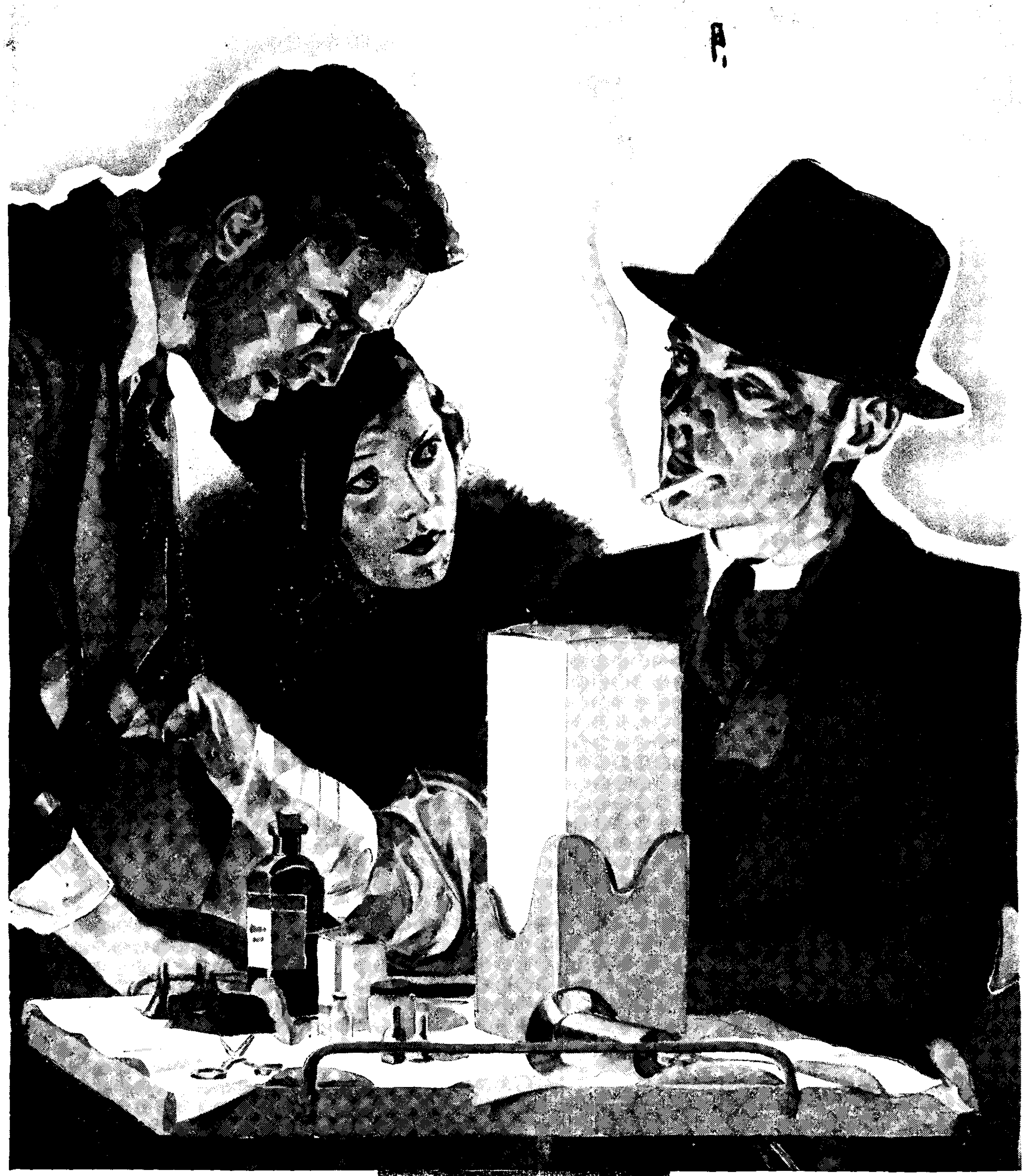


Cardwell smiled slightly. "Some people are not sensitive to pain. Particularly stupid people."

By W. R. Burnett

Dr. Socrates

Beginning another superb story by the author of "Little Caesar," "[illegible]" and "Jailbreaker"—a swift drama in which public enemies are home-[illegible]

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

THE street lights had just come on in Big Bend. There was still a little light in the sky, and the hills north and east of the town were a hazy blue; almost disembodied, they seemed to float in the spring dusk. It was Saturday and Main Street was lined with cheap automobiles. The lights had been lit in all the stores and at the corner of Main and Joyce the Palace movie theater blazed.

Big Bend was a town of about four thousand and in its neck of the woods a metropolis. Every Saturday crowds drove in from the surrounding farms, ranches and crossroad hamlets. Big Bend was a county seat and had an old brick courthouse in whose yard the men congregated of a Saturday night to wait for their wives who were shopping and their children who were at the movies. They stood or sat in groups, talking crops, lamenting the lot of the farmer, and discussing the impossibility of making money any more out of livestock. They spoke mildly. Their county had not been as hard hit as some other parts of the state and quite a few of them considered themselves lucky. But there were many chronic kickers and they managed to keep the conversation going in a community where most men talked little, leaving that activity to their more richly endowed wives.

But this Saturday night was different. There was little or no talk of crops, and there was considerable excitement. The National Bank of Broken Bow, a good-sized town about eighty miles north of Big Bend, had been held up at noon by six or eight bandits (the accounts varied), and they had got away with nearly six thousand dollars. Nobody except one bandit had been shot, but there had been a great deal of promiscuous gunfire; windows had been shattered along the main street and two parked automobiles had been riddled.

"Shooting with sub-guns, they was," said one of the farmers, who read all the crime news religiously and liked to use all the underworld terms properly. "Banging away and pouring lead for all they was worth. Must of been pretty bad shots, never hitting nobody."

Somebody snorted.

"NEVER hitting nobody! That shows how much you know about it, Bill. That proves they know how to handle firearms. They was just scaring 'em a little. That's all."

"Bill," said another, "what's a sub-gun?"

There was a titter.

"Why, a sub-gun, it's a kind of . . . you know. . . . Say, you fellows sure are ignorant."

"It's a little machine-gun," said somebody. "I've seen them. Up at the state capital the cops have them. They sure are powerful weapons. Cut a tree down just like it was a blade of grass."

"Go on!"

"Fact."

"Just like I said," Bill put in. "It's a tiny sort of machine-gun. Just like I said."

"Paper claims it was Red Bastian's gang. How they know I don't see. Some fellow in the bank says he recognized Red and Lefty Croker. He sure is different from me, that fellow. If somebody was pouring lead at me I wouldn't recognize my own wife and children if I seen them."

"Me neither."

"Shucks! Every time anything happens within a hundred miles of here it's Red Bastian."

"He's from over at Cold Springs, ain't he?"

"Sure. He's old Tom Bastian's grandson. I don't believe all I hear about him. The Bastians was a harmless lot."

"Abe wasn't a very harmless one."

"Oh, he used to get in a shooting scrape now and then, but he never went around robbing banks and shooting policemen and things like they say young Red does. Heck! I bet he ain't as black as he's painted."

"He's no angel. He was in reform school when he was sixteen years old. My girl, Milly, knows him. She went to school with him."

"Was she in there too, Bill?"

The men leaned on the courthouse yard railing to laugh. Some of them laughed loudly, braying and slapping each other on the back. People across the street turned to stare. While they were laughing, a big, shiny new roadster drew up at the curb near them and a bass voice said:

"Hey! What's all this hilarity?"

A big face and a huge pair of shoulders leaned part way out of the car. It was Doc Ginder, the most popular man in Big Bend. He not only had a lucrative practice but was the representative of the state board of health, chairman of the board of education, and had been political boss of Wayne County for twenty years. But you'd never think he was such a big man, the farmers said; he was just folks. Of course he was a little tough about collecting his bills sometimes, but after all, business was business and a doctor had to live same as a farmer. Ginder was big all over; his face was massive, his jaw square. In the state capital he was referred to by flippant newspapermen as the tank-town Mussolini. He was as strong as a circus Sandow and his whisper could be heard across the street. Most men in Big Bend were in awe of him.

"Howdy, Doc."

"Howdy, boys. You been hitting the jug?"

The farmers laughed. Doc talked their language; a college education hadn't ruined him none like it had that young Doctor Cardwell at the north of town.

"NO, DOC. Got to stay sober on account of our wives. We was laughing at Bill."

"What! Bill, the kidder! Laughing at him? Well, well. Caught you off guard, eh, Bill?"

"In a manner of speaking."

Somebody explained the joke and Doc Ginder roared.

"Laid yourself wide open, Bill. Well, fellows, speaking about the devil, I just got in from Broken Bow. I was up there on a little business. Red Bastian and his boys sure wrecked that town. . . ."

"See, what did I tell you! It was Red Bastian."

"It was sure enough," said Doc Ginder, settling himself and lighting a cigar. "I saw him myself, plain as day. I was just across the street when the shooting began. You never saw anything like it. There was about eight of them. Four of them got right out in the middle of the street at the corner of Main and Brush and shot in all directions with those little machine-guns."

"Sub-guns," said Bill, quickly.

The farmers tittered.

"Right. You should have seen the people hit for home. One old man with rheumatism threw his crutches away and outran all the young fellows. In one second that town was deserted. The rest of them went in the bank and looted it. I never saw so much broken glass in my life. After it was all over I was talking to the mayor, Charley Thomas, and I told him he ought to change the name of the town. 'To what?' he says, bristling up. 'Why,' I says, 'Broken Bow won't do now. It ought to be Broken Glass.' But that didn't seem to amuse him much."

Doc chuckled and the farmers laughed.

"You sure it was Red, Doc? Everything that happens in these parts is blamed on him."

"And ought to be. He's a desperate man. Crazy as a loon, I say. Yes, sir. I saw him plain as day. He lost his hat in the scramble and when he came out, there was that carrot top shining in the sun and he was grinning like a circus clown. I saw Lefty Crocker, too. Somebody shot him and his arm was hanging down. Boys, here's the funny part. This bunch had two cars and there was women driving them. I saw them."

"What! Women!"

"YES, sir. Well, well; I'm sure I don't know what this country's coming to! Why, it's getting so it's like the days of Jesse James. That's the way he used to do. My grandfather lived in Coffeyville when Jesse took the town over one day but this is modern times. Funny, now, isn't it?"

"It sure is."

"While I was with the mayor a telegram come from Washington or some place. There's a ten-thousand-dollar reward out for Red Bastian now."

"Think of that. Why, he's just Tom Bastian's grandson, is all. Ten thousand dollars!"

There was a long silence. Some of the men remembered when Red Bastian used to play on the Cold Springs baseball team. Best first baseman ever seen in the county and he could hit a ball a mile.

"Ten thousand dollars!" said Bill. "Why, he used to go to school with my Milly. Not the reform school," he added hastily.

Doc laughed and stepped on the starter.

"Well, got to go. Say, a farmer out at the edge of Broken Bow says the bandits was headed this way over the Drury Post Road."

"Right past my farm, dang it!" said somebody. "I hope they keep right on going."

Doc Ginder waved and drove off. The farmers stood leaning against the rail a long time in silence. Fear was growing on them. They thought about the four men on the main street spraying the town with lead; they thought of Red Bastian, who was slowly becoming a portentous and unfamiliar figure, and of the deadly Lefty Croker. They thought about the dark drive home; of the careening cars on the Post Road filled with bandits armed with machine-guns. They saw themselves robbed and probably shot.

"Well," said one, finally, "all I can say is, they ought to have more policemen in this town than they got."

"We got a sheriff and deputies. We're all right."

"Yeah, but we haven't got no machine-guns."

Somebody laughed.

"Say, old Doc took it calm enough, didn't he? Right across the street from it and never turned a hair, I bet. He ain't much like that young Doctor Cardwell, is he?"

There was a laugh.

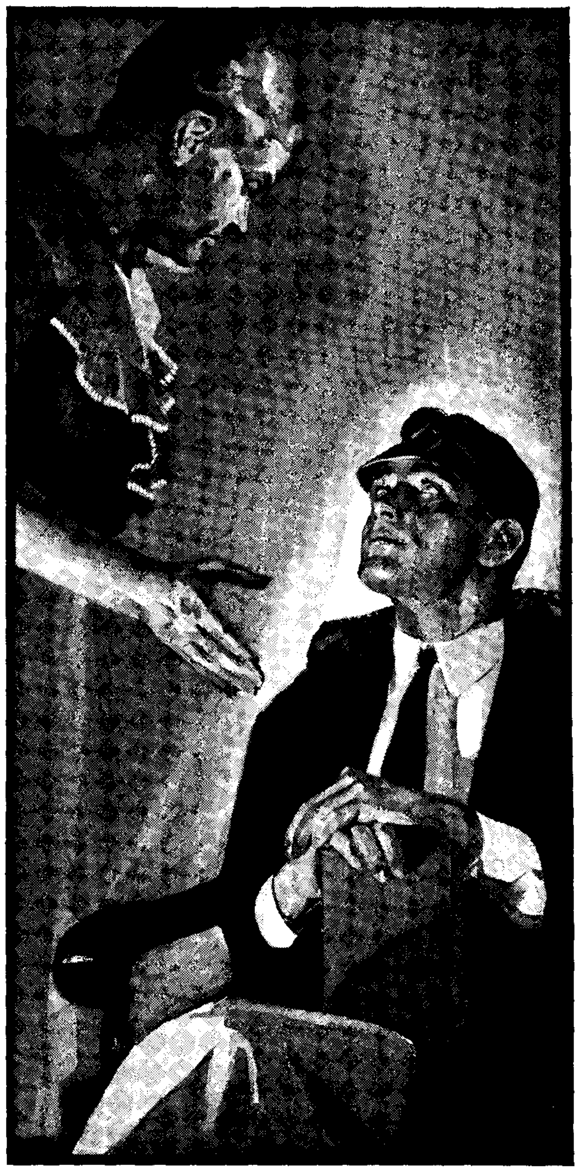
"What that young fellow ever come to the town for I don't know. He'll never get no practice with Doc Ginder here. Except of course he'll get them that don't pay their bills."

"He's got plenty of them already, I hear. All them shiftless people from the river bottom and the foreigners from Skintown; all the out-and-out no-goods."

"He'll have a sweet time collecting from them people."

"I heard a good one on him. I hear Matt Craig called him clear out to his place the other night to see a cow. Matt thought he was a horse doctor."

The men roared. The specter of fear began to recede. The picture of the solemn, aloof young Doctor Cardwell going clear out to Matt Craig's to tend a cow violently stirred their sense of humor.



"People are getting nasty, Dr. Cardwell"

"What is it old Doc Ginder calls him?"

"He calls him 'Dr. Socrates.'" Bill stumbled over the name.

"What's it mean, Bill?"

"Why," said Bill, "let me see."

"Well, we're waiting. Didn't have nothing to do with the reform school, did it?"

Bill spat in disgust and waited for the laughter to die down.

"Now, you wiseacres, when you get done laughing at a man a lot smarter than yourself, I'll tell you. It seems this here Socrates was a philosopher. So old Doc hangs that name on young Cardwell 'cause he's always reading books and talking nicey-nice. Charley Stevens over at the drug store told me."

"Why didn't he just call him 'bookworm' and have done with it? I hear he reads to all hours of the night. His housekeeper, old Ma Ganson, told my Dora that he never goes to bed till one o'clock or later."

"One o'clock! What would a man be doing up at that hour? Must take dope, or something. Looks kind of pale, sometimes, don't he?"

"Reckon so. Lots of doctors take dope, so I'm told."

"Well, that young doctor will never get rich here."

The doors of the picture show opened and people began to pour out.

"First show's over, I guess," said Bill. "I'll have to be going to get Ma and Milly."

He took a step forward but somebody put a hand on his arm and said:

"Bill! Listen!"

They heard a car coming at a terrific rate of speed down Main Street. Women and children were beginning to cross the street at the picture show intersection. Bill jumped into the air, waving his arms; the farmers all began to shout. Women and children scattered for the sidewalk, just as a big touring car, filled with people, roared past, going well over sixty miles an hour.

THE farmers stood with their mouths open, staring at the swiftly disappearing tail-light.

"Did you get a look at them, Bill?"

"No. Can't say I did. The car was loaded though."

"Do you reckon . . . ?"

"Might be."

"Post Road, eh? This ain't the Post Road. Got their nerve, them people."

"Oh, well. Maybe it wasn't them. Doc said there was two cars, didn't he?"

Bill walked across the street, shaking his head. He'd be glad when he got Ma and Milly home.

"Funny," he muttered, "that there ain't a policeman in sight nowheres."

As he stepped up the curb he bumped into a man who was trying to avoid the crowd of women and children in front of the picture show.

"Pardon me," said the man.

Bill stared. You didn't say "Pardon me" in Big Bend. You said "Excuse me, pardner" or "Sorry, brother"; most often you didn't say anything at all, but just waited to see if the guy you bumped into wanted to make something of it.

"Oh," said Bill, "hello, Dr. Cardwell. Crowded, ain't it?"

"Very."

The young doctor smiled vaguely and went on. It was the first time that Bill had ever got a really good look at him. Kind of queer-looking. Manly-like, except for a sort of paleness around the gills. Good-sized fellow, too; not nearly as big as old Doc Ginder, but well set up, with a pair of shoulders like a football player, and a sort of swinging walk. But the fellow just didn't hold together somehow. The paleness didn't go with the swinging walk; and the vague stare, as if he were seeing things through and beyond you, didn't go with the athletic shoulders.

"Dig down there," muttered Bill, "and you'll find something."

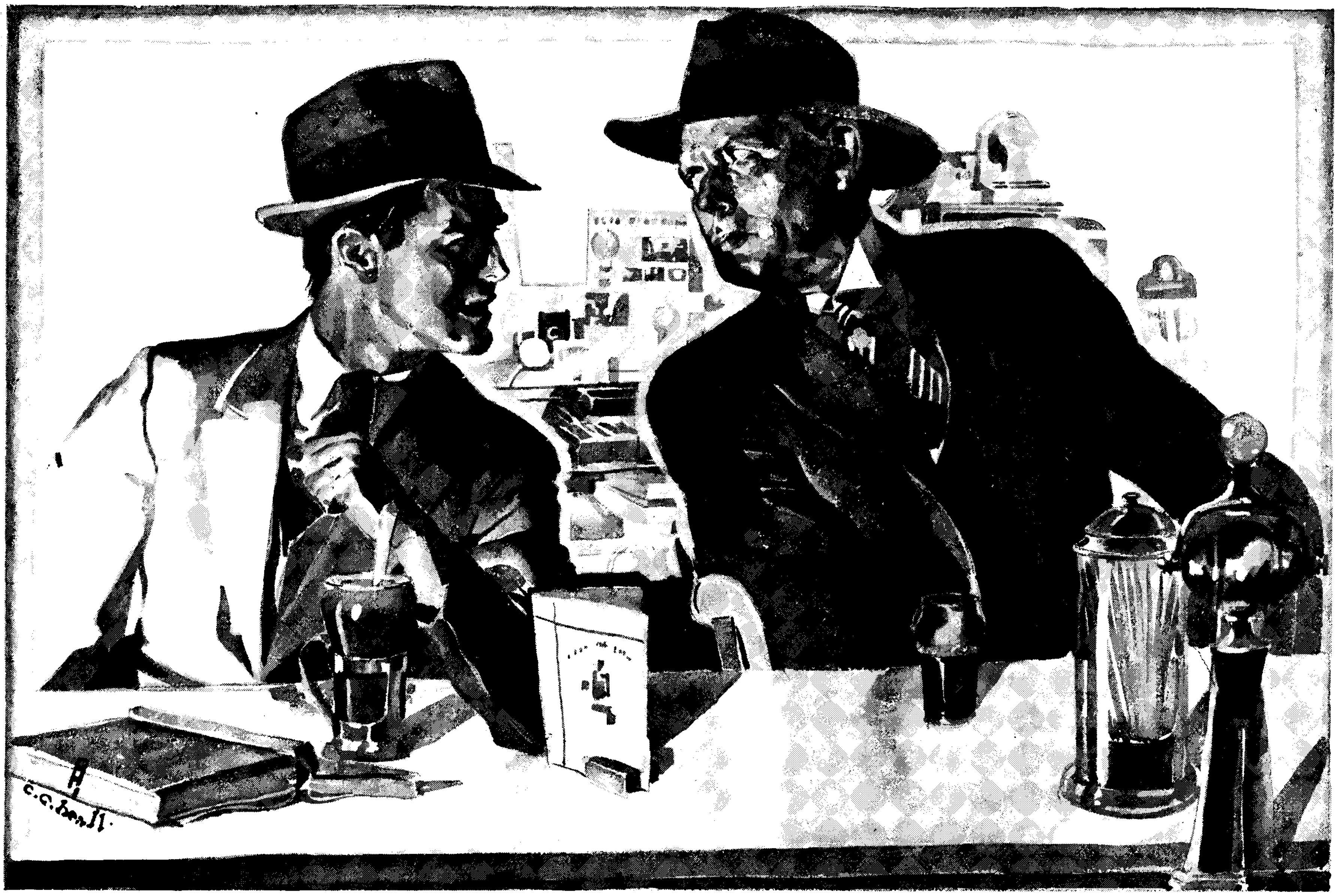
Young Doctor Cardwell turned the corner at Main and Kilbourne, went into Stevens' drug store, and sat down at the counter.

"What'll it be, Doc?" asked young Stevens.

"Chocolate soda," said Cardwell; then he took a book from his pocket and began to read. Young Stevens craned his neck to see what the book was; he was a "great reader" himself, having read in his short life about two thousand detective stories, but the title puzzled him. It was: Up from the Ape.

"What's that you're reading, Doc, a circus book?"

Cardwell didn't look up. He was annoyed. Why couldn't they tend to their



"In short, you don't pay your bills," said Doc Ginder; "you're giving doctors a bad name"

own business in this town? What a lovely place he had picked to go hermit in; somebody was always prying into his affairs.

"No," he said shortly, "anthropology."

"Oh," said young Stevens. "I like murder mysteries, myself."

"That's really the thing to read," said Cardwell. "Very educational."

"Yeah. You bet. You get to know all about police work and how the criminals act and that stuff. I'll have to tell my old man what you said. Very educational. He's against me reading murder mysteries."

"Some people hate to see a man improve himself."

"Yeah. Ain't that the truth?"

Young Stevens set the soda in front of Cardwell, then he turned and called: "Hello, Doctor Ginder. How are you today?"

A big form filled the doorway. Cardwell flushed and hastily put up his book. Doc Ginder nettled him.

"Ah," said Doc Ginder, "my old friend, Dr. Socrates. How's things?"

"Oh, I'm getting rich."

Doc sat down heavily, spread his knees apart, and puffed a little.

"Root beer and put something in it."

"Yes, sir."

"Getting rich, eh? That's good. Me, I'm just pegging away, making my ten thousand a year. Nothing to brag about but not bad for an illiterate country doctor."

"Not bad." Cardwell finished his soda hurriedly and turned to leave.

"Cardwell," said Ginder, fixing the younger man with his steely eyes. "Don't run away. I want to see you a minute."

"Well?" Cardwell said, irritated.

"A friendly fellow, aren't you?"

"Friendly enough to the right people."

Doc Ginder flushed slightly and glanced at young Stevens, who was setting down his glass.

"I see. I see. Don't like me, eh? Well, it's mutual. But I'd prefer a little different tone, young man. After all, this is a small town. . . ."

"Did you want to see me about something?"

DOC GINDER'S mouth tightened.

"Yes. As you know, I'm sort of chief factotum in this man's town. Been here all my life. Board of health, board of education, all that sort of thing. I sort of look after this town like a father. I've had complaints about you. . . ."

"Complaints?"

"Yes. My boy, your profession is a very important one; you stand for something. I feel responsible, being's I'm also a doctor, however illiterate. In short, you don't pay your bills; you're giving doctors a bad name."

Cardwell whitened; his eyes flashed.

"You mind your own damn' business, understand? As long as I don't owe you any money, I'd appreciate being left alone."

He turned and went out. Ginder sipped his spiked root beer philosophically. He'd certainly got under Cardwell's hide all right. Lordly airs were a little silly if you didn't have the shekels to back them up.

Cardwell sighed with relief when he turned into his own gate. He lived in a big, ramshackle, antiquated house at the north end of town. It was surrounded by a high thick hedge and the big front yard was filled with bushes and tall trees, oaks and maples. An old brick walk led up to a veranda which ran the length of the house.

The neighborhood was the oldest part of town and some of the houses had been built in the '60s. There was a certain atmosphere of decay all about which appealed to Cardwell. It didn't matter to him that his house needed painting, that boards in the porch floor were always splitting under him, that the shutters sagged from their hinges, and keys, doorknobs and window catches refused to work properly. This old dark house, behind its thick screen of trees and hedge, remote from the active life of the town, was a refuge.

He went into the dim front hall, hung his hat on a rickety hatrack, then turned into his own room, which had once been a formal parlor. It was a huge room with French doors on the north side and a big window-seat on the front, built in under a group of three tall windows with rounded tops, which extended almost to the high ceiling. Overhead, lost in gloom, was a big cut-glass chandelier, which tinkled from time to time and threw off prismatic glints of light. Along the south wall, which was unbroken by windows, there was nothing but books in a series of built-in, open-faced bookcases.

Near the door, which led into the huge and almost empty dining-room, there was an upright piano, an old phonograph, with the paint peeling, and, pushed up against the wall, a typewriter stand and a covered typewriter. In a corner, close to the French doors, there was a day-bed and over it a reproduction of Whistler's Nocturne in blue and silver. There were several worn easy-chairs scattered about and also a big work-table which was rickety and had to have two or three layers of cardboard under one of its legs.

Cardwell took off his coat, put on a faded dressing-gown, got his reading-shade off a hook behind the door and put it on, then he rubbed his hands with satisfaction. Now he could relax and be happy. It was only about eight o'clock and he had four or five solid hours to himself; unless of course he was called out on a case, which was very unlikely. His patients came to him in the day time; they were too poor to get sick at night. He fixed his reading light, placed a stool for his feet, pulled up a table for his coffee and cigarettes, then he got his book, Up from the Ape, and sat down to read.

BUT just as he was getting properly settled he heard heavy footsteps coming down the hall. The sound would have been ominous if he hadn't known it was Ma Ganson, his housekeeper. He had once told her that she walked like Lady Macbeth but she had merely put her hand to her ear and said, "Eh?" Ma was deaf, or pretended to be; Cardwell could never quite decide which. She seemed to hear everything she wasn't expected to hear.

He turned. Ma was standing in the doorway, looking at him. She was a big woman, and very neat; her big face was sallow and lined and her dark eyes were somewhat unpleasantly alive at all times, but her mouth was wide and kindly and she had a very pleasing contralto speaking voice. She was about sixty. She had a rather high opinion of herself and was unabashed in any company.

(Continued on page 40)

Heavy Spender

What income will insure a young couple's happiness? This story answers the question definitely, once and for all—for at least one couple

By Phyllis Duganne

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

THE restaurant was still known merely as Thirty-one, a sentimental gesture toward the days of its first popularity, the days before Repeal. Louis, who had been doorman in the old days, said, "Good afternoon, Miss Weston," as Sylvia and Betty emerged from their taxi and crossed the wet pavement, their hats protected from the November rain by his huge umbrella.

"Hello, Louis," said Sylvia. "Mr. Porter here, yet?"

"It's a little early for him," Louis answered, and Sylvia nodded.

"Shall we sit in the bar?" she asked Betty, as they made their way through the broad hall which might have been a room in a smart country club, with copies of sporting magazines lying about on maple tables, toward a smaller, rear room from which rose a steady babel of well-bred voices, both genuine and synthetic.

Robert, the head waiter, greeted them—"This table all right, Miss Weston?"—and himself took their order of two Bacardis.

Sylvia and Betty looked indolently about, recognizing this one and that, a popular movie star in tweeds and diamonds, Ted Humphrey, the polo-player, young Mrs. Chandler Dillingham—and she *was* with Spike Hart, the novelist just returned from Hollywood, they noted, with an exchanged glance of amused satisfaction—a scattering of good-looking European men.

"You going to marry Freddy, Syl?" Betty asked, suddenly.

Sylvia shrugged.

"I wouldn't know. Freddy's all right." Her bright-tipped fingers tapped her cigarette against the Galeries Lafayette ash tray. "He isn't making enough money to get married, yet."

Betty was fresher to New York and the New York idea than Sylvia by three years; she snorted. "How much do you want, darling?" she inquired.

Sylvia's lovely gray eyes lifted, calmly. "I don't think two people can get along on less than twenty-five thousand, do you?"

Betty giggled a lusty, Iowa giggle. "A few people do," she murmured. "My father never made five thousand in his life, and there were seven of us!"

Sylvia blinked. "Oh, you know what I mean," she said. "To live the way Freddy likes. He makes about fifteen, now, and doesn't save a cent." She grinned, and was transformed, subtly and completely. Perhaps it was her square, slightly irregular teeth, or the way her eyes crinkled, but she suddenly looked like what she was, a terribly nice American girl from Columbus, Ohio. "Me, I make fifty a week and save ten," she admitted, "but that's on account of I'm not a born New Yorker. It's the hick in me—makes a big difference. Freddy's great-grandpa sold about three blocks of Murray Hill to put up a new house on Second Avenue, the dope! The Porters have always been—and here is little Knicky Knickerbocker in the flesh!"

She looked up, laughter still vibrant in her eyes, at the young man approaching them. "Hello, Freddy!"

The born New Yorker is usually aware of his own rarity; his attitude toward the rest of the world is apt to be that of the ancient Greeks, who lumped all other peoples under the one term, *hoi barbaroi*—not foreigners, not strangers, but barbarians. George M. Cohan said it, when he gave voice to the sentiment that any place outside New York, you're only camping out.

FREDDY had even been born on Park Avenue, in a charming, cream-colored Georgian house on the southern slope of Murray Hill. That house was torn down when Freddy was seven; the Porters' next home, on East Thirty-eighth Street, followed it within three years, and the ultra-modern apartment house to which they had moved in 1915 had long ago crumbled beneath the wreckers' hands. Freddy rather liked the idea; it was like smashing the wineglass after one has drunk. And it was essentially New York, like himself.

As he slipped into the third chair, Robert, smiling happily, came bearing him a Bacardi.

"An old college friend ran me down, today, Syl," Freddy said. "You know the type—in New York on business, and out for a time. Could you bear hopping around a bit this evening, and helping me entertain him? You free, Betty?"

Betty nodded. "What's the pal's name and where's he from?"

"Underwood—Matt Underwood, from the wilds of Montana. Rough and ready—rolling in money, and loves to spend it." Robert brought three more Bacardis and a pewter-covered dish of tiny hot tamales. "The way things are done in the West, old Matt wants me to bring you girls to his room for cocktails—you know, open bottles and open suitcases, olives and bedroom slippers. And don't either of you express a careless desire for the Chrysler Building or Grant's Tomb in the course of the evening, or he'll have it wrapped up and sent home to you just out of Western chivalry!"

"He sounds as though he had his points," Sylvia murmured. "Couldn't I just let it slip out that pearls are my favorites?" She smiled. "Is he very awful, Freddy?"

"Oh, he can find his way around," said Freddy. "He's a good-hearted dub."

IT DIDN'T, thought Sylvia, later on, as she dressed for the evening, sound very promising. After five years in New York, Sylvia Weston did not know how much of her metropolitan attitude was genuine and how much was rubbed off from the people about her, but tonight she honestly would have preferred staying alone in her small apartment, mending underwear, reading the new novel she had just brought from the lending library, writing letters. The theater—she had seen every show in town—followed by a round of night clubs, no longer meant much to her, in itself.

Freddy called for her at a little after seven, and they picked up Betty and went on to the Westerner's hotel, which, surprisingly, was not one of the large ones, but a small and ancient French hotel near Washington Square. Matt Underwood greeted them at the door of the elevator, and led them through confused, narrow corridors to his room, which proved to have a sitting-room so that there would not be, after all, collar buttons in the cocktails.

Sylvia looked at him curiously; he could have been picked from an agency to play the stock type of Westerner, tall and blue-eyed, with lines in his brown face that came from wind and sun and snow, and had no relation to age. He wore his evening clothes easily, yet while they were quite proper, there was something that she could not place which made him look different from the average New Yorker. Freddy's clothes, for instance, were always so correct, so perfectly tailored and pressed, that one scarcely saw him.

"How do you happen to come way down here, Mr. Underwood?" she asked.

HE SMILED, and more lines appeared, furrowed like a pair of little fans opening at the outer corners of his blue eyes. "It must be the small-town spirit," he told her. "I've stayed here since I first came East to prep school, and nothing changes, except that the waiters grow older and there's more trouble with the plumbing. There've been two plumbers practicing their French in my bathtub ever since I arrived."

Sylvia found herself returning his smile, warmly. As the evening progressed, she found herself liking him, genuinely. From the beginning, it was obvious that it was the Westerner's party; she noted, amused, the attitude of the entire hotel toward him, the friendliness of the elevator boy who took them down, the cordiality of the clerks, the smiling telephone girl at the desk where he left his key, the beaming doorman who handed them into a cab. She saw the dollar that passed into the doorman's hand, and wondered if Matt Underwood did that every time he went out. A dollar, as she was subsequently to discover, was Matt's smallest change.

"Back in a minute," he murmured, as the taxi stopped, and he slid out from the folding seat and was back in a minute, with two tissue-wrapped corsages of orchids for Sylvia and Betty. There was a careless munificence about the

"I didn't tip him, Freddy. One of his pockets was open, though" way he did things; Sylvia half expected to find a diamond pendant concealed in the flowers, as in the days of Diamond Jim Brady and Rector's and Lillian Russell.

He had chosen the most popular and expensive of New York's dining places, and the elegant headwaiter regretted . . . it was late . . . perhaps a table in the room next to the orchestra . . . Matt drawled softly to him, standing a little apart from the rest of them; there was a moment's delay and then they were led to a table on the edge of the polished dance floor, at the perfect distance from the music.

"Matt," said Freddy, respectfully, "if you had the nerve to tip that dignified baby—"

Matt Underwood smiled, and the fans opened wide beside his eyes. "I didn't tip him, Freddy," he answered, mildly, and added, in his gentle voice, "One of his pockets was open, though."

Betty shook her head. "Montana—Montana!" she murmured.

"Th' train's in from the West," Matt agreed, and turned to the waiter. "What's good tonight?"

SYLVIA felt a slight tremor when he responded, in gentle surprise, "Why, the best wine you've got," as the waiter offered him the champagne list. What year would it be? She could never remember in spite of Freddy's coaching but it would run into money.

"And tell th' orchestra leader I'd like to speak with him," Matt added.

Freddy's amused eyes met Sylvia's. He shouldn't be getting away with it, yet respect and deference met him on all sides. One knew that it would be the best wine, even though the waiter undoubtedly realized that Matt would not glance at the label or the price; one knew that the chef would out-do himself.

"Well, Mr. Underwood!" Jerry Leonard, vaselined blond hair, glinting belladonnaed blue eyes moist with pleasure, had come to their table. Royalty, society, the intelligentsia were not as socially exclusive in the year of our Lord 1934, as those objects of hero-worship, those wonders of the radio, America's orchestra leaders, yet there was no patronage in the great Jerry Leonard's greeting.

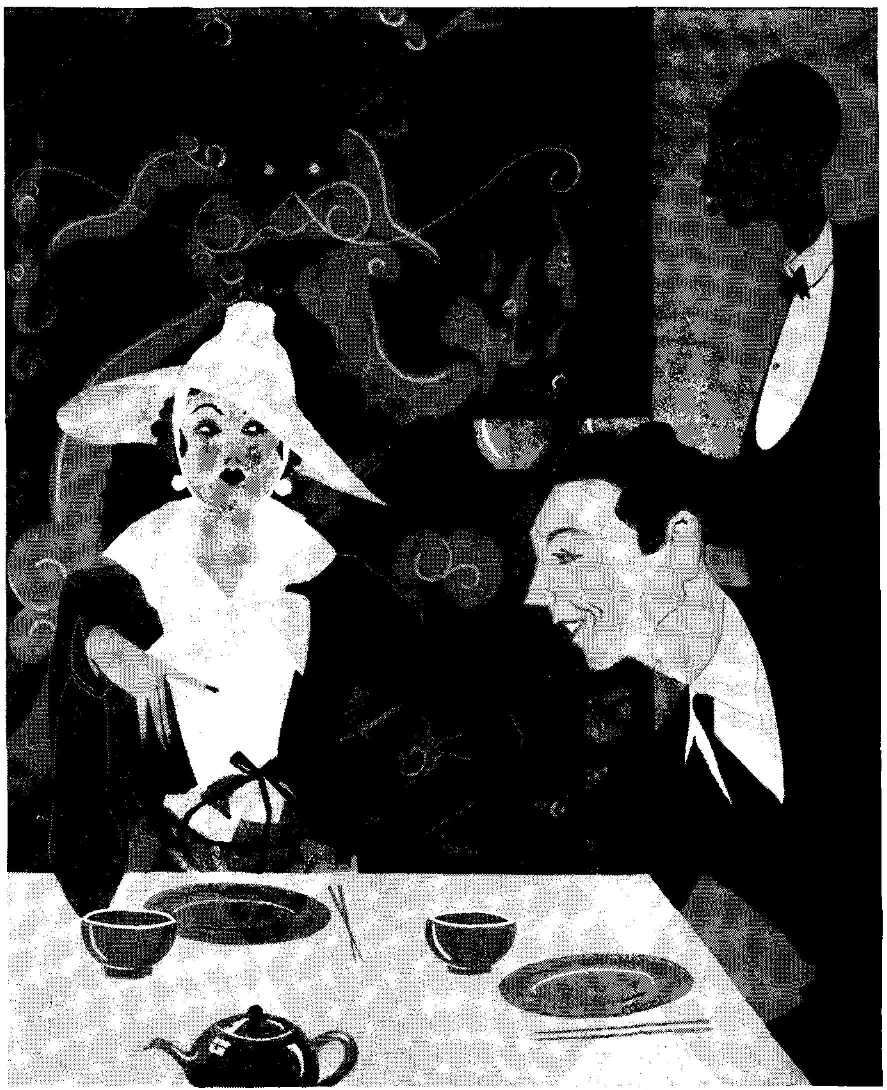
"Hello, Jerry," said Matt, holding out his hand. "You goin' to play real sweet for my friends here?" He did not bother to introduce the musician.

"I'll do my best," Jerry Leonard promised, and returned to his men, to sing presently in his crooning wail, "Git along little dogies" . . . "That's to make me feel at home," Matt explained, smiling.

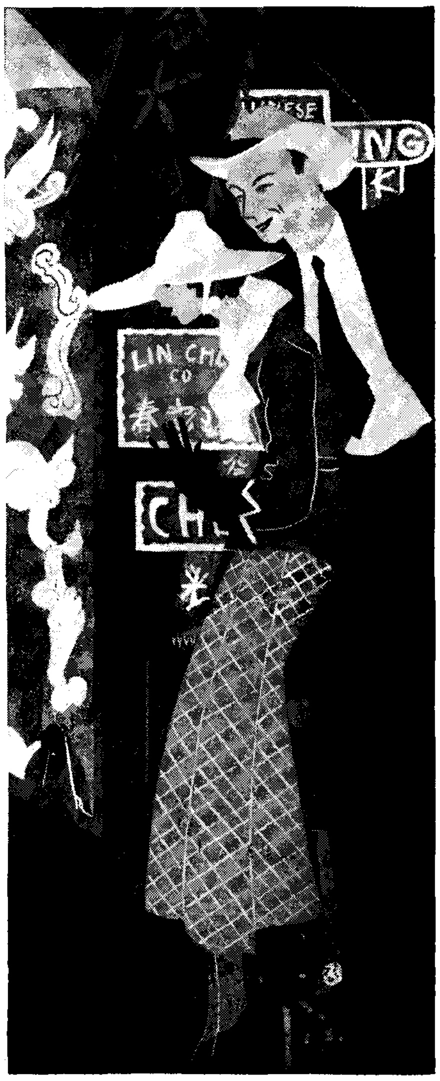
They were splendidly late for the theater, and swept into a front box—"I hate boxes," Matt whispered to Sylvia, "don't you?"—where half the cast played directly to them.

"Now we'll go places," said Matt, when they emerged, and they went places.

"Listen, Mr. Montana," Sylvia said, laying her hand on his sleeve as Matt pushed back his unfinished wine at the Casino and moved to rise. "I'm just a working girl from Ohio, and I don't like to see money wasted. Let's dance here."



"Matt, what have you gone and bought?" It was the teapot



"Oh, Matt!" she exclaimed. "Look at this little teapot"

"Got a lot more places to inspect," he told her.

She shook her head. Cover charge, wine, tips . . . "This is the smoothest orchestra in New York, and—"

He smiled and patted her hand. "We'll come back here later for another dance, if you like."

"The thing I don't understand," she persisted—at the Ambassadors—"is that I don't believe you're having a good time at all. Do you *like* rushing from place to place like this?"

He laughed. "Don't you?"

"I'm having a marvelous time," she said. "But—"

"That's what we're here for," he told her.

At three o'clock he decided that the girls' flowers were faded, and produced fresh bouquets, this time of gardenias. Sylvia laughed helplessly as her orchids were removed; she'd have kept them in the icebox and worn them again, tomorrow.

IT WAS dawn when she said good morning to the elevator boy in her apartment hotel, and she stood, smiling to herself, in her room. What a mad evening! There was no use in attempting to sleep, so she undressed and took a shower, stood for a moment at the window, looking down at the city awakening below. She went to her desk and wrote a note to Matt Underwood—what a lovely time she had had and what a grand host he was.

She was to meet Freddy at Thirty-one after work, and they both burst out laughing, as they saw one another.

"How was that for a rodeo?" Freddy inquired. "Ride 'im, cowboy!" He shook his head. "The thing that floors me is the way that ingenuousness of his gets him by—the lad can get away with anything!"

"He's sort of sweet," said Sylvia. "And somehow not ever vulgar, in spite of the heavy spending—he's too simple to be vulgar."

"Just a little prairie flower," Freddy agreed. "Shall we eat here quietly and go to a news-reel movie?"

In her mail, the next morning, there was a letter from Matt Underwood. "It was so nice of you to write me—and besides it gave me your address. I'm off for home, but I sure hope I'll see you when I come East again. You and Miss Clark were mighty sweet last night. Regards to Freddy. Yours truly . . ."

Yours truly! thought Sylvia, smiling wistfully. He would say that; it had an old-fashioned sincerity about it. She called, "Come in!" in answer to a knock on her door, and the elevator boy, grinning broadly, said, "*Oh*-oh—I'll say you went over big with someone, Miss Weston!"

Sylvia flushed as she took the enormous cardboard box in both arms. It was almost compromising to receive so many flowers from one man; she tore back the paper coverings, and the elevator boy, leaning over her shoulder, murmured admiringly, "Gee, it looks like a gangster's fun'ral, don't it, Miss Weston?" Chrysanthemums, gigantic blossoms of butter-yellow and cream, shaggy russet ones and small crimson buttons, lay on a bed of autumn leaves, thrust through with spears of pale gladioli and tall spikes of blue delphinium. It never even occurred to her that they might have come from Freddy; Matt Underwood's card said, simply, "I'll be seeing you again."

FORGET-ME-NOTS might be the flowers of remembrance, but Sylvia had not forgotten Matt when he telephoned her, in February.

"Turned up again like a bad penny," his voice said, across the wires. "How've you been and when can I see you?"

She'd been fine, she answered, and she was glad that he had turned up at this time because it was her—because she was having a party, she corrected herself, hastily. If she told him that it was her birthday, he'd bring a present, and she didn't want him to do that. After she had invited him to dinner, and hung up the receiver, she wondered if she hadn't been impulsive. She wanted to return his hospitality, but she was suddenly uncertain of how he would go at a dinner party. In the rôle of host, of the heavy spender from the West, he was picturesque and amusing, but as an extra man at a New York dinner party. . . . She shrugged. She'd invited him, and he had accepted, and that was that.

Freddy appeared, early, to mix the cocktails.

"Did you know Matt Underwood was in town?" she asked. "I invited him to dinner."

"He called me up," Freddy said. "Nice of you to ask him, Syl." He gave her a package. "Happy birthday."

(Continued on page 28)

Mexican Red

By George Creel

With loud shouts of joy and a few random shots fired into the air, Mexico proclaimed herself Bolshevik. Red, redder, reddest. Let the world take notice. But closely examined, Mexican red loses some of its fire. Private property and private profit will persist. Liberty of conscience and liberty of religion will be allowed. Foreign investments will be protected. Foreign debts will be paid. Some slight color-blindness seems to have shifted Mexican red to a pale pink

ACME

President Lazaro Cardenas

NESMITH

Fruit venders in a Mexican village market

MEXICO takes an almost extravagant pride in her claim to be reddest of the Red. No politician of standing opens his mouth without damning the capitalistic system, excoriating the bourgeoisie and exalting the proletariat. Workers in factories and fields delight in designating themselves as socialists, and every well-conducted meeting is given over to praise of *Socialismo* and denunciation of "counter-revolutionists" and "reactionaries."

The National Revolutionary party, the one and only political organization in Mexico, is the power behind the government. The Church is the object of a persistent and destructive attack, and it has been decreed that education, even in the primary grades, must be socialistic. Going Russia one better, a Six Year Plan has been adopted that all acclaim as the last word in radicalism.

How much of this is talk, and how much intent? The question is important to the United States, for aside from the fact that $850,000,000 of American money is invested south of the Rio Grande, there is the continued friction that would result from having a Moscow on our borders. As for the answer, it rests largely on Lazaro Cardenas, the new president inaugurated November 30th, before a cheering assemblage of 70,000, for a chief executive in Mexico possesses almost autocratic power if he chooses or dares to exercise it.

On the face of things, Cardenas gives little hope of conservatism, for his "revolutionary antecedents," to use the Mexican phrase, are without a single bar sinister. In 1913, a boy of eighteen, he took the field against the assassins of Madero, and by 1920 was a brigadier general; in 1920 he joined with Obregon and Calles in the overthrow of Carranza, and due to the major part he played in putting down the successive rebellions of De la Huerta, Estrada and Escobar, rose to be a general of division. Elected governor of Michoacan in 1929, at the end of his term he went into the cabinet of President Rodriguez as Minister of War and Marine, and resigned in May, 1933, to become a presidential candidate.

A stormy background, yet when interviewed at his desk in the ancient palace, he gave an impression of soundness, solidness and cool judgment. Occupying the chair that Porfirio Diaz filled for thirty-five years, its high back still showing the hole torn by a bullet at the time of Madero's arrest, the thirty-nine-year-old president had much about him to confirm the stories told of his gallantry as a soldier and his ability and honesty as an administrator. A good jaw, a firm mouth, large, round eyes, a candid gaze and a fine forehead.

All the tales about his Tarascan descent may be set down as campaign buncombe. The only thing Indian about him is his silence, a well-nigh incredible gift in a nation where volubility is the rule. He is sparing of his words, and even more sparing of his gestures, but during an interview of an hour he answered questions directly and forcefully, making no attempt at evasion.

Granted that Mexico was really and truly socialistic, I asked him, did this mean the destruction of the capitalistic system, an end to private property and private enterprise, and the elimination of the profit motive? Would all industry be state-owned or state-controlled, and agriculture collectivized? Was the repudiation of Mexico's foreign debt to be expected, and would land be expropriated without due process of law and proper payment?

A New Kind of Communism

In his replies, President Cardenas dissociated himself from every fundamental of socialistic philosophy as preached by Marx and practiced by Russia. At every point he upheld the profit system, and not only denied any intent to socialize land, but emphasized Mexico's desire to have every citizen own his own piece of ground. He repudiated the idea of confiscation, and while believing in the public ownership and operation of all public utilities, made it plain that he had no thought of looting private investments already made.

"Examine our Six Year Plan," he said, "and you will see for yourself that it preaches respect for small property and plans the establishment of confidence in the permanence of holdings. Of course, all requirements for lands and waters for peasants throughout the country must be fully satisfied. It was for that that the people rose against Diaz, and shed blood putting down counter-revolutionary movements. Confiscation, however, has no place in the program. Honest payment will be made for expropriated land.

"In declaring for the separation of Church and State, and in demanding that our public schools shall be freed from domination by any religious sect, we are but following examples set by our sister republics, France and the United States. These ends attained, and the political power of the Church broken absolutely, we can and will guarantee to every citizen the right to liberty of conscience and of religious worship. Atheism is not our aim.

"In the matter of our foreign debt," the deep, deliberate voice continued, "never at any time has Mexico even intimated repudiation. We have, to be sure, a deep conviction that Mexican domestic needs should come first, but this necessary resolve to put our country on a firm foundation before we settle external obligations carries with it no thought of ignoring these obligations. It is true that a settlement must consider Mexican capacity to pay, but here again there is no intent to evade the payment of just debts."

"And your foreign policy?"

"Its basis will be friendship with all nations, particularly with the United States," he answered quickly and emphatically. "Other main features will be a condemnation of war, except for defense; furtherance of international trade and intellectual coöperation, and a complete and ungrudging acceptance of the principles of arbitration, conciliation and mediation."

"And the rights of resident aliens?"

"They will be assured and safeguarded."

Mexico's New Deal

Just as the president's statements indicate simple progressivism rather than Socialism, so does an analysis of the famous Six Year Plan show nothing that has not been approved and practiced in other countries. Large estates will be divided for purposes of colonization and the provision of *ejidos*, or public commons, for villages, but compensation is guaranteed. Instead of collective farming along Russian lines, however, each head of a family is to have his own plot of ground, farming it as an individual owner. Landholders will be organized and assisted economically by the formation of coöperatives, the establishment of agricultural institutes and experimental farms, and the development of an adequate rural credit system.

With respect to labor, the aim is 100 per cent unionization and collective bargaining; a minimum wage; a social insurance plan to be maintained by contributions from the state, capital and labor; a housing program; state employment agencies and labor exchanges; the improvement of labor tribunals and the creation of a division of the Su-

ACME

Mexican school children getting practical instruction in agriculture

preme Court of Justice for labor cases only. Irrigation projects are planned, and a broad program outlined for the conservation of natural resources, with accent on reforestation, the development of hydroelectric power, soil surveys and an official exploration service for the enlargement of national petroleum and mineral reserves. Highway and railroad construction, a merchant marine, and government subsidies for aviation are stressed as necessities.

Production, distribution and consumption will be controlled by uniform legal standards for industrial companies, the restraint of unfair competition, the elimination of low-wage contract labor, and consultive councils for planning and regulating industrial activities. A national insurance system is proposed, also state-supervised smelters, a rational protective tariff, laws against monopolies, and a National Bank of Popular Credit.

Public health is a principal concern, and a drive against disease is pledged, along with an institute to study tropical fevers, and one trained nurse for every 10,000 inhabitants. The importance of education is also emphasized, and, in addition to normal schools, the government is explicitly committed to increase the number of rural schools by one thousand during 1935, two thousand between 1936 and 1938, and three thousand in 1939.

Other features are the reform of judicial procedure, income and inheritance taxes, the creation of juvenile courts, preventive police campaigns against prostitution, obscene entertainment and the sale of liquors; a motion picture censorship, monetary stability, and the encouragement of every kind of athletic sports.

All of which is fair enough, and not to be quarreled with by any except hidebound conservatives. Taking the Six Year Plan at its face value, however, and granting the absolute sincerity of President Cardenas in his statement of attitude and personal views, the fact remains that he faces certain unhappy conditions inherited from preceding administrations. For instance, although he himself disavows atheism, and insists on liberty of conscience as an objective, many states have been, and are now making a definite drive against religion. Sonora, Tamaulipas, Chiapas, Campeche, Vera Cruz, Queretaro and Zacatecas have expelled priests and closed churches. Tabasco has gone even farther, razing churches and publicly burning altars and religious emblems. In Yucatan religious services have been forbidden and the archbishop has been banished. Similar conditions exist in Chihuahua and Oaxaca.

An Appeal is Sedition

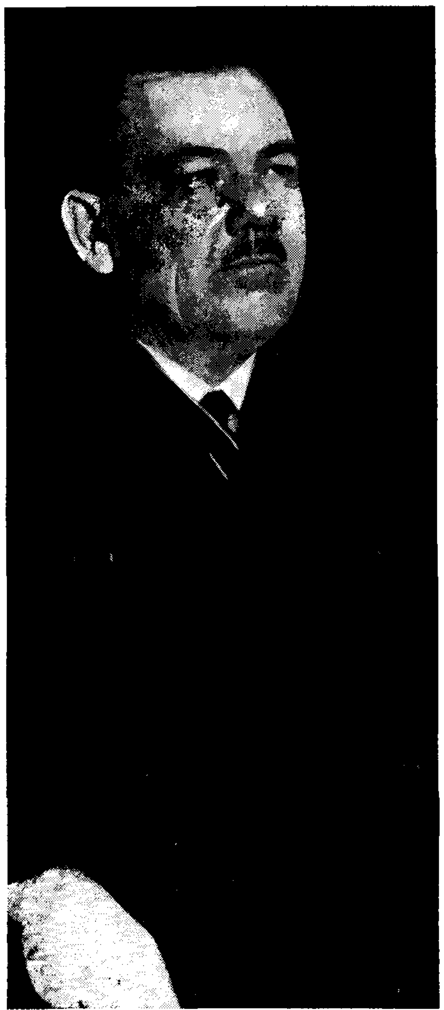
The following states still permit churches to remain open, but limit the number of priests as follows: Aguascalientes, five; Baja California, one; Coahuila, nine; Federal District, twenty-five; Jalisco, fifty; Mexico, thirty-four; Morelos, two; Michoacan, thirty-one and Puebla, twenty-three. Durango ostensibly permits nine priests, Guanajuato twenty-five, and Zacatecas sixteen, but the restrictions are so severe that few officiate.

The agreement of 1929, under which religious services were resumed in Mexico, granted the right of doctrinal instruction within church confines, and specifically stated that "members of any church may appeal to the appropriate authorities for the amendment, repeal or passage of any law." The agreement has been repudiated by the government, for any priest exercising the right of appeal is straightway charged with sedition, and any judge courageous enough to consider a request for an injunction is threatened with impeachment as a "reactionary." Moreover, the Church is denied the right to own property, to possess endowments or to maintain theological seminaries for the training of candidates for the ministry.

The motive power behind the drive against the Church is the National Revolutionary party, Mexico's sole political organization. The party has a Committee on Public Safety, in imitation of Robespierre, with the declared purpose of purging the government service of all suspected of Catholic sympathies. Already, the Minister to Spain and a justice of the Supreme Court have been summoned to answer charges.

Between September 5th and October

(Continued on page 45)



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General Plutarco Elias Calles

WIDE WORLD

In Mexico City, demonstrators against the school and religious laws were routed by tear gas

Acting in a Business Way

By Katharine Roberts

Kay Francis was once a secretary, now she's an actress. But whatever she does, she makes a business of it. And she thinks the most important business of every woman is to be charming

THE girl leaned against the steamer rail and regarded the New York skyline. Then, accomplishing the neatest trick of the week, she stood off and looked at herself.

"How can you earn the best and most interesting living there?" she inquired, and then, speaking to herself even more sharply, "What are your assets?"

She'd had secretarial training before this trip to Europe. In fact, she'd held two or three jobs—efficiently. They had provided an outlet for energy and had supplemented an income very well. But now the matter was serious. She needed to earn more and, as she looked at it, a long future that consisted of trying to interpret the vagaries of the executive mind, of explaining what "in conference" meant, and of arranging it so that the chief's wife thought he had remembered their anniversary and sent the flowers himself, did not loom largely under the heading of "most interesting." Business, however, had taught her to analyze.

With crisp impersonality, her alter ego asked critically, "What else have you?"

"I'm young," she answered. "They want youth nowadays. I have looks—of a sort. I can wear clothes well."

"Anything else?"

"Maybe—I don't know yet. What do people do with those three things?"

"They become models."

"I don't think I'd like that," said Kay Francis. That was the girl's name. "I hate fitting clothes. I don't want to be a model."

"They become Follies girls."

"I'd rather not," she answered, getting a little impatient with herself.

"They become actresses—if they can act," added the voice of perspective a little tauntingly.

"All right!" Miss Francis snapped back at herself, "I don't expect to be a Duse, but I may have inherited some spark from my mother, who was an actress. Anyhow, I can try."

So she came out of conference with herself and looked for an acting job. She found it. She has found several since then, as the marquees of cinema houses attest both electrically and with banners.

Considering even this much of her early experience and the fact that she has had one of the steadiest and most evenly regulated rises in filmdom, it is interesting to listen to the conversations of other young women who now and then sit back of you at her pictures. Making a composite of their comments, one can sum up pretty well the ideas of thousands of business and professional girls who go to the cinema today and enviously regard the alluring ladies of the films as something quite outside their own possibilities. By no means do all of them have secret yearnings to go into pictures themselves, though some of them do; but if one listens to them, there is no doubt that a good many would like to translate a few of the qualities of that woman on the screen into their own personal lives. They believe, alas, that it cannot be done because their business training has made them practical but unglamorous.

Quite illogically they sigh as they watch Miss Francis playing parts often oddly resembling their own lives, yet playing them with all of the feminine charm that they have thought they must forgo. Is something wrong with them, or is this blending of the two purely the prerogative of screen stars? And, come to it—suppose they do want to go into pictures—how does business training affect a screen career? Does it help or hinder? Since the star temperament is supposed to know nothing of business, was it necessary for Kay Francis to kick over all its carefully inculcated habits before success could be found—or have some of them been of use?

The only way to settle the problem was to ask Miss Francis herself.

Forget Business After Hours

Once more she got off a boat. This time she came from a four months' happy holiday in Europe, during which the subject of pictures had been taboo. Now her viewpoint was fresh. She was full of energy, ready for work. In her New York hotel apartment, she settled herself comfortably, smiled cheerily, offered refreshment and plunged into answers with an appalling thoroughness, starting with the one that apparently interested her the most.

"The trouble with so many women in business is that they persist in being business women after hours as well as in the office or shop or wherever they work. Something ought to be done about it," she stated with a kind of vigorous impatience. "It's so stupid. When a man finishes his day in the office, he shuts his business up in the desk, closes the door on it and relaxes. He has the wisdom to shake himself loose, change his viewpoint and become a social being. But do most business women do this? No, they take their business home with them. Or, at least, they cling to the habit of mind they have acquired for business—and that's the fatal error. The worst of it is they seem to think that, to succeed, they must adopt a masculine habit of mind. It's this they carry out of the office with them. Glamour? Charm? Now, I ask you!" There was an expressive gray-green glance of exasperation.

"It doesn't make them a bit more efficient and no one wants them to do it. Certainly the men don't—neither those who work with them nor those who know them socially.

"I remember seeing a very definite

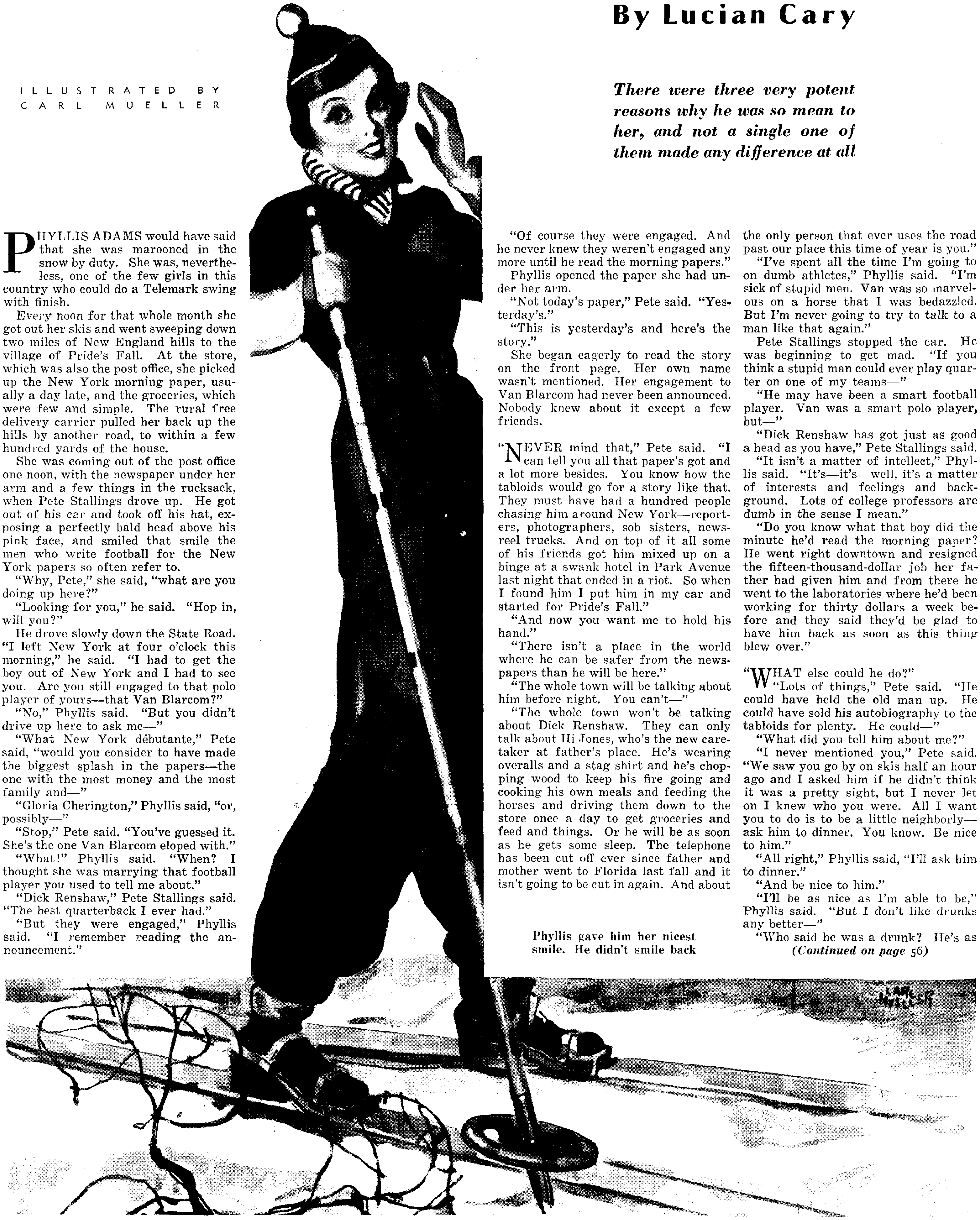
(*Continued on page 32*)

Double Rebound

By Lucian Cary

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER

There were three very potent reasons why he was so mean to her, and not a single one of them made any difference at all



Phyllis gave him her nicest smile. He didn't smile back

PHYLLIS ADAMS would have said that she was marooned in the snow by duty. She was, nevertheless, one of the few girls in this country who could do a Telemark swing with finish.

Every noon for that whole month she got out her skis and went sweeping down two miles of New England hills to the village of Pride's Fall. At the store, which was also the post office, she picked up the New York morning paper, usually a day late, and the groceries, which were few and simple. The rural free delivery carrier pulled her back up the hills by another road, to within a few hundred yards of the house.

She was coming out of the post office one noon, with the newspaper under her arm and a few things in the rucksack, when Pete Stallings drove up. He got out of his car and took off his hat, exposing a perfectly bald head above his pink face, and smiled that smile the men who write football for the New York papers so often refer to.

"Why, Pete," she said, "what are you doing up here?"

"Looking for you," he said. "Hop in, will you?"

He drove slowly down the State Road. "I left New York at four o'clock this morning," he said. "I had to get the boy out of New York and I had to see you. Are you still engaged to that polo player of yours—that Van Blarcom?"

"No," Phyllis said. "But you didn't drive up here to ask me—"

"What New York débutante," Pete said, "would you consider to have made the biggest splash in the papers—the one with the most money and the most family and—"

"Gloria Cherington," Phyllis said, "or, possibly—"

"Stop," Pete said. "You've guessed it. She's the one Van Blarcom eloped with."

"What!" Phyllis said. "When? I thought she was marrying that football player you used to tell me about."

"Dick Renshaw," Pete Stallings said. "The best quarterback I ever had."

"But they were engaged," Phyllis said. "I remember reading the announcement."

"Of course they were engaged. And he never knew they weren't engaged any more until he read the morning papers."

Phyllis opened the paper she had under her arm.

"Not today's paper," Pete said. "Yesterday's."

"This is yesterday's and here's the story."

She began eagerly to read the story on the front page. Her own name wasn't mentioned. Her engagement to Van Blarcom had never been announced. Nobody knew about it except a few friends.

"NEVER mind that," Pete said. "I can tell you all that paper's got and a lot more besides. You know how the tabloids would go for a story like that. They must have had a hundred people chasing him around New York—reporters, photographers, sob sisters, newsreel trucks. And on top of it all some of his friends got him mixed up on a binge at a swank hotel in Park Avenue last night that ended in a riot. So when I found him I put him in my car and started for Pride's Fall."

"And now you want me to hold his hand."

"There isn't a place in the world where he can be safer from the newspapers than he will be here."

"The whole town will be talking about him before night. You can't—"

"The whole town won't be talking about Dick Renshaw. They can only talk about Hi Jones, who's the new caretaker at father's place. He's wearing overalls and a stag shirt and he's chopping wood to keep his fire going and cooking his own meals and feeding the horses and driving them down to the store once a day to get groceries and feed and things. Or he will be as soon as he gets some sleep. The telephone has been cut off ever since father and mother went to Florida last fall and it isn't going to be cut in again. And about the only person that ever uses the road past our place this time of year is you."

"I've spent all the time I'm going to on dumb athletes," Phyllis said. "I'm sick of stupid men. Van was so marvelous on a horse that I was bedazzled. But I'm never going to try to talk to a man like that again."

Pete Stallings stopped the car. He was beginning to get mad. "If you think a stupid man could ever play quarter on one of my teams—"

"He may have been a smart football player. Van was a smart polo player, but—"

"Dick Renshaw has got just as good a head as you have," Pete Stallings said.

"It isn't a matter of intellect," Phyllis said. "It's—it's—well, it's a matter of interests and feelings and background. Lots of college professors are dumb in the sense I mean."

"Do you know what that boy did the minute he'd read the morning paper? He went right downtown and resigned the fifteen-thousand-dollar job her father had given him and from there he went to the laboratories where he'd been working for thirty dollars a week before and they said they'd be glad to have him back as soon as this thing blew over."

"WHAT else could he do?"

"Lots of things," Pete said. "He could have held the old man up. He could have sold his autobiography to the tabloids for plenty. He could—"

"What did you tell him about me?"

"I never mentioned you," Pete said. "We saw you go by on skis half an hour ago and I asked him if he didn't think it was a pretty sight, but I never let on I knew who you were. All I want you to do is to be a little neighborly—ask him to dinner. You know. Be nice to him."

"All right," Phyllis said, "I'll ask him to dinner."

"And be nice to him."

"I'll be as nice as I'm able to be," Phyllis said. "But I don't like drunks any better—"

"Who said he was a drunk? He's as

(*Continued on page 56*)

Juju Powders

Another Little Bee Bend story, with a whole lot too much hoodooin'—and just enough Widow Duck to redeem the situation

By Roark Bradford

ILLUSTRATED BY
WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

B'R CHARLIE honestly felt that the Lord's business around Little Bee Bend plantation was in capable hands. But he had to admit that business was bad.

He worried about it all one morning in silence. And in the afternoon, when no solution had suggested itself, he went to talk it over with the Widow Duck, who was a sort of head deaconess.

"Dis place, Miss Duck," B'r Charlie told her, "is over-rid wid devilment. For ev'y member come to de meetin' on Sunday night, hit's a dozen out hoodooin' and goin' on. De mens can't git a copper cent for de Lawd, but dey kin always scrape up fo'-bits for Modom Aw-Bear to git a sack er juju powders."

"Hoodooin' sho' takin' place 'round hyar," the Widow Duck admitted, but her voice was one of conversational friendliness rather than spiritual outrage.

"I kin set on my po'ch," B'r Charlie continued dismally, "and see a lamp burnin' behime Mamie T's door, right in de daylight. You know Mamie T used to be one er my best shouters. And now she hoodooin' somebody."

"She hoodooin' Drucilla," the Widow Duck explained blandly. "Ev'y since Roosevelt tuck up wid Drucilla, Mamie T been jealous, so she been burnin' de lamp to run Drucilla off. I told her how to do like dat."

For a minute B'r Charlie was speechless. He began to sputter inarticulately and finally found his voice. "Miss Duck!" he exclaimed in mixed horror and indignation. "You gone to hoodooin', too!"

The Widow Duck worked her blackgum snuff brush in her mouth and then spat deftly at a frog in the yard, drenching it thoroughly.

"Call hit hoodooin' efn you likes. But ev'y since Mamie T quit Roosevelt, dey neither one been much good, and you know same as me dat Roosevelt and Mamie T together c'd make de best crop er cotton er any family on de place. Not barrin' nobody, ain't dat a fack?"

"Yas, but—"

"So," the Widow Duck went on, "when Mamie T runned off f'm Roosevelt, dis Drucilla gal hoodooed her way in Roosevelt's house, and f'm de looks er things, de only way to git shut er her is to hoodoo her out agin."

"Dat's hoodooin'!" B'r Charlie shouted. "De Lawd is agin hit!"

THE Widow Duck lost patience. "De Lawd," she announced coldly, "ain't agin a good cotton crop. And Mamie T and Roosevelt, together, kin make de best—"

"Dis place"—B'r Charlie was almost shrieking with righteous anger—"dis place is sin-rid and shameful. Efn hit was a town instid er a cotton plantation, old Solomon Go-mirah would give hit de go-by." B'r Charlie stood up on his one foot and waved his crutch dramatically. "I see old Satan, ah! A-ridin' on de white hoss er time, ah!—"

The Widow Duck grinned devilishly, and began to pat time with her hands and feet, and sang:

"Dis little light of mine, I'm gonter let hit shine.
Dis little light of mine, Lawd, I'm gonter let hit shine.
Say, dis little light of mine, well, I'm gonter let hit shine,
Let hit shine, let hit shine, let hit shine."

B'r Charlie couldn't preach against the Widow Duck's song, and soon he was mumbling in confusion. After a while, he calmed down, and the Widow Duck talked to him quietly.

"I'm gonter tell you, B'r Charlie," she said. "De Lawd's business ain't doin' so good on Little Bee Bend. You knows hit and I knows hit and ain't dat a fack?"

"Hit's de natchal," B'r Charlie agreed heartily.

"Well, who to blame for hit?" the Widow Duck inquired.

"De hoodoos," B'r Charlie announced positively.

THE Widow Duck rocked back and forth a few times, neither admitting nor denying the statement.

"'Sposin'," she suggested, "de bossman comed out hyar and found all er de plantation business in a mess, wid grass growin' in de crop, and de mules wid sore shoulders, and de niggers layin' in de shade—what you reckon he'd do?"

The idea seemed too preposterous. "I reckon," B'r Charlie grinned, "de bossman would raise a ruckus and cuss and go on."

"Nawp," explained the Widow Duck, "he wouldn't take de trouble. He'd jest run Giles off and git him a foreman which c'd keep 'em turnin'."

B'r Charlie squirmed uncomfortably without being fully conscious of the implication.

The Widow Duck went on, determined that the preacher-blacksmith would see the point: "And I bet efn de Lawd comed down hyar and found His sweet business wid de hoodoos growin' thick like Johnson grass in de cotton patch er we's hearts, and wid collar galls on de shoulders er we's sperrits, I bet God'd give you back yo' yuther laig jest so's you c'd git away f'm hyar faster. Him which is stout in de mouf and lame in de heart, verily will I cast f'm me like bread on de water, so he'll float away when de wet weather come. So say de sperrit, B'r Charlie. God will change conditions."

B'r Charlie was indignant at first, and then he was hurt. Many people on the place, from time to time, had questioned his spiritual qualifications, but the Widow Duck had always been his defender. Even when Giles spoke lightly of the preacher, the Widow Duck championed B'r Charlie's intentions, if not his judgment.

"Miss Duck," he asked meekly, "do you reckon efn de Lawd was to see what a mess things is in, He'd run me off?"

"Do you reckon," the Widow Duck countered, "dat de bossman would run Giles off efn Giles' business got in sech a mess?"

B'r Charlie thought about it before answering. "I reckon he would," he admitted finally.

"Den," the Widow Duck insisted, "don't you reckon de Lawd is got as much sense as de bossman?"

B'r Charlie's shame overwhelmed him. "Maybe," he offered sadly, "maybe I might jest as well git my hat and git offn de place. Maybe I ain't holy enough to suit de Lawd. Maybe my faith ain't strong like a mustard seed on de mountain top. Maybe—"

"No mind de maybes," the Widow Duck cut in. "De bossman ain't runned Giles off, cause when Giles gits hisse'f in a jam, he gits busy and gits out. And efn hit gits too tight for him, well, hit's plenty yuthers on de place to he'p him. And I'll he'p you quick as I'd he'p Giles. For de Lawd *or* de bossman. Hit don't make me no diffunce."

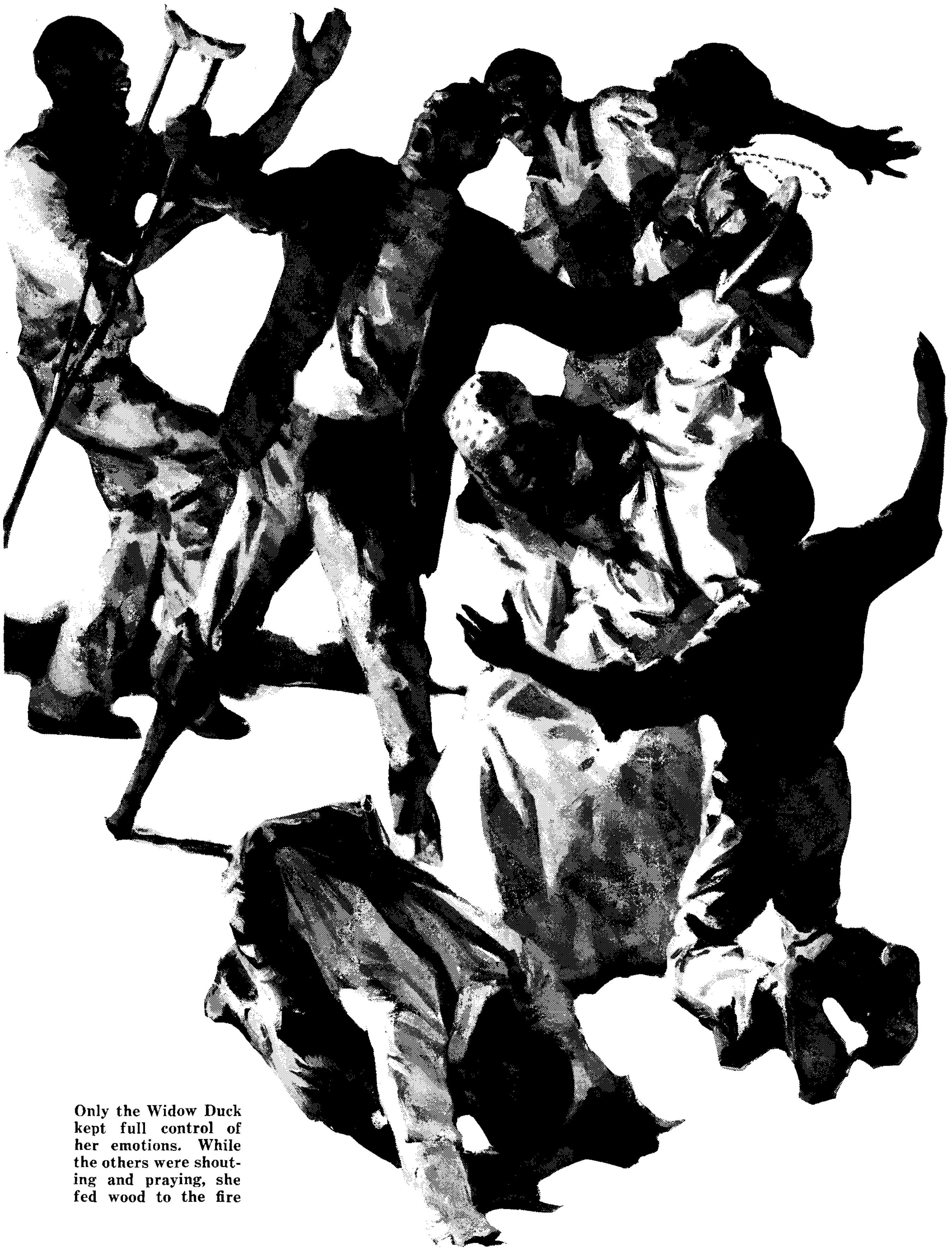
The promise of help came too late to bolster B'r Charlie's drooping spirits. The damage had been done. His faith in the Lord was boundless and unshakeable. But for the first time in his long years of preaching, his faith in his own ability had been rocked to its foundation. B'r Charlie got up and adjusted his crutch.

"I got me a few plow p'ints to sharpen," he mumbled. "I b'lieve I'll git on over twarge de shop. I might not kin handle de hoodoos to suit de Lawd, but I *knows* I kin sharpen de plow p'ints to suit Giles."

He crutched on across the bayou path and into the field. Young cotton was sprouting through the crust of the ground; each bed, still bearing the mark of the planter's wheel, showed a continuous drill of the greenish yellow sprouts. Scattered among the clods of dirt in the middles were young shoots of Johnson grass that had grown up since the last plowing.

B'R CHARLIE noted that, while the little cotton plants were yellow and unhealthy-looking, the grass was a lusty green.

"Sin," he muttered, "is jest like dat Johnson grass, and de Lawd's work is like unto de cotton." Without realizing it, he dropped into his pulpit rhetoric, and to the rhythm of his hobbling walk across the soft ground he preached himself a little sermon. "Wharfo', sin flourishes in de land, and de Lawd's work suffers when you plants hit, verily will come a day when dem cotton seeds gonter sprout dey roots outn dem seeds and down in God's own sweet Red River Bottom land. And den? Watch de cotton grow!"



Only the Widow Duck kept full control of her emotions. While the others were shouting and praying, she fed wood to the fire

If he had been in church, his pause would have been the signal for a few verses of triumphant singing by the congregation. But he was not in church, and there was no singing to urge him on. A few more steps and a counter argument suggested itself. "O' cou'se," he admitted, "de same rich land'll make de Johnson grow jest dat much faster, and dat's whar de Lawd's share-croppers come in wid dey plows and plow up de sin. A good plow-hand c'd clean dis out in no time."

At that point B'r Charlie stopped. Doubt once more seized him: Was he a good plow-hand in the field of the Lord?

He shook his head and walked dumbly across the field, not daring to try to answer the question.

At the blacksmith shop, Giles collared him. "Whar you been at?" the foreman roared. "Hit ain't a buzzard-wing on de place, and plowin' start at sun-up!"

"I was fixin' to sharp 'em," B'r Charlie began to explain. "But—"

Giles glared him into silence. "Hit's fifteen cultivators hittin' de field at sun-up," he told the blacksmith, "and hit take four buzzard-wing sweeps on ev'y cultivator."

"YASSUH," said B'r Charlie, glancing hopefully toward the sun. But the sun was sinking. Another hour of daylight was all he could hope for.

"You can't do nothin' but keep plow p'ints sharp," Giles told him, "and when you gits too busy wid yo' preachin' to do dat, I'm gonter run you off de place."

Giles walked away. B'r Charlie lost no time getting a fire going in his forge. He dared not think of his predicament. Too clearly he recalled the Widow Duck's stated belief that if the Lord could know to what a sorry pass His business had come, B'r Charlie would be "run off." And immediately following that, Giles had threatened to banish him because he was inadequate to the business in the blacksmith shop.

B'r Charlie worked the bellows of his forge and banked the fire around a plow. "De Lawd," he told himself, "might kind er change His sweet mind about runnin' me off, but I knows dad-blamed well dat Giles won't." He gave the handle a final pull, grabbed the plow point in a pair of tongs, and flopped it upon the anvil. In a moment his hammer was pounding upon the blade and the ring of metal assailed his ears. He forgot his troubles at once, and he smiled as he watched the blunt point take on a sharp edge.

Plow after plow was heated and hammered to his satisfaction, and though B'r Charlie worked rapidly and expertly, it required time.

By sundown, only five of the sixty points had been sharpened, and the brief twilight allowed him to finish one more. Then he lighted a kerosene lantern and went on working. Sugar, his wife, brought him some supper in a tin pail, and B'r Charlie wasted a few minutes while he ate.

It grew quiet as the night settled, and only the sound of B'r Charlie's hammer clanged in the darkness. He forgot his troubles with the hoodoos and with the Lord. He even forgot the threat of Giles to "run him off" if the plow points were not ready when needed, so intent was he upon his work. B'r Charlie was nothing less than an artist at sharpening a plow. The metal had to be at exactly the right shade of red heat, and when he hit it with the hammer, the sound had to have that certain ring which only metal at the correct heat can make.

THE pile of sharpened points grew and the pile of dull ones diminished. Still there was plenty of work to do.

Then, B'r Charlie was seized with another foreboding. The points looked right, but they did not sound right.

"Either my eyes is gone back on me," he mumbled, "or else my ears ain't true." The prospect of eye or ear varying from true form worried him. He heated the points hotter and listened more closely to the ring on the anvil, but they sounded clanky when he hammered.

"Hit's my ears," he decided. "Maybe I'm gittin' deef." He was forced to rely entirely upon the color of the heated metal, and hammered until the edges were thin, before dipping into the cooling tub.

How long he worked "by eyesight," he did not know. After a long while, the Widow Duck opened the shop door and walked in. B'r Charlie stopped hammering to greet her. "I'm mighty glad you drapped by," he said. "My ears is gittin' deef." He looked at the big pile of sharpened plow points, and added, "Or else de hammer been ringin' in 'em so stiddy to dey's tired out."

"I hyared you hammerin'," the Widow Duck said, "and 'lowed to drap by sooner, only de rain helt me back."

"De rain?" B'r Charlie was surprised. "Which rain?"

"Don't you know hit's been rainin'?" demanded the Widow Duck. "Fool, hit's been rainin' like a dog, ev'y since supper time, might' nigh."

"Aw," said Charlie, relieved. "And I thought I was gittin' deef. Hit was de rain makin' de metal ring. So hit's been rainin', has hit?"

"I FIGGERED," suggested the Widow Duck, "I and you might drap down to Modom Aw-Bear's house and see what us kin do about all er dis hoodoo."

B'r Charlie shook his head and grinned. "I'd do dat much for de Lawd, and more," he stated, "but Giles got to have dese plow p'ints sharp by daylight, and I figgers de Lawd kin sharp His own p'ints, efn He got to, but ain't nobody kin fix Giles' 'cept me."

The Widow Duck grunted. "Giles ain't got to have dem p'ints for two or three days, now, wid de water standin' in de middles like hit is. Hit'll be de end er de week before hit's dry enough to plow, after dat gully-washer tonight."

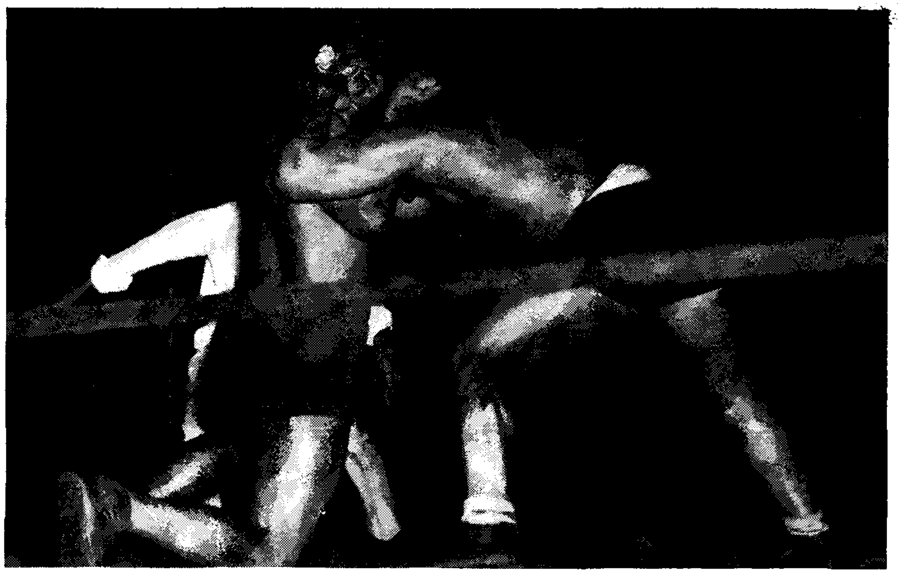
B'r Charlie contemplated the idea of a visit to Modom Aw-Bear's. He had wanted to see the hoodoo woman ever since she took up residence in a shanty on the back of the place, but he had never been able to believe in the rightness of a call on a witch woman by a preacher, when the Bible so plainly denounced the hoodoos. He offered, now, a lame scriptural objection, and as he hoped, the Widow Duck brushed it aside.

(Continued on page 26)

Three Fal[illegible] to a Fo[illegible]

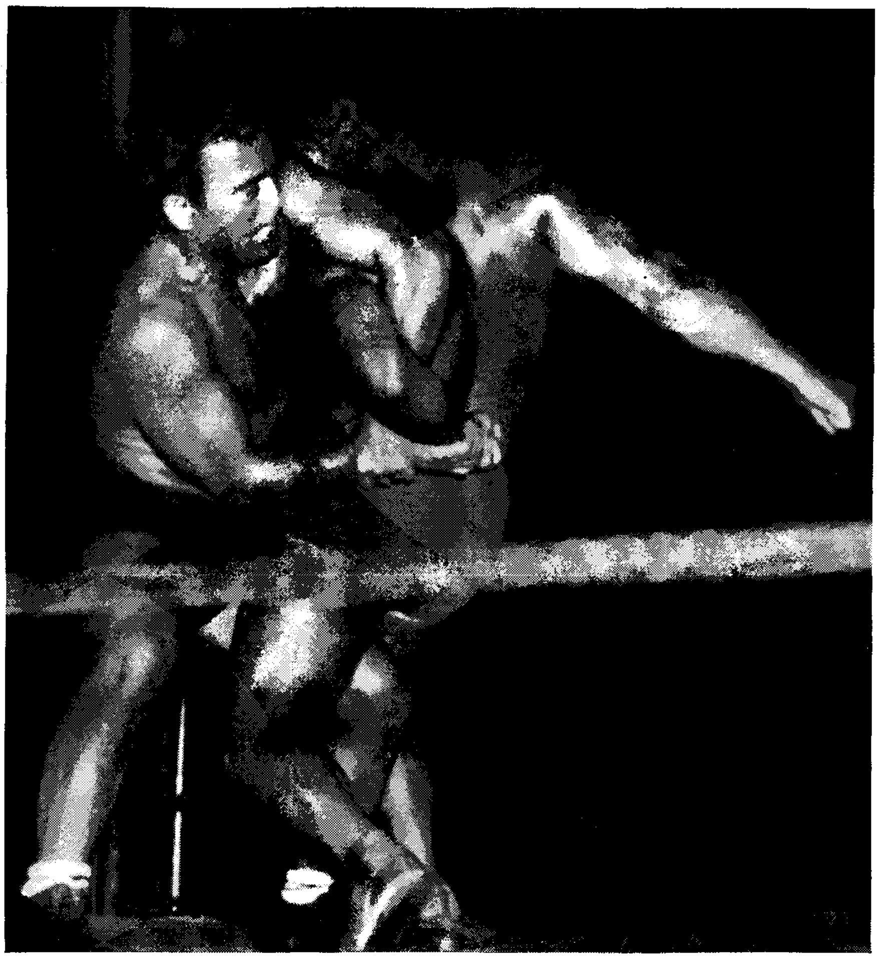
By Quentin [illegible]

The inspirational [illegible] George, wrestler, [illegible] downs is now Champ[illegible] in New England and [illegible] Champion of the W[illegible]



KEYSTONE

Ed Don George, kneeling and Jim Londos, in the Boston preview



One fall each, with Londos leading on grimaces and George ahead on grunts. They called it a draw after two hours of this

IMAGINE, if you will, a balmy, sun-drenched afternoon in the rural community of Salamanca, New York. Listen, and the soft breeze will bring you the shrill cacophony of a calliope; the sharp staccato voices of optimistic hawkers vending dolls and taffy and ice cream and soda pop; the insinuating stream of superlatives flowing effortlessly from the lips of the leather-lunged barkers—it is the day of the county fair.

Now a husky young man comes on the scene and he goes from booth to booth, at first with a bit of a guilty feeling, for he should be out selling automobile tires; but, after all, he tells himself, everyone is at the fair, no one wants to talk about tires on a day like this. He is drawn to a platform upon which four almost naked, scalloped-eared men are standing. He is drawn to this platform; and he stands there, not knowing at the moment that the voice of the sweaty barker who holds forth there is the voice of destiny.

"Easy money, boys," the barker shrills. "Step up and get it, boys. You get a dollar for every minute you stay with one of these rasslers. You get a dollar, a clammo, a buckeroo, boys, for every minute. You get fifty—yes, fifty large dollars, boys—if you can throw any of these wrestlers. Who'll try his strength and skill for fifty dollars, a half hundred—enough to buy a plow, a horse or a winter coat for the little woman?"

From the outskirts of the crowd a cabbage-eared, dough-nosed shill raises a hand and starts to elbow his way self-consciously through the crowd. The act calls for him to go up and throw one of the wrestlers, a maneuver calculated to give confidence to those who might want to try.

Before he reaches it our husky young man walks closer to the platform and says mildly, "I could use that fifty."

The waffle-eared brigade of wrestlers looks at our hero with interest. He is very confident-looking and not a bit embarrassed and there is a glint of amusement in his eyes. He doesn't look like the usual hayseeds they are accustomed to lay among the sweet peas.

He hops up on the platform, doffs his coat, his shirt and his shoes, and he picks out the biggest of the four pillow-stomached pachyderms. The platform is cleared of all but these two. They crouch, they come to close quarters—and there is a gasp from the crowd as our hero tosses the professional with neatness and dispatch.

The defeated wrestler does not scowl nor does he look at his conqueror with a malignant glance or say, "Curse you, I'll get you yet, Tom Rover." No, indeed. Instead, he smiles at our hero, pats him on the back and says, "Boy, you can wrestle."

"Yeah, I can wrestle a little," our hero grins and he introduces himself as Ed Don George. The other says that he is Jack Albright.

"You can make some dough for yourself," Albright says earnestly.

"That's what I'm doing," George says. "I'm sellin' tires and, by the way, we got a new line coming out, if you could use . . ."

"I mean dough," Albright snorts, "not cake and coffee money. Listen. In Boston there's a guy named Bowser, yeah, Paul Bowser, and he . . ."

A Million-Dollar Industry

Next month that husky young man will wrestle Jim Londos for the world's wrestling crown and he will wrestle him in front of a crowd of 65,000, which will pay approximately $100,000 to see the fun. In addition there is a very, very good chance that he will win from Jim Londos, and if he does it will mean that within the next two years Ed Don George will make just about one million dollars. Now the story of anyone who is on the verge of making a million dollars should be of interest, especially if he is going to make it out of wrestling. So let us consider Ed Don George and the merry, merry wrestling racket, one of the few million-dollar rackets left.

Know, to begin with, that there are three world's champions of wrestling. John Pesek is the world's champion in Kansas and adjacent states; Jim Londos is the champion in New York and a few other states, while Ed Don George is the champion in New England. So the match between George and Londos will eliminate one of the champions. John Pesek cannot be considered because he does not play ball with the five men who control wrestling and therefore he will never meet either Londos or George. Here's how Ed Don George became the world's champion of New England and affiliated states.

Back in the days when wrestling was a competitive sport and not a delightful hippodrome, one Frank Gotch beat the Russian Hackenschmidt to acquire an undisputed claim to the crown. But he retired and a dozen claimants sprang up. After a few years Strangler Lewis, even today probably the world's greatest wrestler, became champion.

By now, of course, wrestling had ceased being a sport and had developed into big business, the nature of which admittedly was entertainment. Lewis retained control of the title until one night while appearing against a chubby ex-football player named Gus Sonnenberg he was seized with a strange whimsey. To everyone's surprise he allowed Mr. Sonnenberg, who really wasn't much of a wrestler, to pin his billowing shoulders to the mat. That made Sonnenberg the champion in a handful of states.

Mr. Bowser Fixes Everything

Now it is not for me to penetrate the mystic vagaries which now and then take hold of the men in charge of wrestling. I only know what I read in the papers and one night I read that Ed Don George, very adolescent at that time, had thrown Sonnenberg and had become the champion.

At that time George was not what you would call a good wrestler. Today he is. At that time—this was shortly after he went to see Paul Bowser as Jack Albright had suggested—his wrestling technique resembled that of a rheumatic sea cow trying to pick up a pin. It is true that George had been an amateur wrestler of note, had wrestled at the University of Michigan and had won a place on the 1928 Olympic team, but he was not a big-time wrestler. Anyhow, he beat Sonnenberg.

Now our hero got the wanderlust and one night he found himself out on the Pacific Coast, with nobody in the ring but a referee and the old Strangler Lewis. It was scheduled to be another one of those affairs with Lewis putting up some tasty but not too strenuous opposition. But again a strange whimsey seized Lewis and this time it took a more virulent form. He tossed the astonished George right on the nape of his neck, the seat of his trousers and the back of his shoulders. So now Lewis was champion again and George returned sulking to Boston and to the broad bosom of Paul Bowser. Bowser comforted him and said, "The Strangler shouldn't ought to have done that. But wait, my pet. I feex."

Not long afterwards Lewis thought he'd stop off at Montreal to pick up a few honest bobs by going through the motions with a gentleman named Henri De Glane, of whom practically nobody outside of his own immediate family had ever heard. He seemed a nice lad, though, and the Strangler went easy with him. But suddenly the Strangler was astonished to hear a piercing shriek from his opponent and a pained cry, "He bit me!"

(Continued on page 64)

Brethren and Sisters

By Walter Davenport

"Bilbo! A man of titanic energy and of dynamic driving force! A wonder in sustained power of endurance and a marvel in intellectual brilliance!" We quote from Mr. Bilbo's temperate self-description. Hallelujah, brethren and sisters, meet the senator from Ole Miss

PHOTOGRAPH BY IFOR THOMAS
Collier's Staff Photographer

Theodore Gilmore Bilbo, Mississippi's new United States senator, who is beginning to wonder about that promise to "raise more hell" than Huey P. Long

IT WAS little more than a year ago that the Honorable Hubert Durrett Stephens of New Albany, Mississippi, made his major political mistake, or tactical blunder. It was one of those mistakes which start working the moment they're made, although outwardly giving no sign. It kept following Mr. Stephens around, biding its time, ever on the alert to catch its creator in a relaxed and defenseless position. And when that inevitable moment arrived it balanced itself, took careful aim and, counting three, lashed out with both hind feet.

The impact lifted Mr. Stephens out of the expensive chair he had been occupying in the United States Senate since 1924 and arched him swiftly back to his home county of Union where, the natives will assure you, he is free to come and go at will but "he ain't goin' to go no more at our expense."

This error was born with a peculiarly guileless face. In the beginning anyone would say it was as innocent of evil as a birthday greeting from Shirley Temple. Mr. Stephens found a nice, easy, neighborly job for the Honorable Theodore Gilmore Bilbo, whom he cordially despised and just as frankly feared.

Some of Mr. Stephens' friends, able, like the majority of us, to see a mistake after it had been made, will tell you that the very act of finding a government post for Mr. Bilbo was a slip, but that is not wholly accurate. The misjudgment consisted in placing Mr. Bilbo in a job where he had practically nothing to do but plot the downfall of whoever it might be whose term as senator from Mississippi was next to expire. Perhaps Mr. Stephens, with so many things on his mind, forgot. Maybe he had an inaccurate calendar. At any rate, he was the senator due next to go before his people and try to convince them that it would be a great mistake for them not to return him to Washington for another term.

The job Mr. Stephens wangled for Mr. Bilbo was a featherweight one: It was the directorship of the clippings bureau of the Agricultural Adjustment Administration. It required of Mr. Bilbo that he preside over a corps of young men and women who cut from the newspapers each day all references to the work of the AAA and arranged them in neat rows in scrapbooks. This did not lay any of them low with brain-fag nor was it necessary for Mr. Bilbo to stand over his associates with puckered brow and compressed lips urging them on and on in the name of humanity. Nevertheless, Mr. Bilbo, a gentleman with a passion for getting into the hair of anyone holding a job he'd like, invested his office with an importance it had never been accused of, calling himself Pastemaster-General and managing somehow to see to it that vast numbers of the newspaper clippings he collected contained references to Theodore Bilbo.

You have probably guessed what motivated Mr. Stephens at the outset: The idea was to give Mr. Bilbo something to do. Mr. Stephens knew that it would never do to have Mr. Bilbo hanging around idle because Mr. Bilbo with nothing to do has always been the worst possible news to Mississippi's important officeholders. This condition reached the point where officeholders were disinclined to go home at night lest they should find Mr. Bilbo's overshoes under their desks in the morning. So, Mr. Bilbo being temporarily out of work, having relinquished the governorship in 1932, and several of Mr. Stephens' friends having seen him pawing the ground like a fire horse back from vacation, it behooved Mr. Stephens to find something for the Mississippi Menace to do. Which, as I say, he did.

It took Mr. Bilbo several minutes to discover that a Pastemaster-General didn't have to fritter away any more time sticking clippings into scrapbooks than a Postmaster-General does selling stamps. So, calling the huskiest of his pastemasters into his office, he gave them a pep talk and told them that the next senator from Mississippi was already celebrated for his inability to forget the names and addresses of his friends. That done, having given the paymaster instructions about his bimonthly envelope, he put on his hat and sallied forth to grease the heels of his pet hate, Hubert D. Stephens — the heedless Mr. Stephens who thought thus to have Mr. Bilbo securely pasted into a Department of Agriculture scrapbook and filed away in the basement along with several hundred thousand other abandoned ambitions.

Fall of the Ole Massa School

Love had never existed between Mr. Stephens and Mr. Bilbo. They symbolize diametrically opposite cultures. Mr. Stephens, representative of the Bourbonism of the old South, a conservative of the Ole Massa school, cherished a congenital repugnance for all that Mr. Bilbo stood for, regarding him as a blatherskite and a decidedly second-rate hell raiser. Mr. Bilbo typifies that class which within the past two or three decades has snatched the reins from the soft, fumbling hands of the old toddy-and-goatee barons and has made Southern politics a chowchow of evangelism, sectionalism, populism and adjectives. Not that they haven't done a better job than the old chivalry; what the ruling classes of the past left, they have distributed. Unhappily, Ole Massa didn't leave much.

You see, then, it was in their blood to dislike each other. Occasionally they notified the populace that anything dreadful happening to either would be regarded with genuine calm by the other. For example, four years ago Mr. Stephens fell ill and retired to a hospital in his home town. The bulletins issued by the doctors were at first far from encouraging and nobody read them with more thoroughness than Mr. Bilbo, then governor. Someone took the trouble to tell Mr. Stephens that Mr. Bilbo had said that while the passing of the senator would be a gloomy event, still Mississippi had survived the death of other great men. Mr. Bilbo has since denied making that light remark but Mr. Stephens was so incensed that his anger virtually cured him. He sat up and hotly accused Mr. Bilbo of waiting "like a ghoul for him to die in order that he might appoint his successor in the interests of political trading." Whereat, Mr. Bilbo leaped upon the nearest platform and cried: "Hubert Stephens is a vicious, malicious, pusillanimous, cold-blooded, lop-eared, blue-nosed, premeditated, plain and ordinary United States senatorial liar."

Hearers of that tommy-gun retort tell me that Mr. Bilbo, having got that far, paused—as well he might—ran his finger around his collar, bit off the end

(Continued on page 53)

The Smoky Years

By Alan LeMay

The Story Thus Far:

DUSTY KING, a cattleman in Ogallala, Nebraska, is murdered by three enemies: Ben Thorpe and his aides, Walk Lasham and Cleve Tanner. Whereupon, Bill Roper, King's adopted son, shocks King's partner, Lew Gordon, and Gordon's daughter, Jody (who has promised to marry him) by telling them his plans. Gordon refuses to sanction them; and Jody breaks the engagement.

Tanner is Thorpe's agent in Texas—and Lasham in Montana. Leaving Ogallala, Roper first goes to Texas, where, with a band of hired bandits, he attacks Tanner's ranches (all, like Thorpe's in Montana, stolen); then, meeting his enemy in a pistol duel, kills him. A short time later—while Jody, still in love with him, and her father observe operations in Miles City—he is waging war on Lasham—in Montana.

His life saved by a mysterious girl, whom he knows only as "Marquita," Roper goes to his hideout, on Fork Creek. Jody does not know where he is. She has learned, though, that Thorpe is plotting her father's death. Her efforts to persuade Gordon to coöperate with Roper are futile; regarding the boy as a dangerous outlaw, he emulates Thorpe and puts a large reward on his head!

Feeling that she must see Roper, the girl finds Shoshone Wilce, one of Roper's friends, who takes her to the hideout, a lonely cabin. But Roper is not there. Instead, two of Lasham's men greet them—with gunfire. Wilce makes his get-away. But Jody is captured.

In the course of a fiery interview with Gordon, Roper learns that Jody has disappeared. A few scattered clues give him a vague idea as to what has occurred. He promptly rides to the hideout. There, observing the cabin cautiously, he encounters Shoshone Wilce. Shoshone informs him that Jody is being held prisoner, *by at least seven men*. Lookouts, he says, are kept posted—day and night.

Seven men or twenty, Roper intends to enter that cabin. He does so with Shoshone, who, it is agreed, is to ride with the girl to a corral, some six miles away, and there await Roper. Two men are guarding Jody. Both are overcome; not, however, until Shoshone has been wounded. He rides away with the girl. And Roper, attacked in the dark unexpectedly, is knocked unconscious. . . . Hours later, waiting at the corral, Jody calls to Shoshone. He does not answer. She finds him. *He is dead.*

X

"WE'RE making a big mistake, not to hang him and be done with it," Red Kane said.

They were two days from Fork Creek now. This long and narrow room, which Jim Leathers paced so restlessly, was the kitchen of the main house at Walk Lasham's southwest camp—a convenient stop-over on the way to Sundance, where Roper was to be turned over to Ben Thorpe.

Wearily, doggedly, Jim Leathers rolled a cigarette. He took his time about replying. "Seems like you already said that once before."

"I'm liable to keep on saying it," Red Kane told him. "Things is different now."

This camp had a separate bunkhouse for its heavy force of riders, but the cabin in which they sat, nevertheless, had a second room—a small store-room which also contained three or four bunks. In its doorway, behind the two men who watched Bill Roper, a girl now appeared, a slim, full-breasted girl whose dark slanting eyes had sometimes troubled Bill Roper before now.

He had not been surprised to find Marquita here in Walk Lasham's southwest cow camp, to which his captors had brought him. He had guessed, when he had last talked to her in Miles City, that she was Walk Lasham's girl; and in spite of her expressed eagerness to leave Lasham and ride with Roper, he realized that Marquita still had to live in some way. Girls of her stamp could not afford to throw down such a man as Lasham, until more interesting opportunities offered.

Her face was impassive now, but one of the slanting dark eyes narrowed in a definite signal to Roper. The combination of Spanish and Indian blood in this girl from the Texas border gave her a lithe, lazy grace, and a haunting depth of dark eyes; and the same blood made her unaccountable—sometimes stoic and smoldering, sometimes livened by the lightning flashes of an inner fire. Undoubtedly she was capable of a passionate devotion and an equally passionate cruelty. Anything could happen in a situation which included Marquita—with Marquita in love.

Troubled, he wished to shake his head, or in some other way caution her that she must make no attempt to interfere. Roper had no intention of ever coming into the hands of Ben Thorpe alive. Somewhere between this place and Sundance, where Thorpe waited, he would make his play, however slim the chance. Yet he would rather take his chances with some unforeseen opportunity later, when they were again on the trail, than to be plunged into some helpfully intended situation which the girl might devise—with danger to herself and questionable advantage to him. She had never brought him any luck.

HE WAS unable, however, with the eyes of his two enemies upon him, to signal her in any way.

"Ben wanted him alive, if I could get him," Jim Leathers said stubbornly. "Well, I got him alive, and I aim to keep him that way. You bums ain't going to talk me into anything different just because you figure a dead man is easier to pack."

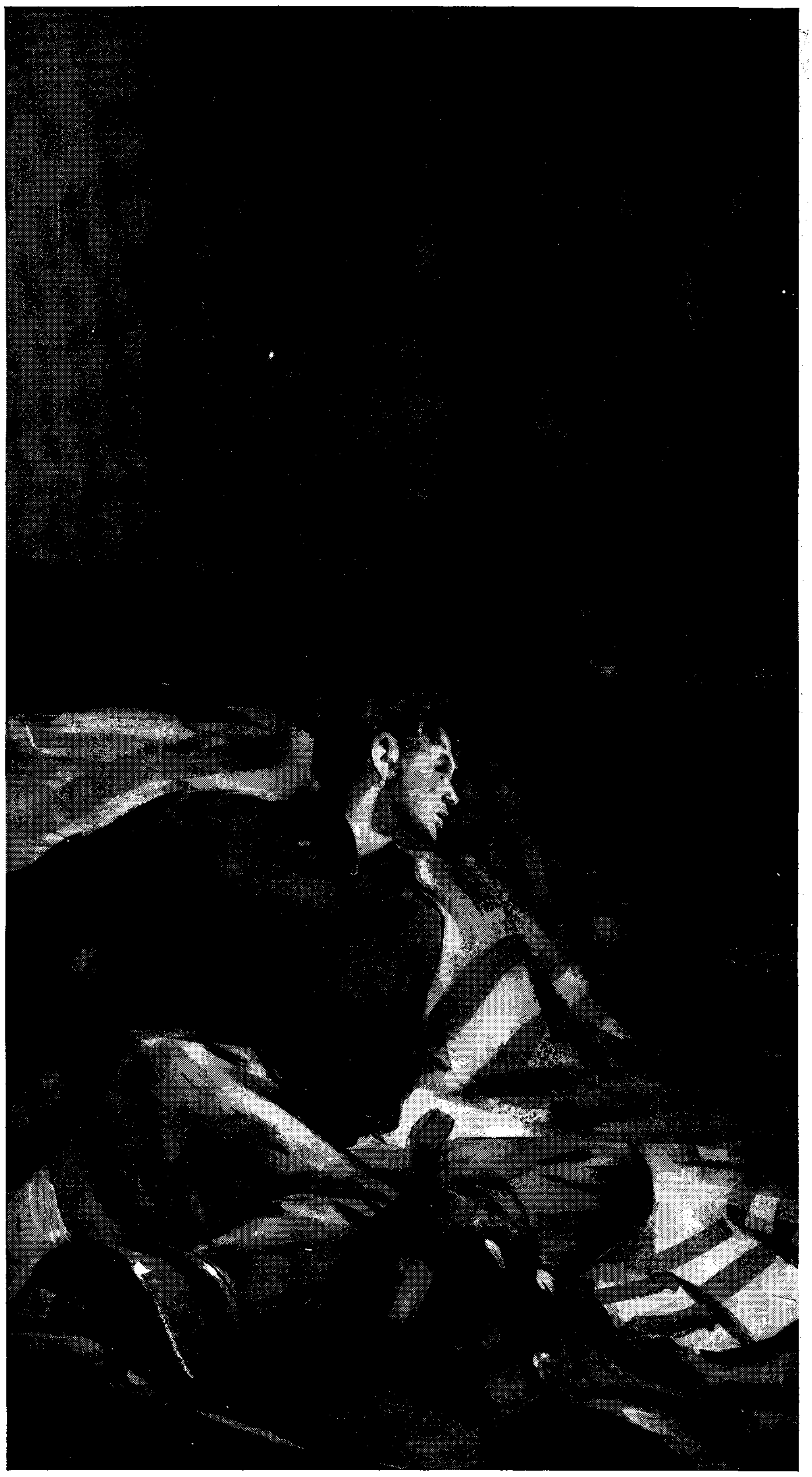
Bill Roper listened sardonically. In the two days spent in traveling from the Fork Creek rendezvous, the scalp wound which had brought him down had nearly healed; but when he laced his fingers behind his head he winced and dropped his hands again.

It was typical of the quality of his captors that his hands were not tied or manacled. They told him where to sit and they made him stay put, and they were careful that no opportunity was given him to snatch a gun from an unwatched holster; these were merely the routine precautions of sensible men. For these riders were the picked gun fighters of Ben Thorpe's scores of outfits—and a lifetime spent in the handling of fighting outfits had enabled Thorpe to pick men who were the equal of any in the West. They did not fear Roper, would not have feared him had he been armed.

Bill Roper had no doubt that Red Kane and perhaps one or two of the others would kill a doomed prisoner for no more reason that Jim Leathers had suggested. He could see, though, that Red Kane was wasting his time. Jim Leathers was the type of man that nobody could bulldoze into anything; having decided what he was going to do, the opposition of the others would leave him unmoved.

"If only we'd found Walk Lasham here," Red Kane grumbled, "I'll bet, by golly—"

Jim Leathers shot a hard glance at Kane, and Roper knew that Red Kane had not helped his case with Leathers by bringing in Lasham's name. Probably Leathers would like to fill Lasham's shoes, if the truth were known.



ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN GANNAM

"He'll be at Sundance with Ben Thorpe," Jim Leathers said dryly. "You can talk to him then."

"And a fine time for it that will be," Red Kane argued, unable to abandon his point. "Here we got the chance of a lifetime to do something big. In place of taking just this one varmint in we could just as soon go back with the scalps of the big end of 'em. Suppose instead of just bringing Roper in we come in with the scalps of Dry Camp Pierce—Hat Crick Tommy, Dave Shannon, Tex Long?"

BILL ROPER could not resist taunting them with a loud snicker.

Red Kane wheeled on him. "What the hell's the matter with you?"

"Any one of those boys would eat you alive."

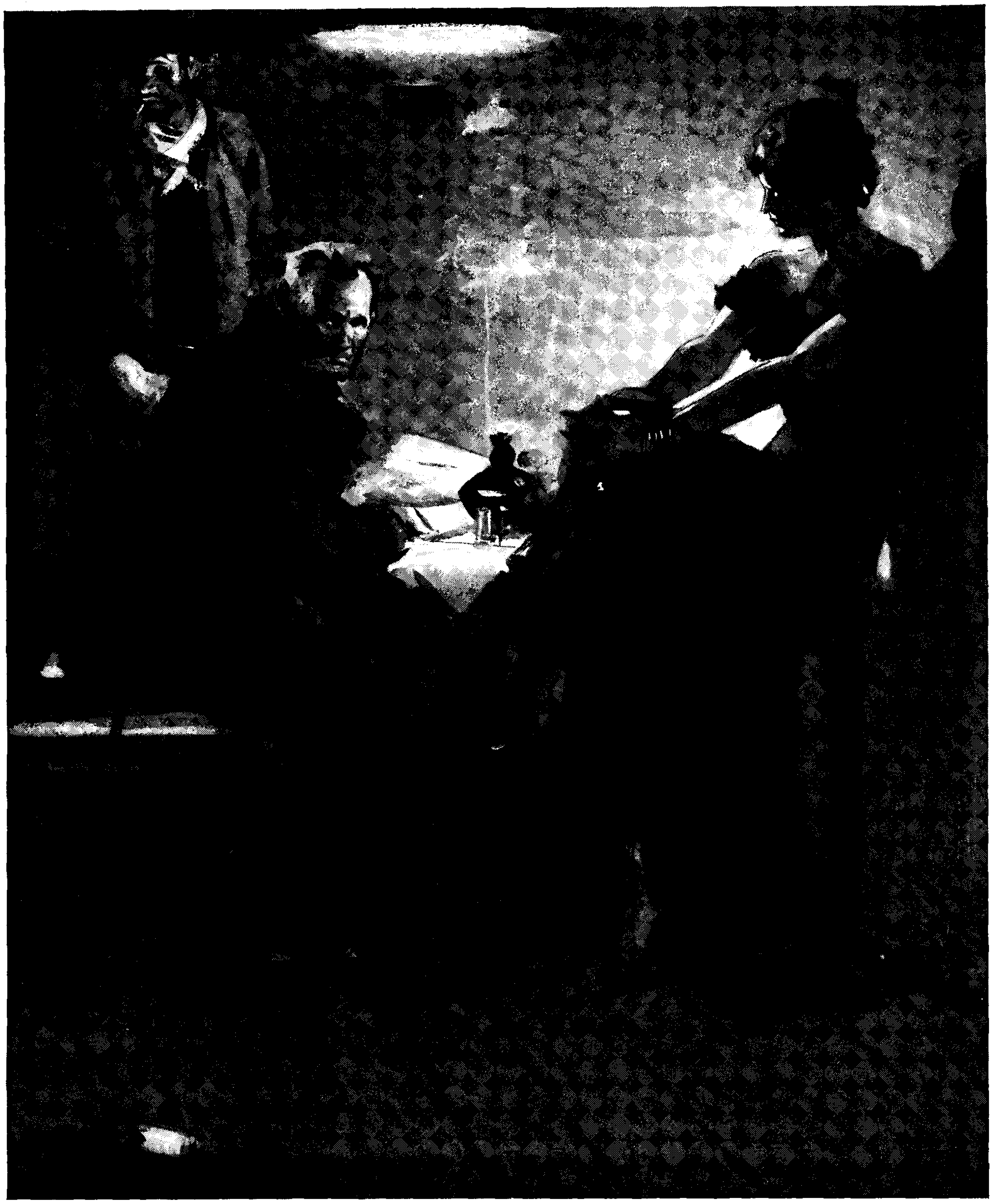
"You were supposed to be top dog of 'em all," Red pointed out. "And where are you?"

"Oh," Roper grinned, "you're hoping to get 'em from behind?"

Red Kane stared at him a moment like an angry steer, and then ignored him, his mind holding steadfastly to his argument.

"Here's this wild bunch playing right into our hands," he insisted to Leathers. "Last night—not four miles from here—they pick up five hundred head of Lasham's fattest stock. By morning, Bud and the Kid and the Lasham cowboys will have the lot of 'em cut off, no farther from here than the Big Coulee. The wild bunch are liable to be suckers enough to try to stand and fight a little bunch like that. We can get into it yet—and you and me, with the others—why, we can slam in there, and—"

The Lasham camp had been boiling with news as Jim Leathers' men had ridden in at dusk with their prisoner. Much had happened on the range while Leathers had waited out Bill Roper at the Fork Creek camp. The news that had reached Lasham's camp was broken, and seemed to have been little understood by the men who had brought it; but Roper, with his inside knowledge of



"You were supposed to be top dog of 'em all," Red pointed out. "And where are you?"

the force he had turned loose against Lasham, could piece together its meaning well enough. Lasham's southwest outpost, with its big herds of picked cattle wintering in this deepest and richest of the Montana grass, had been more powerfully manned than any other Lasham camp. But twice in the past week frantic calls for reinforcements from the outfits to the east had drained most of this man power away—first five picked gun fighters, then a dozen cowboys more, until only five men had been left.

The messengers who had killed their ponies to come for help had brought the camp a fragmentary story which gave Roper the deepest satisfaction. In their tales of incredible losses, of raiders who struck night after night at far separated points, driving cattle unheard-of distances to disappear weirdly in the northern wastes, Roper read the success of his Great Raid.

Dry Camp Pierce was sweeping westward across Montana like a destroying wind; by unexpected daring, by speed of movement, and by wild-riding relays which punished themselves no less than the cattle they drove, Dry Camp was feeding an increasing stream of Lasham beef into the hands of Iron Dog's bands, who spirited the beef forever from the face of Montana. By the very boldness of its conception and the wild savagery of its execution the unbelievable Great Raid was meeting with success.

FROM his long experience he could picture every pony-punishing ride of the raiders, could see every long mile of the vast terrain they harried. He could see the weather-wizened little Dry Camp Pierce, cow-thief extraordinary, now leading the way in the masterpiece of all his outlaw career. He could see the youngster cowboys, turning gaunt and haggard-eyed in the relentless saddle grind, and he could see the long, heavy trampling lines of relayed cattle, heads down and quarters tucked under them, humping along at a swinging half-trot through cold dawns and dusks. Those things made a picture somehow somber in the immensity of its angry effort and the unparalleled damage of its effect; yet, by the breadth of its audacity, and the great sweep of its daring, it was touched with a red glory.

And now Dry Camp had struck even deeper than Roper had planned, lifting the best of Lasham's beeves from almost within gunshot of Lasham's strongest camp. So well had Dry Camp planned, and so steadily did the luck hold, that a full day had passed before the loss inflicted by the raiders was discovered. The five remaining cowboys at the southwest camp were only tightening their cinches as Jim Leathers rode in.

Most of the Leathers party had joined the Lasham men in pursuit of Dry Camp's raiders. Only Jim Leathers himself and the unwilling Red Kane remained to convoy Roper to Ben Thorpe at Sundance.

Because of the confusion involved in the organization of the pursuit, the night was now far gone; already it was long past midnight.

"There's still another reason," Red Kane said, "why it would be a hell of a sight better to hang him now. Suppose that wild bunch of his knows he's here?"

"How the devil would they know that?" Leathers said with disgust.

"Maybe they was scouting us with spy glasses as we come over the trail today."

"If they was, they would have landed on us right then, in place of waiting till we got into camp."

"Maybe the girl run to them—"

"Hell! The girl! You make me sick."

"Have it your own way."

"YOU'RE damned right I'll have it my own way. I don't want to hear no more about it. And I'll tell you this: if your trigger finger gets itchy while you're on watch tonight, you better soak it in a pan of water, and leave the gun be. Because if anything comes up while you're on watch such that you got to shoot him, by God, next thing you got to shoot me—you understand?"

"I guess it could be done," Red Kane said nastily.

"Hold your horses, will you? You'll see him hung quick enough. Now get out of here and get some sleep. I'm taking the first watch myself."

Red Kane hesitated. With the night already well turned toward morning, he should have been tired, but he was not. He turned a heavy gaze upon Marquita, obviously calculating. It was apparent to Roper that Kane was speculating how best to get Marquita into his own bunk without clashing with Jim Leathers again. Apparently he arrived at a conclusion satisfactory to himself, because after a moment he rose and shouldered out the door. Immediately he stuck his head back in. "You better keep both lamps going. The little varmint is liable to try to kick out the light."

Leathers ignored this, and Red Kane disappeared. This time the door shut after him.

Leathers said, "Get me a drink."

Marquita unhurriedly set out a bottle and a glass on the table beside Jim Leathers' elbow.

"A deck of cards," Leathers said.

Marquita produced this, too. As Leathers began to lay out a game of solitaire, Marquita moved idly toward one of the two kerosene lamps. Roper, watching her passively, saw that it was the lamp farthest from him; probably, if it went out, he could knock over the other by throwing his hat.

"Get away from that lamp," Leathers said.

Marquita strolled over to Leathers, the high heels of her slippers clicking lazily on the puncheon floor. "Why are you so cross with me?" she asked reproachfully. She moved behind Jim Leathers and slowly ran her fingers through his hair.

"Ain't going to get you a thing," Jim Leathers said sourly.

"No?" said Marquita. For a moment one hand was lost in the folds of her skirt; then deftly, unhurriedly, she planted the muzzle of a .38 against the back of Jim Leathers' neck.

THERE was a moment of absolute silence, absolute immobility. Jim Leathers' eyes were perfectly still upon Bill Roper's face, as still as his hands, in one of which a playing card hung suspended. But though his face did not notably change, Marquita, with her .38 pressed hard against the back of the gunman's neck, had turned white; her mouth worked as she tried to speak, and her wide eyes were upon Bill Roper in terrified appeal. Perhaps no more than a second could have passed in that way, but to them all it seemed as if time had stopped, so that that little fraction of

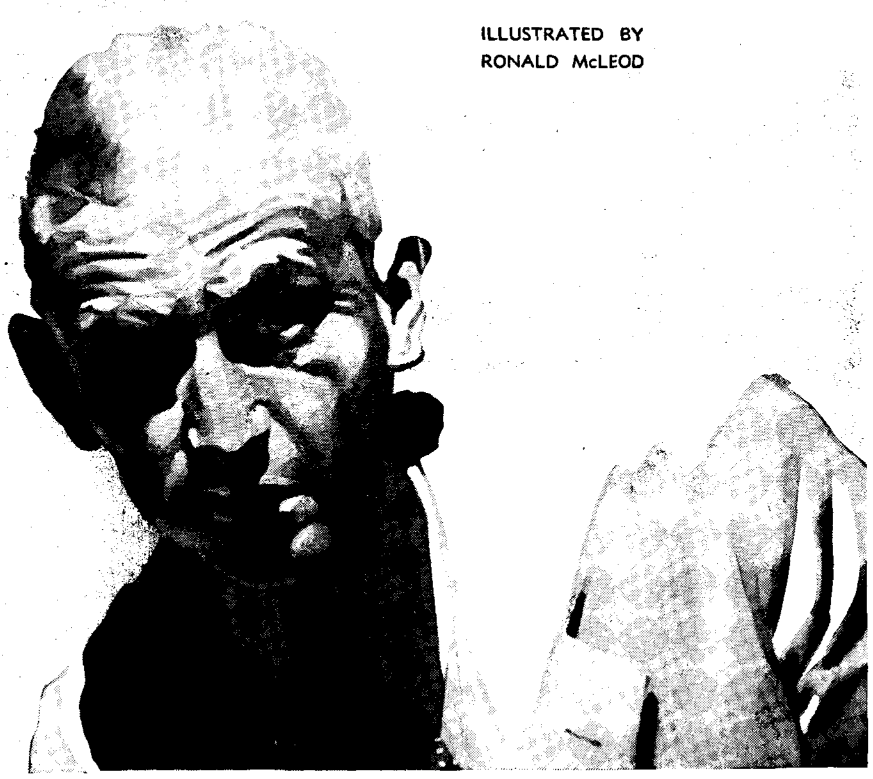
(Continued on page 60)

No Reflection Intended

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

By Katharine Newlin Burt

ILLUSTRATED BY
RONALD McLEOD



It was, in that dim light, stepping even more softly than himself

THE Bingham house was one of those enormous mansions which nowadays their owners are finding so difficult to maintain. And when all its rooms were occupied, as happened fairly often, Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Bingham being gay, young and very rich, it glittered from one wing-tip to the other like some phosphorescent sea serpent.

But there were other times, when little Mrs. Bingham, sitting late at her upstairs desk alone, felt that it was the largest and emptiest house in the world. On such nights, she was thankful for the night watchman.

Every evening at ten-thirty he presented himself at her elbow, a gentle little clean-shaven man of about fifty years, with an apologetic smile, soft-soled house slippers and a face like one of the smallest and most well-meaning mammals. His silent and solitary occupation had given him a low voice and a great desire to use it. On the nights when she was alone, Mrs. Bingham and Mr. Clay always had a little chat together before he began to go his rounds.

He brought her his news, tidings of the night. Concerning the disappearance of the Glenn Noble's new limousine, and that recent disaster, the theft of Mrs. Collins' sapphires:

"It was an inside job, ma'am, no doubt as to that. One of the servants. Folks ought to be warier when it comes to engaging help."

"How can anyone really tell? People have no conscience about recommendations nowadays."

Clay came close and rested his very thin little double-jointed forefinger on the desk. He looked at her with his small and deep-set eyes.

"If I was engagin' a house servant, I'd know . . . on sight, ma'am, if he was a thief. It's chiefly a matter of bones."

"Of bones? Why, I'd think they would be as God made them. A man's expression, perhaps, now . . ."

"But that's just it. A man can educate his expression. He can train it, teach it to lie. But no man can reshape his bones. And I couldn't tell you the reason for it . . . no, ma'am, to be honest with you, I could not . . . but the fact is, give me a man's bones or a woman's either, and his skull line, the shape of his head, the projections of his brow and chin, the way the skull fits to his neck, the way his spine carries it and I can give you a written recommendation or an order for arrest!"

"SOME day," said Mrs. Bingham, smiling a little at his great conviction, "I'm going to have you here and get my whole household to parade before you and you will have to weed out my potential criminals."

"And I'll do it for you, ma'am; I'll *do it . . . and be proud.*"

"Sometimes I get worried about having all my jewelry in the house."

"Well, Mrs. Bingham, I'll say for you that you've got it in a mighty cute place. And it's not as if"—he lowered his low voice and looked all about the square and pretty hall room where Mrs. Bingham sat—"anybody knew its whereabouts. I hope you're careful, ma'am, to take them out when nobody's around?"

"It's funny you should have asked that tonight, because only this morning I wasn't sure if Valerie saw me slip the panel or not." Clay clacked with his tongue mournfully. "You see, some old furniture and a little box of ornaments —a legacy from a great-aunt of mine— arrived and I put the box into that closet, without stopping to consider whether I was alone." She wrinkled her brows. "I do believe, though, that all the servants were busy setting up one of the big old pieces in the hall."

"I hope you're right, ma'am. You can't be too careful." Mr. Clay dismissed anxiety and chuckled. "It's a mighty cute piece of cabinet work. I declare I enjoy thinking about it. You can't so much as detect the opening with your naked eye. It's a smart little contrivance, certainly."

"Well," she sighed and bent again above the letter she had been writing, "I'll be glad when my husband gets home again."

Clay put his hand lightly for an instant on her arm. "Now, don't you fret, Mrs. Bingham, I'm going my rounds." *He smiled gently and started on his* nightly parade, first turning the registering dial on the wall.

As he went past the doors, opening and shutting them, lighting up empty and silent spaces for an instant, he kept going over to himself the boast that he had made. And he tried to recall the faces of Mrs. Bingham's servants. It wasn't as if he were capable of making a mistake. He had proved that. Hadn't he picked out that boy of Waring's who'd been pilfering the cash drawer? And it was Ephraim Clay, too, who had discovered the sales girl that had been making off with furs. He'd been able to direct the city detective to the guilty guest at Mrs. Roland's wedding party. No, he was always right. If he said, "That man is a thief," the man had either committed theft already or was on his way to commit it . . . and nothing in God's world would stop him except death. A man can't rid himself of his own bones.

STILL engaged with these self-congratulatory recollections, he was coming up the longest of the upstairs halls when he saw at its far end, where it turned at right angles into another passage, the approaching figure of a man.

One of the servants must have come into this wing to attend to some neglected duty. But it was unusual. The fellow was small and spare and came along as quietly and as steadily as Clay, but he carried his head sidelong. Reminding himself of the determination to use his special gift, Clay watched the *nearing figure narrowly. The light from* the side hall, stronger than the one in his own, though it still fell upon the figure that must just have turned that distant angle, was not sufficient to give any detail of feature or of coloring, but this was all the better for his purpose.

The head bones showed almost as if they had been stripped of flesh. And, with a strong contraction of his nerves, Clay was conscious that his brain had made its infallible report. This was the head of a thief. It had the unbalanced brow, the mean and wedge-shaped cranium, the rat jaw and teeth bones; it had, too, a short and weak neck, it held itself sidelong. It was about no good business here, the way it walked. And, not as yet able to see his own silent and dark figure, it was, in that dim light, stepping even more softly than he stepped himself; it was, now—close to the door of Mrs. Bingham's bedroom. And there above her bed was built a secret panel filled with a fortune in rare jewels! Clay drew back close against his wall . . . the man must have heard a step, for he crouched. Clay then came quickly forward.

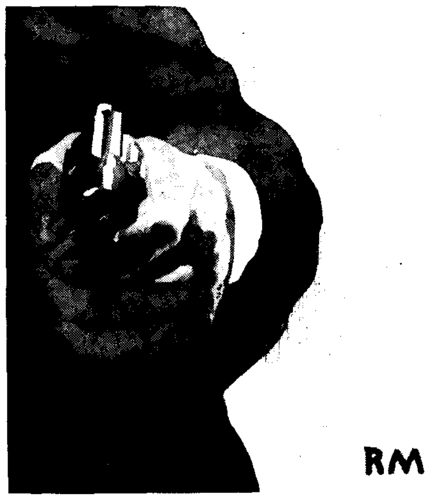
He cried aloud and whipped the automatic from his coat. For he had come almost against the bent, springing figure of the man.

Clay might have fired . . . the other having his own weapon ready, but, just in time, he saw the truth. Against the wall, which for all the years of his nightly duty had been a blank one, there had been hung only that day a full-length, old-fashioned pier glass, dimly lighted. And in that mirror he had come face to face with an image of himself.

MRS. BINGHAM had never seen her night watchman by daylight and she was astonished by his aspect when the next morning he presented himself before her in her breakfast-room.

"Why, Mr. Clay, you have been ill!"

"No, ma'am. But I've come to ask you to do something for me. I want you, if you please, ma'am, to change the location of your jewels."



She sat staring up at him.

"One of my servants . . . ?"

"It's not one of your immediate household, Mrs. Bingham, but someone who comes in and out. I'm not at liberty to tell you his name . . . that wouldn't be fair-like, it seems to me. But, for security's sake, ma'am, I advise you to *send those jewels elsewhere or to choose* some other hiding place."

"Can you help me, perhaps . . . ?"

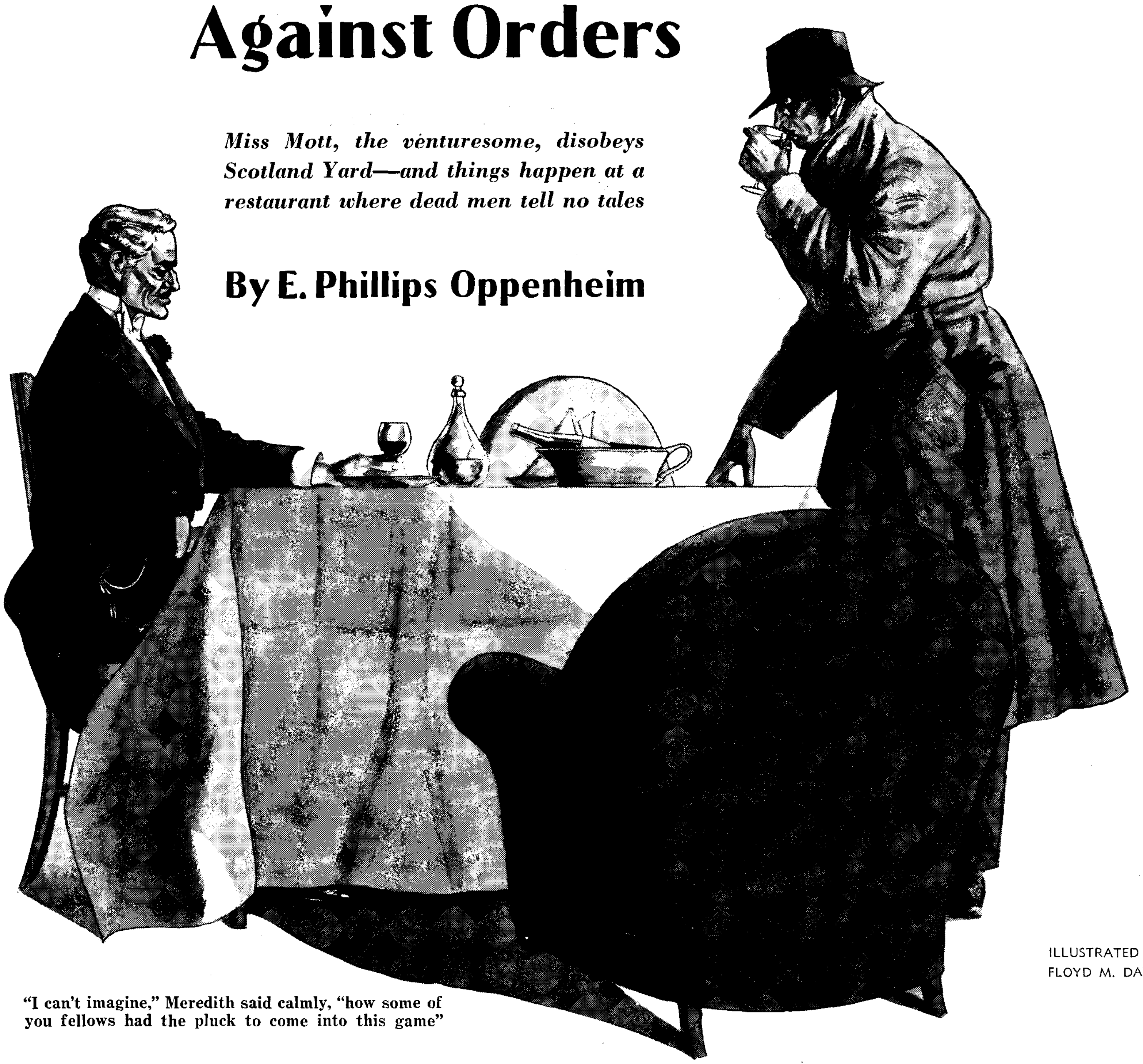
He lifted his hand and shook it to and fro.

"I don't want to know, ma'am. I don't want to know, myself." He straightened and fixed upon her his serious and faithful eyes. "I have strong reasons for my warning, ma'am, and I want you to *remove your jewels from that place behind your bed.*"

Against Orders

Miss Mott, the venturesome, disobeys Scotland Yard—and things happen at a restaurant where dead men tell no tales

By E. Phillips Oppenheim



ILLUSTRATED BY
FLOYD M. DAVIS

"I can't imagine," Meredith said calmly, "how some of you fellows had the pluck to come into this game"

MISS MOTT studied her visitor with more than ordinary interest. She, the visitor, was almost flauntingly Italian—in complexion, coloring and the grace with which she wore her somewhat shabby clothes. Her black fringe descended low over her forehead, her brown eyes flashed with every word she spoke, her mouth was sullen and a little hard.

"Did you say that you had been one of my correspondents?" Miss Mott asked.

"Yes," the girl replied. "You answered me in last week's paper. Fenetta, I called myself. I wrote to you about my husband."

"I remember."

"I wanted to follow him when he stayed out at night," the young woman went on. "You advised me to do nothing of the sort. You told me to ask him frankly what was keeping him out so much and so often late at night. Well! I followed your advice—I asked him. He replied with one word—business. He would say no more. Business indeed!"

"What does your husband do for a living?"

The girl threw out her hands.

"That is what I ask myself. When I married him he was a *maître d'hôtel*. Now he sells on commission—the wine of Italy—the oil—what he can."

"I see," Miss Mott remarked briskly. "Well, I gave you the best advice I could. I think he ought to tell you more. I'm afraid there's no other way I can help you."

"But you have here an inquiry agency, haven't you?" the girl asked.

"Quite true, but to use it costs money," Miss Mott explained. "It has nothing to do with my work upon the paper. It is an independent enterprise of my own."

"I have money," the girl announced. "Out of my savings I will be able to pay."

"What do you want me to do?" Miss Mott inquired.

THE girl smoothed out a strip of paper and laid it upon the desk. There were a few words only—and the paper was scented: "Café de la Pomme d'Or—8 o'clock."

"That I find in his pocket," the girl exclaimed with a little dramatic gesture. "It is in a woman's writing. There is a woman, I always knew there was one."

Miss Mott was bored. She had come to the conclusion long ago that to meddle, even to the extent of giving advice, in the love entanglements of people of this class was a dangerous thing.

"It is for you, this affair," the girl decided, with a new vivacity in her tone. "I pay. Do not be afraid. You send or go to the Café de la Pomme d'Or tonight and you tell me with whom my man is."

"Thank you," Miss Mott refused. "I'd rather not."

The girl burst into a stream of rapid speech. Miss Mott checked her firmly.

"I do not take divorce business," she explained. "I do not care to interfere between husband and wife. Besides, I have plenty of work to do at present."

"What I ask is not much," the girl insisted. "I give you a photograph of my husband—here it is. You go to the Pomme d'Or a little before eight, you eat your dinner there, you watch—my husband come in—you see with whom—you find out the girl's name and where they go. I pay."

"It would cost you ten guineas," Miss Mott warned her.

The girl opened an almost worn-out black bag, with tarnished silver clasps. She counted out the money.

"I come tomorrow to know," she said, rising to her feet. "You are satisfied, yes?"

Miss Mott sighed resignedly and pushed half the money back.

"This will be quite enough," she said. "I didn't really want to take your commission at all. However, I'll do what I can."

"I come back tomorrow morning," the girl repeated, as she left the room.

Miss Mott rang up her uncle at Scotland Yard. Superintendent Detective Wragge was in and was pleased to talk to his niece.

"The Pomme d'Or Restaurant," he repeated. "Wait a minute, I'll send for the records."

There was a brief pause devoted to desultory conversation. Then another pause. Finally Superintendent Wragge's announcement.

"Absolutely clean sheet," he reported. "Kept by an Italian name of Entonelli. Never been in trouble, looked upon as one of the best type of small restaurateurs. Why the inquiry?"

Miss Mott disclosed the nature of her commission. Her uncle grunted.

"I thought you didn't go in for that sort of business," he said.

"I don't usually," she admitted. "The girl got round me."

"Well, it doesn't look as if you'd come to much harm anyway," he declared, and rang off.

MISS MOTT went out that afternoon to a tea party at the house of a girl friend. When she returned at six o'clock there was an official-looking envelope on her desk with the always impressive words "On His Majesty's Service." It was also marked "Immediate and Important." Miss Mott opened it quickly.

There was only one sentence, in her uncle's handwriting: "On no account go near the Pomme d'Or. Wait for me at your office."

The bespectacled young girl who attended to Miss Mott's correspondence came hurrying in.

"You've got your note, Miss Mott?" she asked.

Her chief nodded.

"Yes. When did it come?"

"About an hour ago," the girl confided. "The man had two others. One addressed to you at your club and one at your flat."

Miss Mott felt a little thrill of excitement.

"Tell them in the office they needn't wait," she said, as she took off her hat. "My uncle is coming in to see me. I'll lock up afterward."

"There's a young woman to see you, in the other office," the girl announced, "—the young woman who was here this morning."

Miss Mott was interested.

"Show her in at once," she directed. "And, if my uncle comes before she is gone, ask him to wait."

THE girl hurried out. For the second time during the day Signora Ferruchi was ushered into Miss Mott's sanctum. This time it was apparently a young woman of a different temperament who presented herself. There was a furtive light in her beautiful eyes, distinct traces of nervousness in her manner.

"What brings you back again?" Miss Mott asked curiously.

"Everything's all right now between Guido and myself," the girl announced. "No more dispute: everything has been explained. You can keep the fee, miss, because I take up your time, but the watching tonight—it is not necessary. Guido has explained."

"Sit down for a moment," Miss Mott invited.

The young woman complied unwillingly. Miss Mott unlocked a drawer.

"Of course I shall give you back your five guineas," she said. "I should not think of taking it for doing nothing. I am very glad everything is all right between you and your husband. I don't like watching people. I always think it rather mean, don't you?"

"I know now that there is nothing to watch Guido for," the girl explained anxiously. "If you wish I will take the money, but I must go."

Miss Mott slowly counted out five guineas. Just as she was finishing, there was the sound of a heavy footstep upon the stairs, a familiar voice outside, a knock at the door and her uncle walked in. He nodded to his niece and his strangely set eyes flashed in a quick glance of inquiry toward the girl.

"This is my uncle—Signora Ferruchi," Miss Mott introduced, with a little wave of the hand.

The superintendent's interest in the young woman seemed to cease at once. He drew a chair up to his niece's desk.

"I'm not intruding, I hope?" he asked.

"Not in the least," she assured him. "My client was just going."

THE young woman grabbed at the money which Miss Mott was offering her and, with a hurried word of farewell, left the room. Superintendent Wragge's right arm shot out toward the telephone.

"Give me the commissionaire," he demanded. "A government call, please, miss. . . . That you, Johnson? Good. There's a young woman on her way down from Miss Mott's office—Italian—dressed in black. You'll find my car outside with Preston at the wheel. You know the car? . . . Good. Tell Preston to follow the young woman. It's important, mind. He's not to lose sight of her. He's to report at my room in the Yard. I'm going back there from here. . . . *Just coming out of the lift,* is she? That's right. Look sharp."

The superintendent replaced the telephone and, producing a crumpled package of cigarettes from his pocket, lit one.

"What's it all about, please?" his niece asked patiently. "First of all you tell me that there isn't a thing against the Pomme d'Or Restaurant, then you stop my going there and just when I'm getting over my disappointment, the girl comes back in a state of terror and withdraws her instructions. Not only that, but she seems paralyzed with fear lest I should go there. I am becoming a little intrigued."

"What were you to do?"

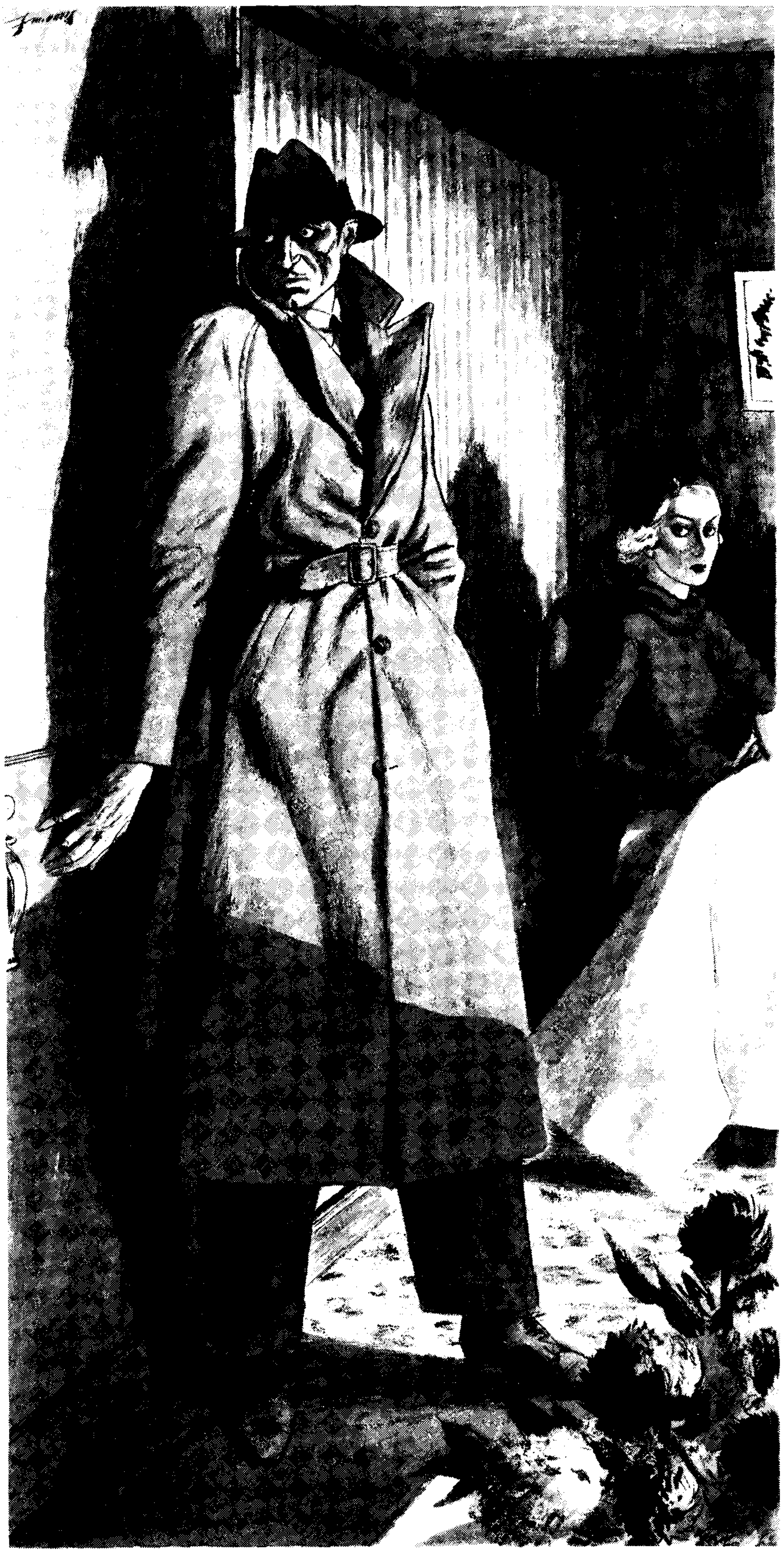
"Really, I might just as well be a branch of your Scotland Yard," Miss Mott declared, with mock sarcasm. "I'm all the time having to give my clients away. There's *nothing* wrong with Signora Ferruchi, is there, except that she seems to be one of these fatally jealous people?"

Mr. Wragge stroked his chin thoughtfully.

"Ferruchi she calls herself, does she?" he mused. "A very nice name, too. No, there's nothing wrong with her, except that she's not married and that her name is something very different. She and her man are trying to earn five thousand pounds. You can't blame her, can you? Five thousand pounds is a very nice sum of money."

"How could they earn a sum like that?" Miss Mott demanded incredulously.

"They might have earned it," was the grim rejoinder, "if you had been induced to climb the back stairs of the Pomme d'Or on a suitable occasion. Tonight, it appears, was an unfortunate choice."



He paused to listen, a matter of seconds only. Miss Mott instinctively listened, too, but she could hear nothing

"Somebody either hates me or loves me, apparently," Miss Mott exclaimed incredulously.

"You've had proof of that before," was her uncle's dry reminder.

MISS MOTT sprang suddenly to her feet. The color faded from her cheeks. The ghosts of forgotten fears reassembled in her heart.

"You told me—that he had left the country—that he had been traced to Brazil!"

Superintendent Wragge nodded.

"It looked like it," he admitted. "At present we are a little bewildered with too much information. He's either in Brazil, or if you take a pair of compasses with a radius of one hundred yards and make a circle round the Pomme d'Or—he's inside that."

"In London!" Miss Mott murmured softly. "So that's why you've made me come and stay with you and why you've got a couple of men sleeping in the house. I could understand Holmes, although he's not the cleverest butler in the world, but why you brought Mair in I couldn't imagine."

Superintendent Wragge lit another cigarette.

"Men who are supreme at their jobs, who are what is called diabolically clever," he remarked, "have nearly always one weakness. Meredith—I say this deliberately—is the cleverest criminal we've ever had on our books at Scotland Yard. He's walked through brick walls and regiments of police. He ought to have been dead or in prison a dozen times and he's free, and his one imbecility, my dear Lucie—I don't want to turn your head—is you."

"Don't I know it?" she agreed. "But where's the connection between all this, my visit to the Pomme d'Or and my jealous little Italian lady? First of all she was crazy for me to go there and now she is crazy to keep me away."

"I forgot," her uncle remarked, "you don't read the afternoon papers. There was one of the worst burglaries we've had in London this season in Soho this afternoon. The premises of a firm of Italian merchants—eleven thousand pounds in cash stolen and two men killed. It was such an amazingly conceived affair," the superintendent went on impressively, "and obviously a gangsters' affair, too, that we've only been able to think of one man."

"You haven't anything against—against—"

Superintendent Wragge glanced at the inevitable bunch of violets on the table.

"No, we've nothing against Violet Joe," he admitted. "In fact, if you ask me, I *think* he's quit the gang for good. By eight o'clock this evening, though, we shall have a hundred men on the outskirts of Soho working inward. The center of the circle will be the one place without a black mark to its name—the Pomme d'Or. That's why, although I don't think they'd have time to bother about you tonight, I want you to keep away. That is also the reason why Madame Ferruchi has been told to withdraw her commission. That is also the reason why I am here to see that you don't set foot inside the place."

"I understand," Miss Mott murmured.

NEVERTHELESS, at eight o'clock that evening Miss Mott pushed open the swing door of the Restaurant de la Pomme d'Or, and with her much derided little gun in her black bag and her heart in her mouth, took her place at the corner table to which she was

(Continued on page 49)

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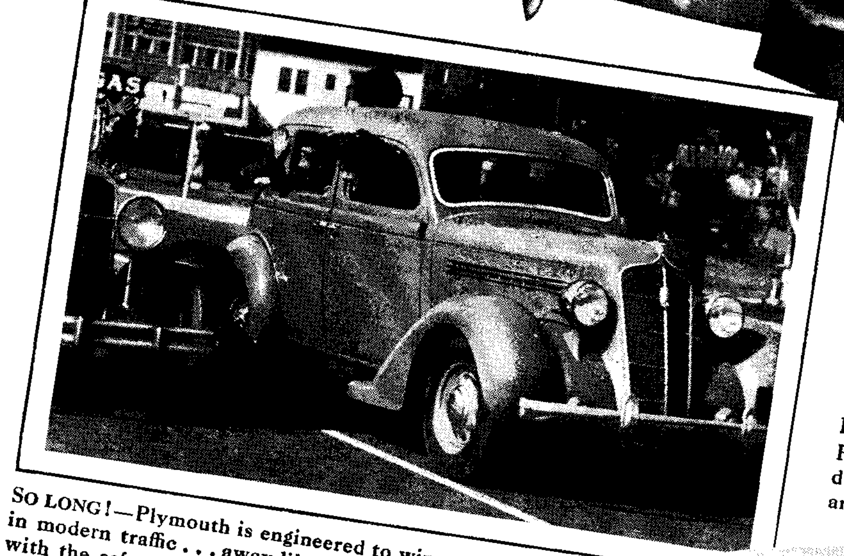

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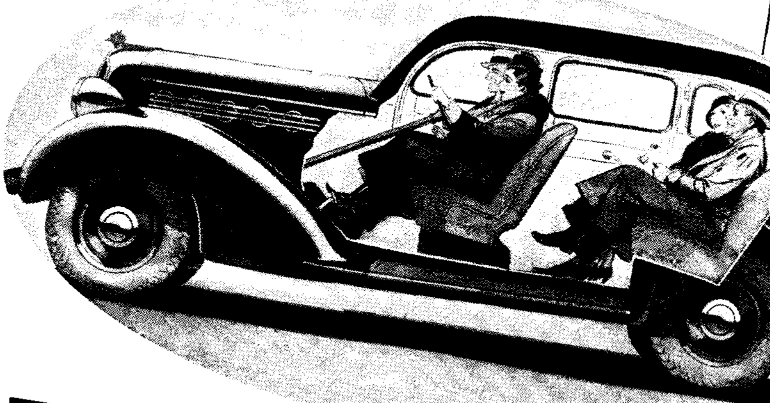

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Juju Powders

Continued from page 17

"Balaam," argued B'r Charlie, "got on de wrong side er de mountain, and came home tawkin' like a mule."

"Him which got faith in My name," retorted the Widow Duck, "let him travel into all de world and let him carry My sweet Word. So say de sperrit, B'r Charlie, and hit's de gospel."

"Well," relented B'r Charlie, "lemme see efn I got de faith." He dropped to his knees in an attitude of prayer and exhorted: "Lawd, efn I ain't holy and pyore enough to mission to dat witch woman, well, strike me deef, dumb and blind."

He opened his eyes. "I kin see," he announced. "And efn you kin hyar what I'm sayin', I kin tawk."

"I kin hyar you," the Widow Duck confirmed.

"Den say somethin' back at me, and let's see efn I kin hyar you. And efn I kin hyar you, den I'm done got me a natchal sign straight f'm de Lawd. Now, say somethin', Miss Duck."

"Blessed is him which got de faith, and den got de cheeks to resk hit on a sign, B'r Charlie. Kin you hyar dat?"

"Clear as de dinner bell," B'r Charlie said. "And so I reckon I suits de Lawd, all right. Le's go."

Modom Aw-Bear's house sat on the edge of the woods and not a flicker of light showed from it. Weird moans emanated from the interior. B'r Charlie's heart stopped beating, though the Widow Duck seemed calm and collected.

"Open up dat do', Izzy-Bell," she shouted, " 'cause you knows you ain't gonter skeer no fo'-bits outn me." Without waiting for Modom Aw-Bear to let her in, the Widow Duck threw her full weight against the door, and it yielded. "Come on in, B'r Charlie," she ordered.

THE house was dark save for a smudge of fire that lay on the hearth. Shadowy figures showed indistinctly here and there about the room, but the Widow Duck did not notice them. "Oosh!" she snorted. "Hit sho' smell bad in dis house!"

Modom Aw-Bear sucked her teeth at the Widow Duck, but the Widow Duck went right on. "A little firelight won't hurt none, even efn hit is hot tonight." She "chunked up" the fire and soon there was a sizable blaze. Instantly, the shadows took on the forms of real people.

"Well, befo' God!" exclaimed B'r Charlie. "In de meetin' on Sunday, and at de witch's on Monday! What kind er—"

"Shet up, B'r Charlie," commanded the Widow Duck.

"I'm tawkin' for de Lawd," the preacher insisted. "And hit ain't a den er 'niquity in de land I'm skeered to tawk in."

"Dat's right," agreed the Widow Duck, "you'll tawk anywhars. But what else will you do for de Lawd?"

B'r Charlie hesitated, and the Widow Duck took advantage of his uncertainty. "A strong mouf and a weak heart," she told him, "make Satan's work easy, but wharfo' you bide yo' time in de Lawd, shall ye also abide wid me in glory. Dat's pyore Scriptures."

B'r Charlie subsided.

"Now," the Widow Duck went on, her voice ingratiatingly friendly in the semi-darkness, "dese hyar is all good people down in dis shanty. Even Izzy-Bell hyar ain't bad in she heart."

Modom Aw-Bear sucked her teeth again, but the insult was ignored.

"And dar's Iler and Joe Boody and Drucilla." As the Widow Duck identified them by name, each squirmed.

"Iler and Joe Boody is down hyar to git a sack er juju powders so's dey kin make Drucilla love 'em; and Drucilla she gittin' some mo' er de same so's Roosevelt will love her good."

"Hit's a lie!" Iler yelled. "Drucilla gittin' de love powders for me. I gived her fo' bits!"

"I did, too," Joe Boody put in, "but she was gittin' de powders for me."

"Dees powdair, she won't work!" Modom Aw-Bear shrieked. "Drucill', she lie and say she ain't got but one four-beets and she got two from dem mans. Dee speereet won't work on a lie."

"Hit better work," Drucilla interrupted.

"Hit's a den er 'niquity and Satan's workshop!" B'r Charlie roared.

"SHET up, all er you!" the Widow Duck commanded. "Now, Drucilla, first off, you ain't gittin' no money back on account er Modom Aw-Bear kin use dat money."

"But I paid her good money," wailed Drucilla, "and she promised to witch Roosevelt's heart for me."

"And she done jest dat, too," the Widow Duck bowed toward the witch woman. "Any time Modom Aw-Bear say she gonter witch somethin', she gonter do hit. I knowed Modom Aw-Bear 'way back yonder, when her name was Izzy-Bell Bailey, and she lived over on Ringgold. Dat was befo' she runned off and tuck up wid dat Cane River mulatt'. I never knowed a Ringgold nigger which wouldn't do what dey promised. Ain't dat right, Izzy-Bell?"

"So you're sure you could get a loan if you could spell Reconstruction Finance Corporation!"

FRANK OWEN

Modom Aw-Bear glared.

"De only thing is, Modom Aw-Bear's witch stuff wan't strong enough, on account er she work in de dark. 'Cause de Book say, Wharfo' blind yo'se'f in de darkness and you'll fall down and break yo' neck, but wawk in My sweet light and ye shall abide therein. So say de sperrit."

"Amen," seconded B'r Charlie.

"Dry up, Charlie," the Widow Duck stopped him. She went on: "And when Mamie T shined up dat lamp and set hit behime her door agin you, Drucilla, all er dat juju powders jest natchally turned into de big Triple-S—soot, sand and salt. Look in yo' toby sack and see ain't I right."

Instinctively, Drucilla pulled a tobacco sack from the string around her neck, and opened the bag.

"You die if you open de sack," Modom Aw-Bear warned her.

"Not in de light," the Widow Duck declared. "Open hit and see."

Drucilla hesitated, and the Widow Duck snatched the sack and poured the contents upon the hearth. "Nothin' but de Triple-S," she announced.

"You backslidin' sinners!" B'r Charlie thundered spontaneously. "You followers after de prophets er Baal!"

"Hush up!" the Widow Duck ordered once more. She turned to Drucilla again: "You might jest as well pack up and go home, 'cause you done pulled yo' last sheet wid Roosevelt. 'Cause de Lawd ain't aimin' like dat. De Lawd got His mind on de way Mamie T and Roosevelt kin make cotton, and anything else is a 'bominatin' rumble in His sweet ears."

Drucilla cried for a few minutes, and the Widow Duck softened her voice. "Don't cry, honey. Roosevelt ain't for you nohow. You's a nice gal, but you ain't woman enough to handle de hoe in his field. Jest like Joe Boody, hyar, ain't man enough to plow for a gal like you. Hit ain't nothin' agin you 'cause you can't handle Roosevelt, and hit ain't nothin' agin Joe Boody 'cause he ain't man enough for you. De Lawd fix hit like dat."

"Amen," said B'r Charlie.

"Shet up, fool," said the Widow Duck, and once more to Drucilla: "De Lawd made you about right for Iler and he made Iler about right for you."

"SAY on, Miss Duck," Iler chirped. "Amen. Have mercy."

"Dat's what I'm tawkin' 'bout," said the Widow Duck. "De Lawd don't make no mistakes. Have mercy!"

"Amen," B'r Charlie boldly echoed again.

"All we need is de light," said the Widow Duck.

"Well, well, well," said Iler. "She tawkin' 'bout de light."

"And singin' 'bout hit, too," the Widow Duck declared.

"Well, den, sing hit!" said B'r Charlie.

The Widow Duck sang it, and so did everybody else:

"Well, dis little light of mine, I'm gonter let hit shine.
Say, in my neighbor's house, Lawd, I'm gonter let hit shine.
Oh, in my old friend's house, I'm gonter let hit shine,
Let hit shine, let hit shine, let hit shine."

"And hit's a-shinin', too," put in B'r Charlie, "right hyar in dis little old house!" He was off, and this time even the Widow Duck could not have stopped him, had she tried.

"I saw Balaam," B'r Charlie preached, "ride out on de mountain side. Gonter preach de gospel to de world—ah!

"I saw a eagle—ah! Fly over de mountain top, wid a can er coal-oil on his tail—ah!

"Gonter light up de world—ah!"

From that start, B'r Charlie expanded and expounded for half an hour. Modom Aw-Bear's customers hummed, then sang, and finally shouted in the joy of regeneration. Even the Modom, herself, patted her foot and whined. Only the Widow Duck kept full control of her emotions. While the others were shouting and praying, she fed wood to the fire. The room grew unbearably hot, but every corner of it was lighted, and that was what the Widow Duck wanted.

THE sermon ended when B'r Charlie became exhausted as a result of both physical and spiritual heat. Drucilla and Iler wandered out of the house, arm in arm; and presently Joe Boody, who had been on the floor, "gravelin'," got up and said, "Good night, all."

B'r Charlie was sitting on the floor panting for breath, and Modom Aw-Bear sat in a corner, crying mournfully to herself. "Miss Duck," she wept, "you hadn't ought to did me like dat."

The Widow Duck waddled over and put a huge arm around the witch woman. "Izzy-Bell," she said, "hit sound sweet in my years to hyar you tawk like dat. Dat Franch kind er stuff you been tawkin' 'round hyar ain't no kind er tawk for a child er God. Hit sound bad in God's sweet ears."

"But a woman got to live," Modom Aw-Bear insisted tearfully, "and I's too old to git me a man, and de juju stuff ain't harmed a soul."

"You ain't too old to chop cotton," the Widow Duck counseled, "and f'm de looks er dis rain we had tonight, hit'll be plenty wage work, whuppin' de Johnson f'm now to fall. God fixed hit like dat, honey. He keeps me fixed wid work and victuals, and He'll keep you fixed up, too, quick as you quits dis damn' foolishness."

"You reckon?" she asked hopefully.

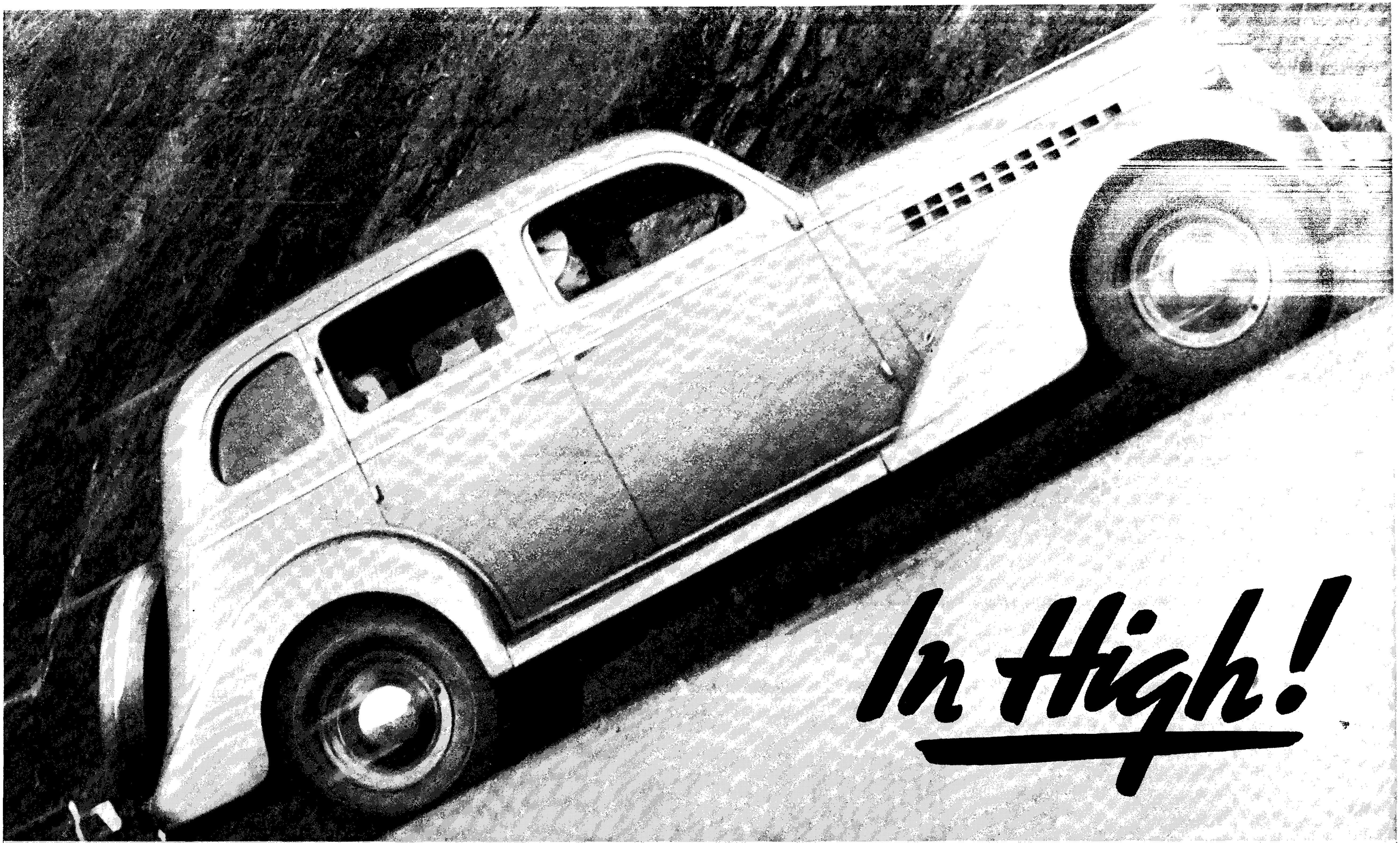
"Sho!" the Widow Duck promised. "Only," she added conditionally, "I b'lieve I'd git my house cleaned up and aired out befo' I axed de Lawd to come in. I'll come down tomorrow and bring some soap and a shuck mop."

The Widow Duck turned, and caught B'r Charlie by the shoulder. "Git up, B'r Charlie, and le's git on back up de bayou."

B'r Charlie followed the Widow Duck out of the house. As the fresh outside air crowded the heavy hot vapor from his lungs, B'r Charlie began to feel better. A dozen steps and he held his head high. Another dozen steps and he grinned triumphantly.

"Me an' de Lawd," he observed to the Widow Duck, "sho' did smoke de witches out, dis night, didn't us?"

"Y'all sho' did," the Widow Duck agreed.



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Airstream DeSoto $695

AND UP, F. O. B. FACTORY, DETROIT

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Get one tube of Colgate's Dental Cream (or one tin of Colgate's Dental Powder). Brush your teeth with it for two minutes at least twice a day until it is used up. Then look in your mirror, and if you do not honestly admit that your teeth are cleaner and brighter than ever, send the empty tube or tin to Colgate's, Jersey City, N. J., and we will send you a check for twice the price you paid for it.

We sincerely believe that a *single tube* of Colgate's Dental Cream can make your teeth cleaner and brighter. It has done as much for millions of others in 72 countries. It is recommended by more dentists throughout the world than any other dentifrice.

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Try just one tube. Then, if you do not honestly feel that your teeth are cleaner, brighter—send for double your money back. The large size tube costs only 20¢. The giant tube—more than twice as much, is only 35¢. Why not start this test today?

COLGATE
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20¢ LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢

IF YOU PREFER POWDER
Colgate's Dental Powder gives the same amazing results . . . sells for the same low prices.

Heavy Spender

Continued from page 11

Sylvia opened the narrow box. "Woman's eternal need—thanks, Freddy." It held three pairs of silk stockings, of an impeccably correct shade. "I've melted two trays of ice cubes—they're in a bowl."

Betty and Matt Underwood came up together, in the elevator.

"Happy birthday, Syl," Betty said, kissing her and presenting a ribbon-tied package. "It's underwear, darling—don't open it now or you'll embarrass Montana!"

Sylvia held out her hand to Matt Underwood. "It's good to see you."

"I brought you a little present, too," he said. "I hope you don't mind."

"But how did you know?" Sylvia exclaimed. "Oh, dear, I didn't want—" She had opened the package. "Oh, you shouldn't have!"

"It's the same principle as not havin' to pay duty on antiques you bring in from Europe," Matt Underwood explained. "You can give somethin' more'n a hundred years old to a lady you don't know very well." He grinned at her.

Sylvia stood dangling the earrings in her slim fingers, her expression torn between distress and pleasure. He shouldn't have spent so much money—and they were so lovely! Oval garnets surrounded by seed pearls, set in dull, greenish gold. She looked up at him.

"They're very beautiful, Matt," she said, simply, and crossed to a mirror, fastened them to her ears. They hung, like smoldering fires, below her brown hair, glowing against the smooth pallor of her cheeks, and Matt Underwood watched her.

THE other guests arrived, and she realized that she had not counted on Matt's essential likableness; he was as different as possible from these New Yorkers, yet he fitted in, even added to her party. At eleven-thirty, he drew her aside.

"I just telephoned the Casino," he told her. "If you think your friends would like it, there's a table waiting for us there, and we could dance a little."

She shook her head. "Matt Underwood, I don't want you spending your money on my guests!"

"I'd like to," he said, and added, "I don't mean to offend you—I'm havin' an awful nice time here—but I just thought—"

"It would be lovely," she assured him, because he looked suddenly so troubled and apologetic. "But—"

"Let's go," he said.

Flowers for the women, wine, the flattering attention of waiters and head waiters. . . .

"Montana, you certainly do things well!" said Betty.

He smiled vaguely, his blue eyes following Sylvia and Freddy, as they danced.

"Is Miss Weston goin' to marry Porter?" he asked, abruptly.

"Probably," she said. "They don't seem in any hurry about it, though."

Matt nodded his head. "I wondered what made him so careful with his money," he remarked, "but if they're savin' up to get married, that's different."

Sylvia was indignant when Betty repeated that remark to her, the next day. "Just because he throws his money around like a visiting hick!" she said, hotly. "The train's in from the West—come one, come all—"

"Freddy spends money, all right," Betty said, mildly, "but he spends it mostly on Freddy, and that's a fact, Syl. Three pairs of stockings—hmph!"

Sylvia's gray eyes flared. "What a horrid thing to say, Betty!" But it was more than a little true, which made her even more indignant. She was no gold-digger! She had been guiltily aware, the evening before, of Freddy's gift of stockings compared with Matt's earrings, but her feeling, even then, had not been so much of the money involved, as of the thought; Matt Underwood had selected something especially for her, with care and imagination. . . .

The train returned to the West, taking Matt Underwood and his lavishness home again, and March came in like a lion and sent winds roaring through the chasms between tall buildings, and April appeared, raining softly, and suddenly it was spring.

There was a sidewalk café outside Thirty-one, the iron tables screened from the street by potted hedge-plants, sheltered from sun and showers and all the discomforts of nature by turquoise awnings and adjustable umbrellas. Sylvia sat waiting for Freddy, sipping her cocktail slowly and nibbling slender shoots of spring onions with reckless abandon. She smiled to herself when she saw him, through a break in the hedge, getting out of his cab, the perfect picture of a smart young New Yorker.

"New suit, Mr. Porter!" she greeted him. "And very nice."

He sat down. "One of five new suits, Miss Weston," he retorted, happily. "The able young Mr. Frederick Porter, Jr., has just been given what is known in business circles as a substantial raise."

Her face lighted. "Oh, Freddy, I'm so glad!"

"So am I," said Freddy. "And what with summer coming on, and this and that, I've about decided to overlook the prejudice of years and get a car, Syl. They're a bother in the city, but—"

They discussed Freddy's car. They discussed the advisability of his moving from the club and taking over Ted Martin's lease on his penthouse. They discussed a great many things that would be done with Mr. Frederick Porter, Jr.'s, raise—and suddenly Sylvia found that she was thinking, not about Mr. Frederick Porter at all, but about Matt Underwood.

IT WAS midsummer when Matt Underwood returned for the third time. Freddy was bursting with the excitement of the news.

"Isn't life the old seesaw?" he exclaimed. "Who d'you suppose blew into town today to join the bread line? Matt Underwood!"

"The bread line?" Sylvia echoed.

Freddy nodded. "Cleaned out, absolutely. Flat broke!"

Sylvia leaned her chin in her hand and looked across the table at Freddy Porter. "Poor Matt! I can't imagine him without his pockets full of money!"

"That's just it," Freddy agreed. "I offered him a couple of hundred, but he wouldn't take it. Just laughed and said he guessed he'd get along."

"Where's he staying?"

Freddy shrugged. "Park bench, I gathered—he was very vague about his address. Said he'd let me know when he got settled."

Sylvia felt disproportionately upset. Lots of people had been cleaned out, in these past years, but Matt Underwood. . . . The thought that he might actually be sleeping in the park hurt her unbearably. Or that he might be hungry!

"I wish you could find him, Freddy."

"I imagine he'll be making himself pretty scarce," Freddy said. "A guy like that without money isn't so acceptable—and knows it. Matt's no fool, though—he'll probably get a job."

Sylvia's eyes were like moonstones, clear and cool and hard. "Freddy, you're a pig," she said, quietly.

Freddy looked surprised. "I offered him money—what more could I do?"

"You could be sorry," she told him, flatly.

"Oh, be yourself, Syl!" he said. "I'm sorry for the guy. I'm sorry for all the guys." He looked at her curiously. "What's eating you?"

"My small-town background, I guess," she answered, her eyes still chilly. Freddy raised his eyebrows. "I never felt less like a New Yorker," she announced. "The good old New York spirit—drink his drinks, eat his food, while he's in the money, and forget about him, when he's down and out!"

"Soft music," announced Freddy. "You're breaking my heart, Syl." He lighted a cigarette. "Good Lord, girl, I offered—"

"To lend him money," she finished, impatiently. "You've told me that three times, Freddy. I know—and that lets you out."

FREDDY was becoming a little bored and more than a little irritated. "Well, what would you expect me to do? Take him home and boil him an egg?"

She shook her head. "No, Freddy."

"Well, let's drop it, then. I'll try to find him, and—"

"Try to find him!" she echoed. For the first time since they had been sitting on the terrace, she was acutely conscious of the noises of New York around them, of the thousands of motor horns, squawking and screaming, the grinding of brakes on the Avenue beyond, the pounding of millions of feet on miles of pavement. Try to find anyone, in this bedlam! And Freddy was right about one thing; Matt Underwood would never come begging or borrowing. He would stick it out alone, until he had something to offer. . . .

She nearly dropped the telephone, the next day when she heard his voice. She stammered, confused and startled.

"I want to see you," said Matt. "Does that fellow Porter have the Indian sign on all your evenings, or could you step out with me, tonight?"

Unhesitantly, she decided to break her engagement with Freddy; she was puzzled and curious about Matt. If he was cleaned out, as Freddy had said, how could he take her places?

"Don't dress," he told her. "I'll be around about six."

He looked as he had always looked, and Sylvia suddenly laughed at herself. What had she expected? A man does not automatically dress in rags, because he has lost his money.

"Shall we have a cocktail here?" she suggested.

"I'm on the wagon," he said. "Do you want one now, or later on?"

She smiled at him. "I don't want one at all, Matt. I just thought—" She had just thought it would save him money.

"D'you like Chinese food?" he asked.

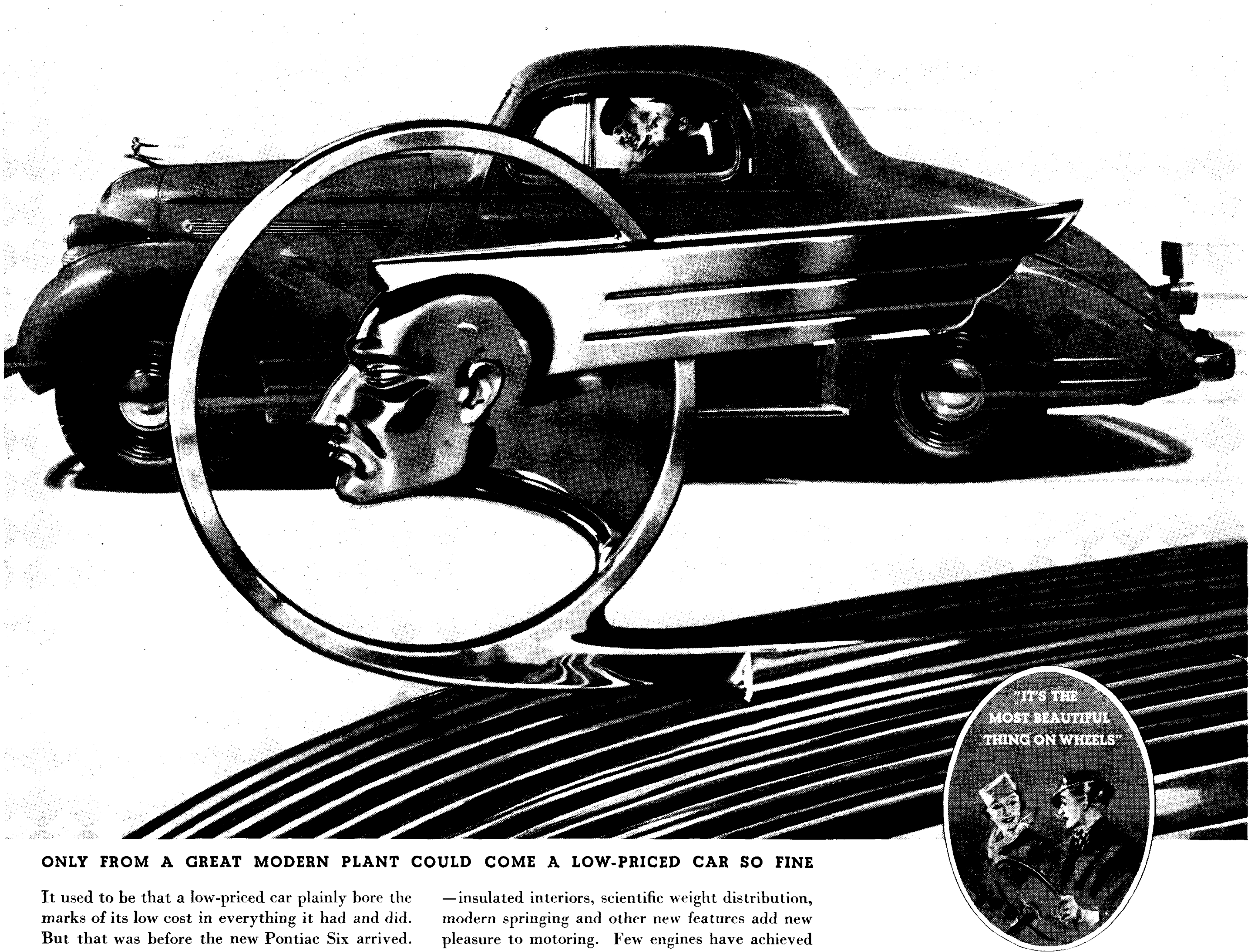
"Love it," she answered.

"Good," said Matt. "Let's go."

He shook his head at the doorman's offer of a cab. "Takin' the El tonight," he told Sylvia. "Like Els?" She laughed and slipped her arm through his and walked the long crosstown block, feeling oddly happy. At the

(Continued on page 30)

Only the price tag tells you this is a Low-priced car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It used to be that a low-priced car plainly bore the marks of its low cost in everything it had and did. But that was before the new Pontiac Six arrived. Remove the price-tag from this car and you would automatically place it among America's very finest automobiles. *And you would be entirely right!* The car that America instantly named *the most beautiful thing on wheels* fully deserves top ranking all the way around. It is more than safe—it is *super-safe*, thanks to its steel-topped Fisher Bodies, and hydraulic brakes that are triple-sealed against dirt and moisture. It is more than merely comfortable—insulated interiors, scientific weight distribution, modern springing and other new features add new pleasure to motoring. Few engines have achieved Pontiac's smooth, lively performance, and fewer still its economy. And if you care to look still further for evidences of quality, you will find such features as silver-alloy bearings—twice as durable as the ordinary type. Depend on it—in every way this quality product of a great, modern plant will far exceed your most optimistic expectations. A look, a ride, and you'll decide—*the quality of the car makes the price phenomenal!*

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Solid Steel "Turret-Top" Bodies by Fisher ■ Triple-Sealed Hydraulic Brakes ■ Speedlined Styling ■ Completely Sealed Chassis ■ Silver-Alloy Bearing Engines ■ 10-Second Starting at Zero ■ Even Greater Economy ■ No Draft Ventilation ■ ★Knee-Action ■ Luggage and Spare Tire Compartment.

NEW PONTIAC SIXES *and* EIGHTS $615

*AND UP. List price of Standard six-cylinder Coupe at Pontiac, Mich. Standard group of accessories extra. Available on easy G. M. A. C. Time Payments. *On the Eight and De Luxe Six models.*

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HERE'S WHAT WILLIAM SCHULTS, TRAINER OF ANTON LEKANG U.S. PROFESSIONAL SKI CHAMPION TOLD ME: "OLIVE OIL BEATS THEM ALL FOR SOOTHING IRRITATED SKIN!"
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NO AFTER-SHAVE STING OR BURN

. . . with Palmolive, the shaving cream made with Olive Oil

SKIING in wind and cold—that's mighty tough on a man's face! But shaving every day gives your skin plenty of punishment, too.

That's why we make Palmolive Shave Cream with just the right amount of olive oil—to prevent that after-shave irritation . . . and to keep your face feeling fresh and fit, in perfect shape all the time! For, as thousands of trainers, athletes and skin specialists agree, there's nothing finer than olive oil for soothing skin irritation.

It is also this same unique formula, including olive oil, that accounts for Palmolive's richer, heavier lather. Lather that stands up for a full ten minutes. Never dries or wilts while it gives you the closest, cleanest, easiest shave you ever had. Why not get a tube today—and end after-shave irritation?

LARGE SIZE TUBE—100 SHAVES FOR 25¢

PALMOLIVE SHAVE CREAM

40¢ GIANT SIZE 200 SHAVES

Heavy Spender

Continued from page 28

corner of Third Avenue, an old woman was selling flowers, and Matt stopped.

"How much are the roses, Mother?" The old woman smiled up at them both, as she answered: "You fix up a couple of yellow ones and a piece of that green for the lady to wear. Got a pin?"

There was a lump in Sylvia's throat as she watched Matt pull a handful of coins from his pocket, and count them out, carefully.

"And five cents for you to buy yourself a limousine with," he said, grinning.

"You're awfully sweet, Matt," said Sylvia.

He looked down at her, and for the first time she noticed how tender his eyes were, how different from New York eyes.

In Chinatown, they wandered up and down the narrow curving streets, looking into store windows, pausing to examine strange vegetables in baskets outside acrid-smelling shops.

"Oh, Matt—look at this little teapot!" It was robin's-egg blue, squat and charming. "Isn't it a love?" Something in his eyes, swiftly veiled, but eloquent for a second to Sylvia's sharpened senses, made her turn and move on quickly. Poor Mat!

THEY climbed stone stairs to the restaurant and sat on hard carved chairs at a marble-topped table.

"I suppose Freddy told you I'm lookin' for a job?" he said. "There were a couple back home, but I kind of thought I'd like to try New York for a while—somethin' here I've been missin'."

"Is there?" asked Sylvia, softly.

He nodded. "I'll tell you about it, one of these days."

She started to say, "Tell me now!" and didn't. She looked down at the table top. So pity is akin to love, is it? she asked herself mockingly. She was terribly sorry for Matt Underwood, but that was all. She knew that he was watching her, and she felt confused, almost shy; her usual poise and assurance, the smooth shell of Miss Sylvia Weston, smart young New Yorker, seemed cracking beneath some strain. Matt's hands, long and brown, lay on the table. "What good-looking cuff links, Matt," she murmured, inadequately.

It was as though all her perceptions were unusually keen, this evening, because of course she could not feel him jump. But something passed through him, like an electric current, and he smiled.

"They're sort of nice, at that," he admitted. "Sylvia! Are you going to marry Freddy?"

"Heavens, no!" The vehemence of her denial startled her.

"I didn't think you would," he said. He merely smiled, when she asked him why, and began talking about the West. "You have another pot of tea and wait here like a good girl for a few minutes—I've got to telephone," he said. "You don't mind, do you?"

SHE watched him pass the telephone booth near the stairs, heard his feet hurrying down the steps. What was he up to? He was gone considerably more than a few minutes, and Sylvia sat and drank little cups of tea and thought about him.

When he returned, he dropped a package in her lap.

"Matt, what have you gone and bought?" It was the robin's-egg teapot, and she wanted to weep. "You shouldn't have!" That first evening, almost a year ago, Freddy had warned her and Betty not to express a desire for the Chrysler Building. . . .

"Want to go to Coney Island?"

"I want to do anything you want, Matt. Just sit here—or go back to my place—"

They went to Coney Island; Matt wanted to. He was not, she saw, flat broke after all, because there were bills in his pocket, not the crisp, fresh-from-the-bank greenbacks he had flung about in times past, but a small roll of bedraggled dollars. It was on the roller-coaster, with the wind whipping her hair about her face, as they went tearing down the steepest, most terrifying slope, that she seized his sleeve and saw the flapping cuff of his shirt. Her eyes flashed, and when they got out of the car, she dragged him to a bench and made him sit down.

"Matt Underwood, you sold your cuff links!"

"It isn't polite to be so personal," he told her.

Sylvia's lips were quivering. "And to think that I spoke about them—" Her voice broke.

"Sylvia! You silly girl!" One of his long arms was about her shoulder. "Don't you know that this evening has been more fun for me than any cuff links? Where's your sense of proportion?"

She lifted her face and stared at him. "Oh—Matt!" Her gray eyes were wide and tearless, now; she was looking at him, wonderingly.

Where *was* her sense of proportion? Where was Freddy's? Where was New York's? Matt Underwood had his, right where he could lay hands on it when it was needed, like a tool kept oiled and sharp. And she had had the impertinence to be sorry for him!

"Oh, Matt!" she repeated, and put out her hand and took one of his hands. He hadn't apologized for anything, for the street flowers or the El or the Chinese restaurant. He hadn't had to apologize. This evening was the best he could give her, exactly as the others had been—and there was nothing better than that!

"What are you thinkin' about so hard?" he demanded. "You look so solemn and cute."

"I'm thinking about my sense of proportion," she answered, and laughed at his puzzled face. "Thinking, for instance, that two people probably shouldn't marry on less than twenty-five hundred a year," she added, and laughed some more. "That's a joke, Matt."

"A joke?" he repeated.

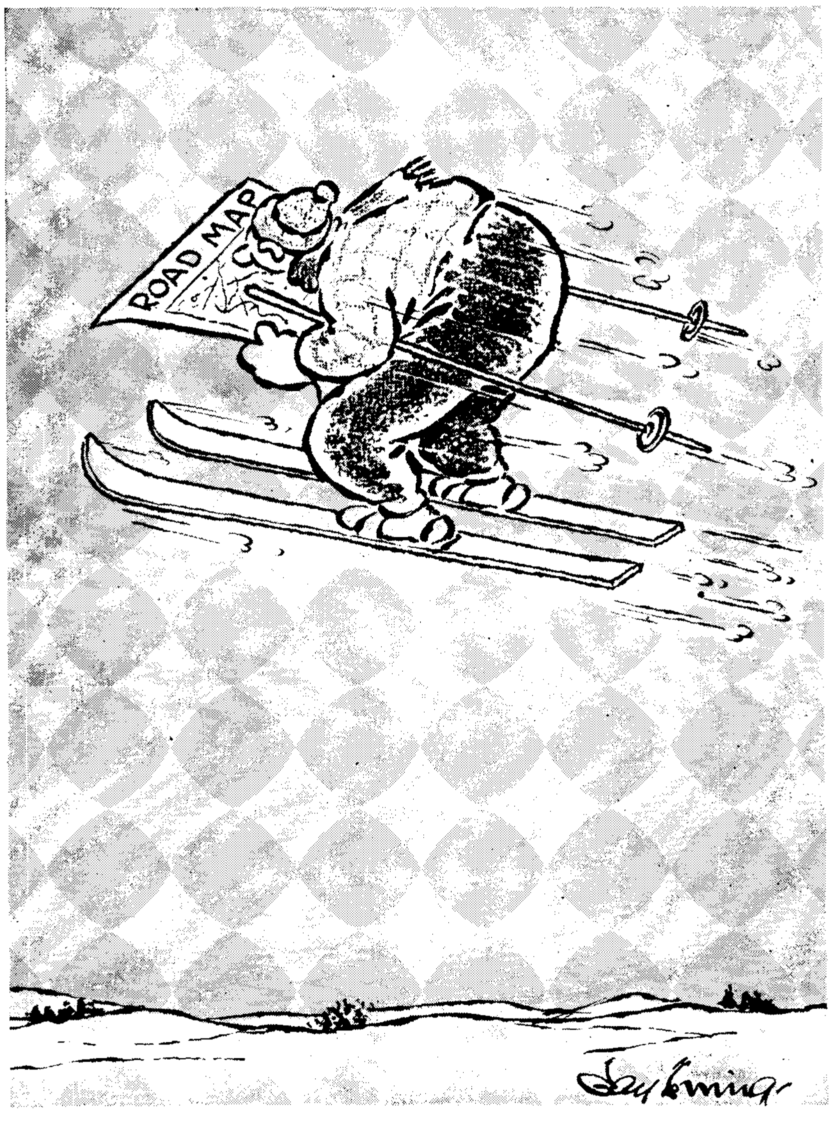
"Not on us, though," she said, quickly. She stood up, hugging the robin's-egg teapot to her breast. "Let's go places. You got money enough for us to dance? I hear music."

MATT reached in his pocket. "Three dollars, and some change. That enough?"

"That's a lot of money," she said.

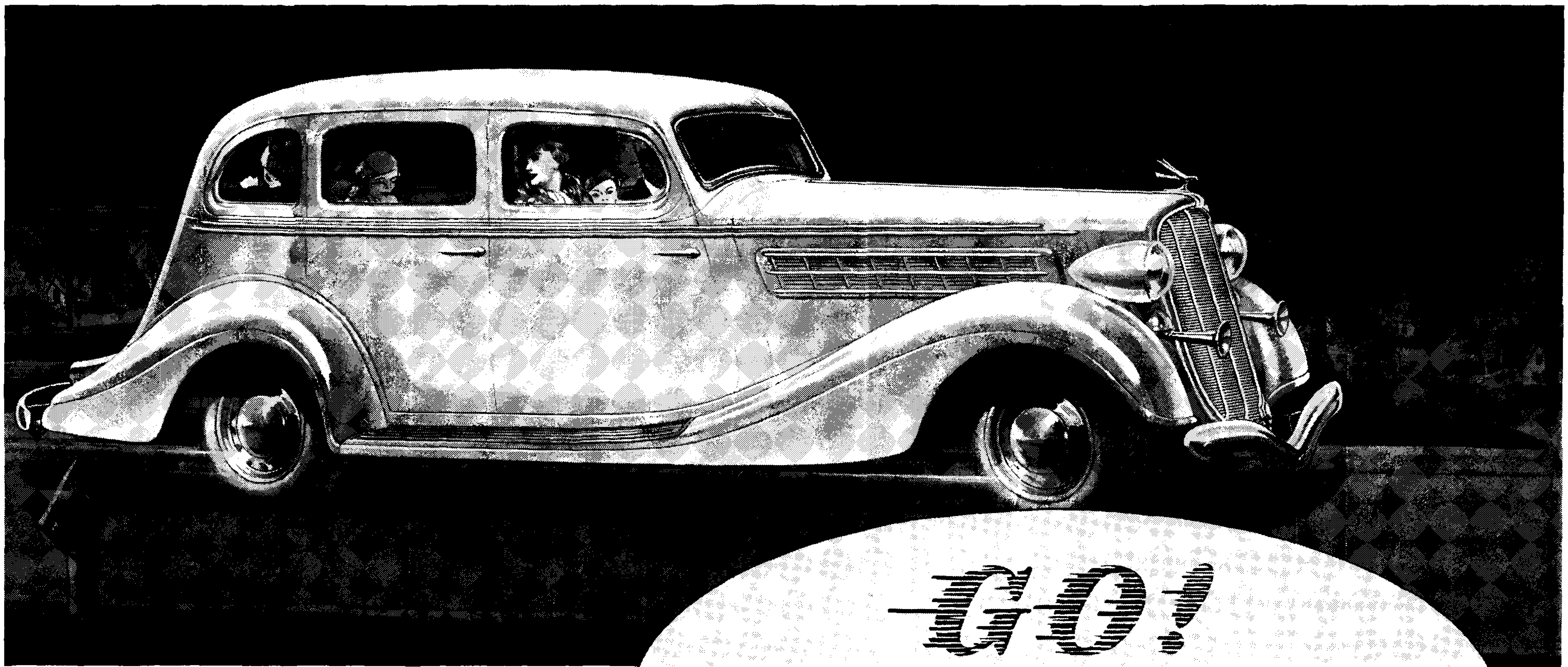
He grinned. "Th' train's in from the West."

Her eyes smarted, as she tucked her hand through his arm. Just a nice girl from Ohio, and a heavy spender from Montana, out for a good time. . . .



"Mmm—let me see—where am I?" JAY IRVING

AMERICA'S *only* BODIES *all* OF STEEL!



Malcolm Campbell drove an exact duplicate of this HUDSON EIGHT SEDAN *to new A.A.A. world records at Daytona Beach February 11, 1935. Price at factory $840*

GO!

RUGGEDNESS AND SAFETY ride with you

What "Built by Hudson" *Means*

he *only* cars with bodies *all* of steel . . . odies that reinforce the chassis, while he chassis reinforces the body . . . iving greatest strength, yet eliminatng hundreds of pounds of *useless weight.*

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ROOF of this in scores of official .A.A. records, including new world ecords made at Daytona Beach last onth, with Sir Malcolm Campbell t the wheel.

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reatest mechanical advancement of 935. Simplified, easier, safer driving . . faster, smoother shifting, with both ands always on the wheel. An exlusive feature, standard on Hudson ustom Eights; optional (for small mount extra) on all other 1935 Hudons and Terraplanes.

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HUDSON-BUILT TERRAPLANE $585

and up at factory for closed models

Hudson-built Terraplane—88 or 100 horsepower; Hudson Six—93 or 100 horsepower; Hudson Eights—113 or 124 horsepower.

"We're buying a **HUDSON** *this year"*

HUDSON SIX $695 **HUDSON EIGHT $760**

and up at factory for closed models

In 1935 there is one subject, at least, on which every automobile engineer agrees—*steel bodies,* for greatest strength, greatest ruggedness, greatest safety! *Steel—more* steel!

But when you *look* at 1935 cars you find *only one* manufacturer who gives you bodies *all* of steel. *Hudson,* in the new Hudsons and Terraplanes! Other "steel bodies" are a shell of steel over a framework of wood. Still others—part steel, part wood, with fabric top. A third type—steel all-around, but no protecting steel overhead.

Engineers have known for years that there was no really safe substitute for steel—in roofs as well as elsewhere. But early experimental steel roofs were too noisy. It remained for Hudson to perfect the truly sound-deadened steel roof—insulated—solid, permanent.

You want *complete* protection in your car. You get it in the 1935 Hudsons and Terraplanes. No compromise here! Front and back of steel. Floors of steel. Sides of steel. Steel doors, steel pillars, steel bulkhead in front—and the *roof* of steel. Not a single bit of wood in any structural part.

Bodies built as Hudson builds them are not only the strongest and most rugged ever known, but they are a *structural* part of the chassis, eliminating hundreds of pounds of needless, dragging weight in cars with motors of outstanding power and smoothness.

And how these cars do *go!* How they *keep on* going! Hudson and Terraplane dealers invite you to try this new motoring experience as increasing thousands are doing every day. Visit any Hudson and Terraplane dealer's showroom, where a car is at your disposal.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan
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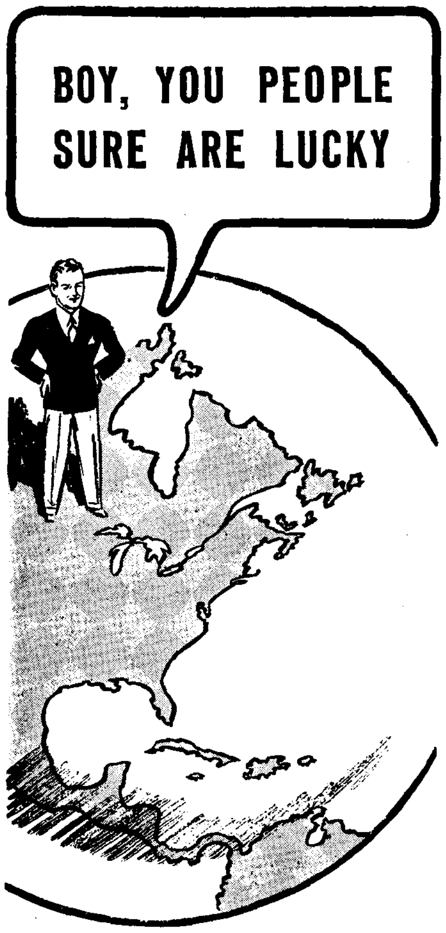
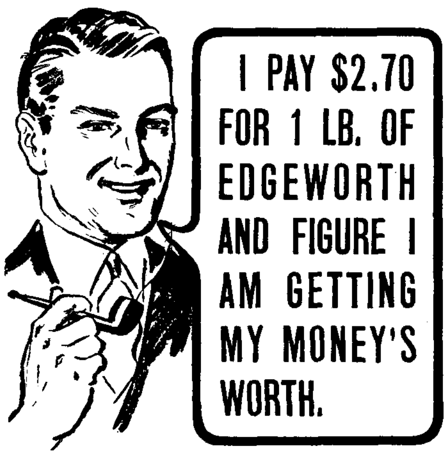
HUDSON *and* TERRAPLANE


BOY, YOU PEOPLE SURE ARE LUCKY

Writes Jack Murphy of Hamilton, Ontario, Canada


I PAY $2.70 FOR 1 LB. OF EDGEWORTH AND FIGURE I AM GETTING MY MONEY'S WORTH.

"There's body to Edgeworth," continues Mr. Murphy's letter. "You can drag and drag and drag some more and still have something left to smoke. Put a load of the average cheap tobacco in the pipe and take a half dozen puffs and there is nothing left but dust.

"Last fall I was over in Detroit and purchased a pound humidor of Edgeworth for just $1. You people over the border don't realize how lucky you are!"

MR. MURPHY is not the only smoker who feels that Edgeworth is a big bargain at the domestic price. Many Edgeworth smokers find it actually costs *less* to smoke Edgeworth. They get more smoking hours per tin—and what is more, they are Edgeworth hours—which is the most fragrant, enjoyable thing ever said about pipe tobacco. Made and guaranteed by Larus & Brother Co., Richmond, Virginia, Tobacconists since 1877.

On your radio, tune in on WRVA, the Edgeworth Tobacco Station, 1110 Kilocycles.

Acting in a Business Way

Continued from page 14

example of this one time in a girl on a boat," she went on. "I suppose I have boats on my mind, having just got off one. This girl was a newspaper-woman who wore on her vacation the tailored clothes and tailored habit of mind she was accustomed to wear for work. I like tailored things, too—in their place—but she wore this morning, afternoon and night. She had her dinner on deck and didn't bother to dress, and her mind put out no frills either. But there was a young man who hovered over her occasionally. He seemed bewildered. He kept going up to her and then going away again, as though he felt some attraction in her that he couldn't quite account for and therefore could not accept.

"Finally, after five days, on the last night before we landed, she appeared in the dining salon wearing the most feminine of evening dresses in place of the tailored suit, and her hair, without its customary covering of a tightly pulled felt hat, was soft and shining. Her expression had changed, too. The young man strode across to her just as I was passing. His eyes blazed indignantly, his voice seethed with sheer impatience. 'Good Lord!' he exclaimed to the girl who had suddenly become herself the last night aboard. 'Good Lord! *Why* didn't you do this before?'

"Of course, she'd changed her mental attitude from a tailored one to something gentler and more appealing or she wouldn't have changed her clothes. It's the habit of mind that is the more important of the two.

Stage Business

"When I'm playing a woman like the doctor in Doctor Monica or in Mary Stevens, M.D., or the secret service operative in British Agent, I try to strike a balance, to make those women thoroughly rounded individuals. Professionally, they must be competent, but it needn't make them hard or cold or destroy their appeal in their scenes of private life. It's all a matter of their own understanding and response. And I know enough of work outside the fiction of the films to assure you that it is just as possible in real life. Business and this thing that people call glamour or charm—or what you will—are not incompatible except as the woman herself makes them so. And she is very foolish when she does it."

Granting that a woman should be able to take business or leave it alone, according to the exigencies of the occasion, the next question put to Miss Francis was: "Then just what effect did your own business training have on your picture career? Did it help at all or did you have to forget most of it before you could get where you wanted?"

"But pictures *are* my business now," she protested and struck her own balance on the other side of the question. "I've gone through three stages," she explained.

The early secretarial training had come because of an accident, but she got interested in the work, made good at it and stayed with it for a time. *This* was her business then—her first one. But along came that moment on the ship when she decided to try something else—and that was the theater.

"When I first went on the stage, I didn't know—just as I hadn't known at the start with secretarial work—whether it was to be merely a temporary way of earning my living or whether it was to be something more," Kay Francis explained. "I just went at it calmly and to the best of my ability, not with any of the feverish, pushing anxiety of the usual stage-struck girl. Probably that's why I was lucky. Perhaps if I'd been all tied up in knots about it, I'd not have had half as easy a time. Things go that way, you know.

"I had one or two lucky breaks at the beginning. But it wasn't until I'd played a number of parts, three good ones in succession, that I realized acting was really getting under my skin. Then I decided I'd better have some good, thorough technical training—as I would for any other profession. After a year of that I went back to Broadway and appeared in several plays, among them Elmer the Great with Walter Huston. By this time, the *stage* was my business."

A little later she heard that Mr. Huston was to appear in the film version of Gentlemen of the Press and that they were looking for a leading woman. Having worked with him and also with the director of the picture, she asked for the part. But there was an obstacle. They wanted a blonde. Of course, Kay Francis couldn't qualify for that. But she got a chance to take some screen tests anyhow and—she got the job.

"It was the same in pictures as it had been on the stage," she said. "It took a while to find out if I belonged. Then *pictures* became my business. As far as I know, the matter is settled now.

"Yes, of course, my early training has helped me," she frowned thoughtfully as she looked back. "I don't see how anything that helps you understand the viewpoint of others with whom you work is going to be a hindrance, do you? You see, pictures are a *business-art*—neither one separately, but both intermixed. If you are to get along in them, your attitude toward them must have something of both in it. Assuming that an actress knows the artistic end of her work—and she won't stay long if she doesn't—some understanding of the problems faced by the business side is bound to be helpful. The whole thing is such a huge, intricate organism, and all of it must be kept steadily moving. The important thing is to understand the viewpoint of others without losing your own. That can be fatal, too."

Clocking Miss Francis

One thing that carries over from Kay Francis' business training is the habit of being on time. If she is ten minutes late on the set, the director knows that something unusual has happened. But though she is rarely late, neither is she inclined to arrive ahead of time. She appears on the moment, not before, not after. Her punctuality is famous.

One day she had a twelve-o'clock appointment with a well-known executive. His secretary entered his office. "Miss Francis is here," she said.

He looked at the clock across the room and seemed a little troubled. The hands pointed to ten minutes before noon. Shaking his head, he got up and moved the hands to twelve precisely. "You'll have to have this fixed," he said. "It's always kept good time before. Ask Miss Francis to come in."

Yes, her promptness has led to talk. But seriously, when asked if being on time didn't make her lose a lot of it waiting for others, her reply was surprising enough.

"I do, but I don't mind that so much," she answered. "It may sound funny but I can wait for someone else with a good deal of patience, while if I am late myself it makes me feel physically ill. It doesn't seem to have anything to do with reason. Some people are constitutionally on time and others are constitutionally late. Neither kind can help it.

"But look here," she said, getting on with her views of the business girl and the business-art, "if any of these young women who are interested in pictures are considering it as a life of ease they'd better take warning."

It was suggested that she demonstrate with a day's schedule.

"Fine," she agreed, "but let's fit dresses first—let's have days and days of fittings. It's one of the chief tortures of my life," said this young woman who is renowned for the way she wears clothes, "and I am required to fit an average of eighteen to twenty-five for every picture. In The House on Fifty-sixth Street, I had thirty-six. Horrible, isn't it? If that looks like the beginning of a life of ease, let any business girl try it."

She hates posing for fashion stills, too. They simply have to catch her in flight.

No Advice to You

As to the typical working day—she took a deep breath and began:

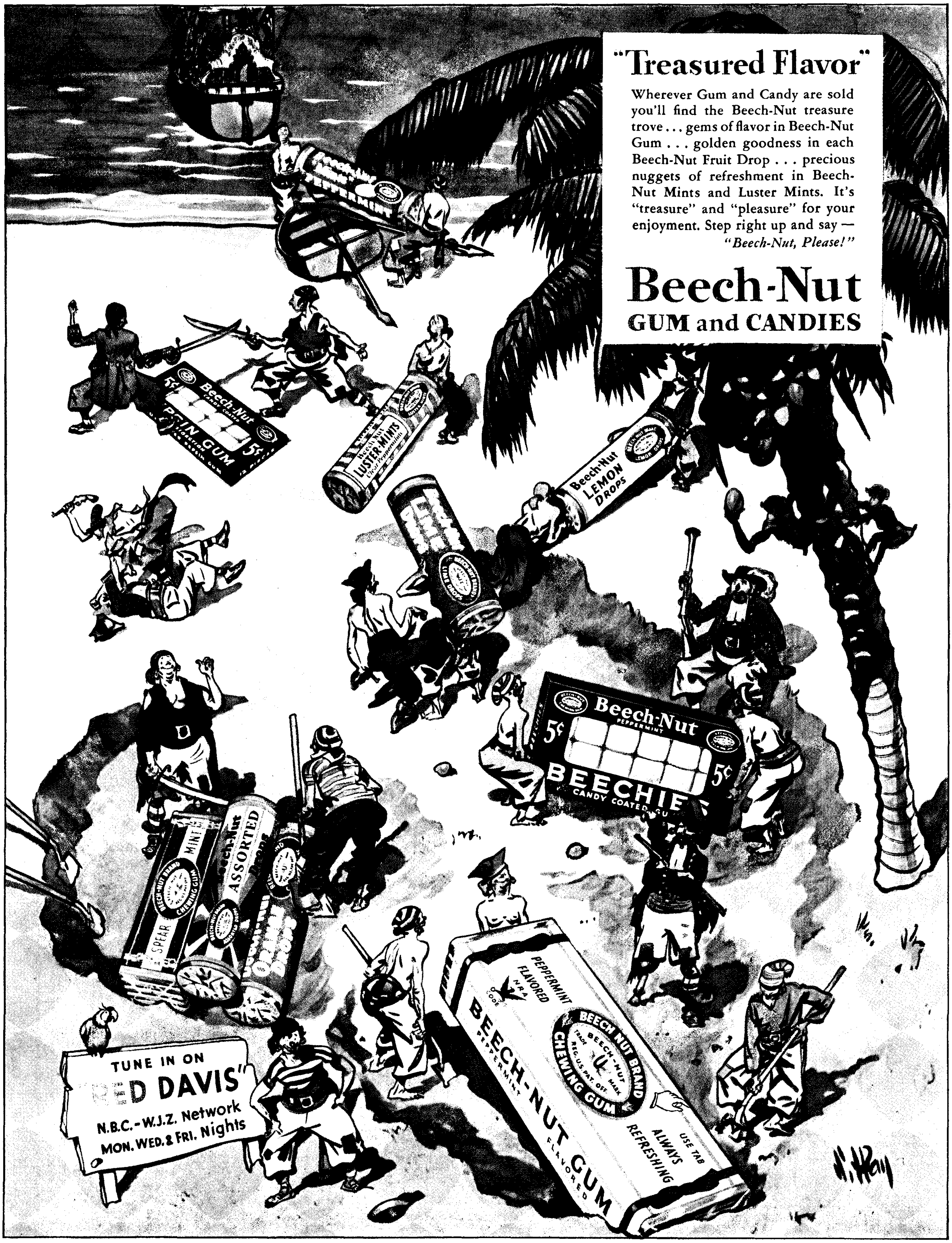
"I get up in the morning at a quarter of six if I'm going to wear an evening dress. That sentence sounds a little ga-ga, doesn't it?" she murmured parenthetically, "but never mind. An evening dress means a body make-up. It takes time. Otherwise, I get fifteen minutes more sleep. By nine I am at the studio, made up, and on the set for work. We stop usually at six-thirty in the afternoon. Then comes a talk, probably with the director and the leading man, sometimes with others, so that we'll be ready with everything thoroughly understood for the next day. After that, we see the rushes of the day's take. At about eight, it's time to go home. I jump into a bath, and am glad to have dinner on a tray in bed. If I don't get to sleep before eleven, I have only seven hours. Just let anyone try to persuade me to go out any evening except Saturday! It can't be done when I'm working.

"This round-the-clock schedule goes on for four or six weeks at a stretch. It makes a heavy business day in the office feel like a vacation. I have seen switchboard operators plugging long telephone cords in and out in so complicated and rapid a maze that it looked as though they were knitting something, but plugging your own emotions in and out at the same rate all day is infinitely more wearing." Miss Francis stopped for breath.

"Granting they can face all this—" we began.

"Oh, you're *not* going to ask me to give them any advice, are you?" she demanded in alarm. "No, I'm glad you're not. Because I'm like everyone else in every other business—I wouldn't advise anyone to go into it and nothing could drag me out of it. I've no desire to go back to the stage. I'm happy right where I am. It's never monotonous—it's always interesting—and when you do get a vacation, it's long enough to let you really do things."

And so, vacation being over, Miss Francis boarded a plane for Hollywood to make a new film called Living on Velvet. It seems that in it she will play a society girl with no money who falls in love with a likable but irresponsible man who has even less. The question is how they come through. Plenty of people will want to know. Kay Francis said she was somewhat curious about it too.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5¢ Beech-Nut CANDY COATED
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"Treasured Flavor"

Wherever Gum and Candy are sold you'll find the Beech-Nut treasure trove . . . gems of flavor in Beech-Nut Gum . . . golden goodness in each Beech-Nut Fruit Drop . . . precious nuggets of refreshment in Beech-Nut Mints and Luster Mints. It's "treasure" and "pleasure" for your enjoyment. Step right up and say —
"Beech-Nut, Please!"

Beech-Nut
GUM and CANDIES

Tucson Arizona*

July and August 1934

by PHILIP KERBY

STEADILY, relentlessly the mercury climbed . . . 105°—107°—109° in the shade! Thirty-six terrible days and nights. People crowded indoors to escape the merciless rays of the blistering sun. Everywhere the scorching breath of the desert.

"The sick in the hospitals suffered tortures. Their only possible relief came from ice packs. Then it was that we were grateful for the efficiency of our Frigidaires, which—even under the greatest strain—never failed us." Thus wrote Dorothy Meng Reynolds, Registered Nurse, of Tucson, Arizona.

And from hundreds of homes in the desert country—from the hottest sections of the United States—came hundreds of other reports of the amazing performance of the Frigidaire '34 with its new development, the Super Freezer.

Here was the supreme test of a refrigerator—excess heat—unremitting heat. Yet day after day as the mercury climbed to record heights, the amazing service of the Super Freezer was demonstrated.

Thousands of Frigidaire users enjoyed a thrilling new experience. Despite the relentless heat they no longer worried about keeping food cold. There was always an abundance of ice cubes . . . frozen desserts and crisp salads. They obtained an entirely new idea of what an electric refrigerator could do. In their homes the Super Freezer proved itself a great new development in refrigeration.

---

* *One of the hottest sections of the United States in the summer of 1934, according to U. S. Weather Bureau statistics.*

LISTEN TO JACK PEARL IN A NEW SHOW, WITH FREDDY RICH'S ORCHESTRA, EVERY WEDNESDAY, 10 P.M. E. S. T., COLUMBIA NETWORK, COAST TO COAST

THE MASTER SERIES FRIGIDAIRE '35

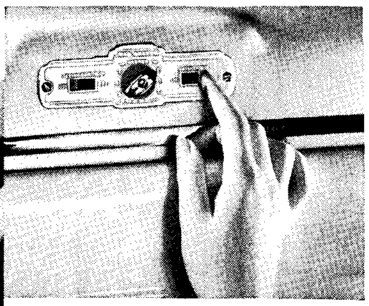
Even in hottest weather Savings . . . from

EVERY one of the 16 snow-white models of the Frigidaire '35 is equipped with the Super Freezer—a most important Frigidaire development. It sets new high standards of household electrical refrigeration and provides a complete refrigeration service.

This complete service gives a new idea of cold-producing ability. It combines five fundamental refrigeration essentials which provide outstanding economy of operation, convenience, and satisfaction.

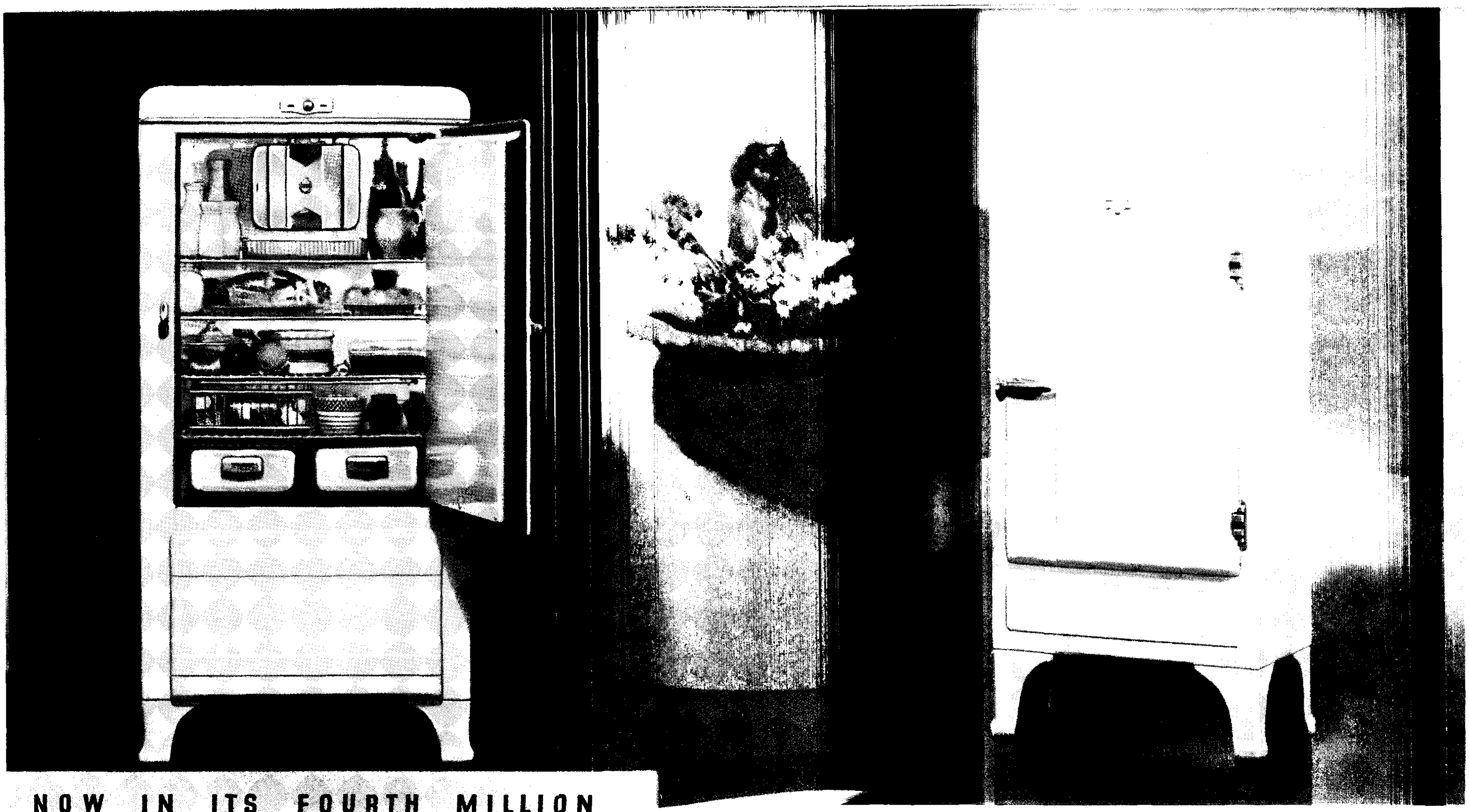
No matter how relentlessly the sun may beat down or the mercury soar,

The Hydrator gives you cold, moist air for the crisping of vegetables. It even makes wilted vegetables fresh again.



The Frigidaire '35 has Automatic Reset Defrosting. It turns itself on automatically when defrosting is completed.

FRI



THE SUPER SERIES FRIGIDAIRE '35

THE STANDARD SERIES FRIGIDAIRE '35

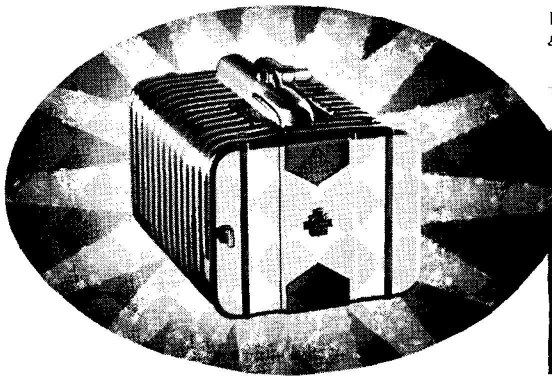
. . . more Ice • more Refrigeration • more the Super Freezer of the Frigidaire—'35

the Frigidaire Super Freezer provides all the cold you will ever need and, more important still, it gives the right kinds of cold. Dry, frosty cold is provided for food on the shelves. Wilted salads, fruits and vegetables in the Hydrator are afforded moist, humid cold to recrisp them and make them crunchy and delicious. A reserve supply of ice cubes may be kept indefinitely in a special cold storage tray. And there are several stages of near-zero cold for freezing ice cubes quickly, and for keeping meats, desserts, ice cream, and other foods frozen until ready to be served.

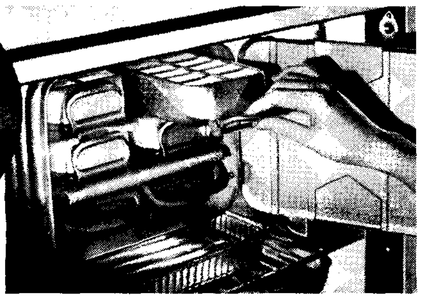
With all this, the Super Freezer is so efficient in operation that the quiet motor of the Frigidaire '35 uses an amazingly small amount of electricity.

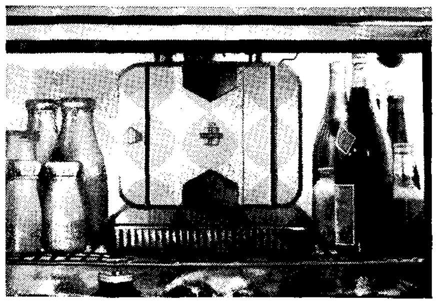
Many other conveniences are included in the Frigidaire '35 in addition to the Super Freezer. Ice trays are delivered into your hands at the touch of a finger. It eliminates all worry when defrosting. And *every* model has a lifetime porcelain interior. To appreciate fully these new advanced standards of refrigeration you must see the Frigidaire '35 for yourself. Visit your local dealer and learn how easy it is to own the best in electrical refrigeration.

The Super Freezer of the Frigidaire '35 provides greater cold-producing ability, greater ice capacity, faster freezing.



With Automatic Ice Tray Release the Frigidaire '35 gives you ice trays that come sliding out of the Super Freezer at the touch of a finger.



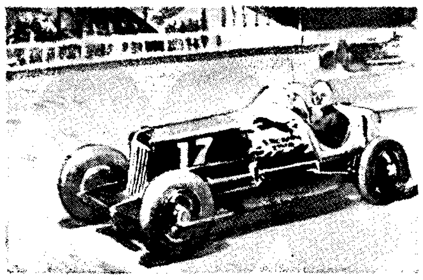


An interior light flashes on automatically as the door is opened—and there's plenty of space for tall bottles on each side of the Super Freezer.

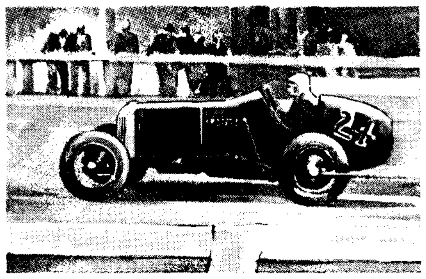
GIDAIRE '35

The General Motors Refrigerator

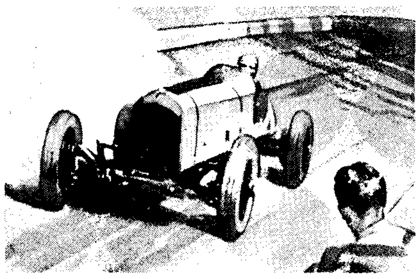
WASHINGTON—*Bill Cummings, 1934 Indianapolis winner, was awarded the 1934 National A. A. A. Racing Championship. Mauri Rose was given second place; Russ Snowberger, third; Al Miller, fourth; and Kelly Petillo, fifth. All these drivers are Champion users.*



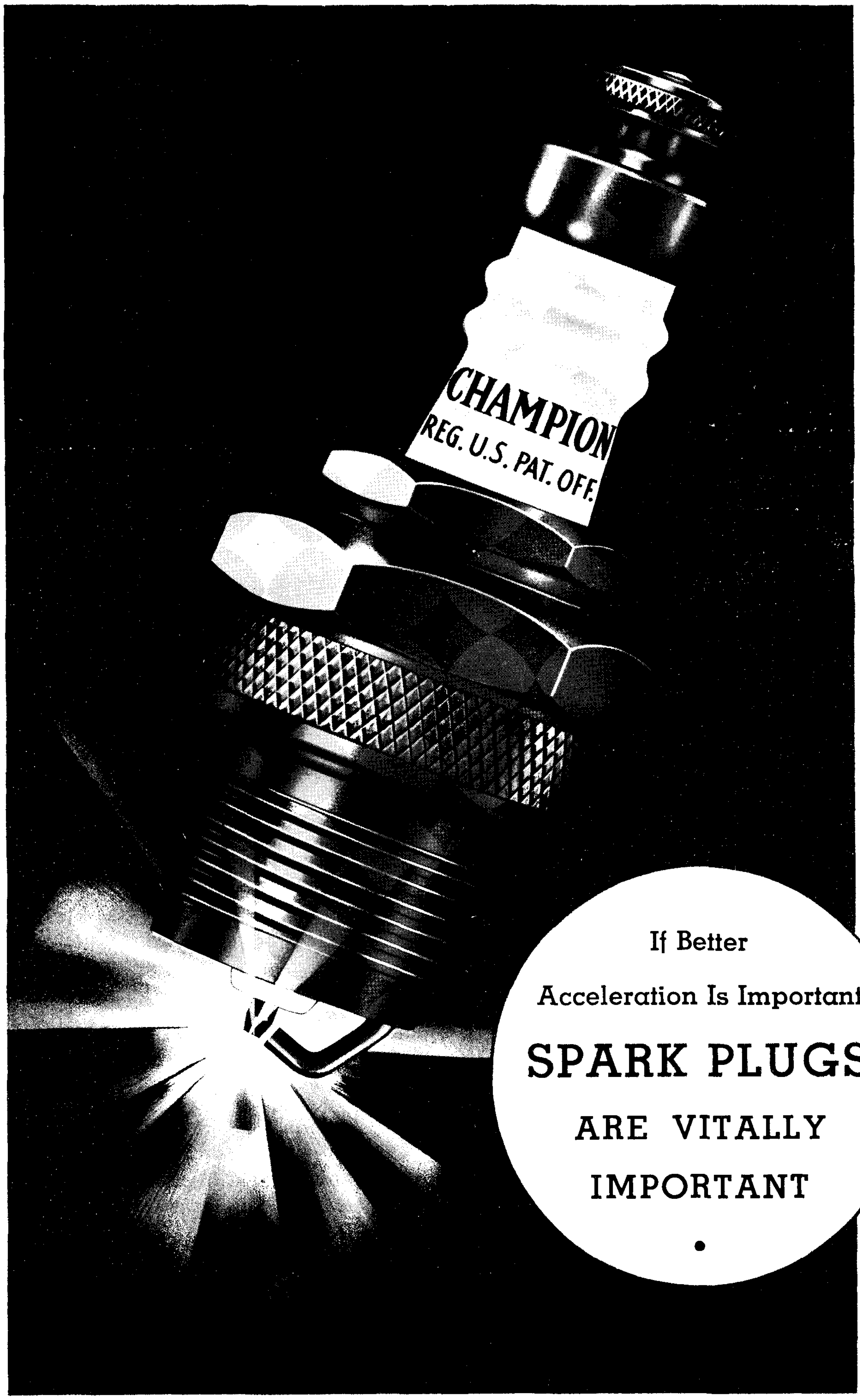
LOS ANGELES—*Driving the last few laps in a fog, Kelly Petillo won a hotly contested race at the inauguration of the new Mines Field Track. All cars finishing used Champions. An unmistakable tribute to the reliability of Champion Spark Plugs.*



WASHINGTON—*Champions use Champions! Johnny Hannon used Champion Spark Plugs to win the Eastern United States Racing Championship for 1934, because of their dependability and performance. And another victory is added to an already long list of racing achievements.*



PHILADELPHIA—*Billy Winn lived up to his name by winning the Hankinson Speedway Circuit Championship for 1934. Winn is an enthusiastic Champion user, proving again that Champion Spark Plugs get the most out of every engine under all conditions.*



As Champion Spark Plugs enter their 25th year they offer motorists two conclusive reasons why they should, without fail, choose Champions. First, Champions have helped to win practically every racing event the world over, for 11 straight years. Second, they are international as well as national first choice with motorists. They outsell all others all around the world.

If Better
Acceleration Is Important

SPARK PLUGS
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IMPORTANT

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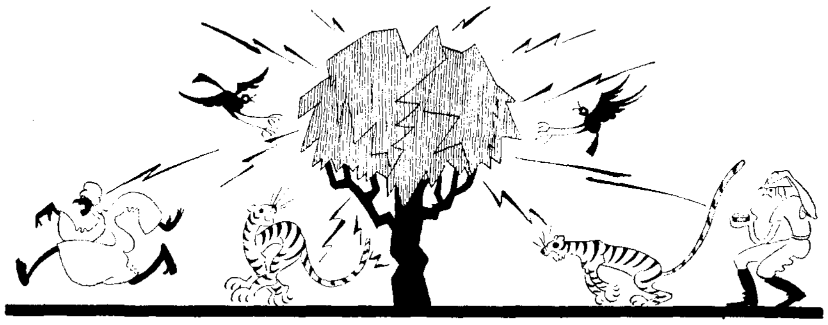
CHAMPIONS

KEEP YOUR ENGINE YOUNG • CHANGE SPARK PLUGS EVERY 10,000 MILES



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Among the world's most curious plants are the "electricity trees" of central India. Their leaves when touched give a distinct electric shock, and therefore they are completely shunned by birds and insects. These trees are so heavily charged that they affect a magnetic needle at a distance of 70 feet.

Since 1908 British research men have been hard at work on a "Complete Survey of the Historical Monuments of England." At the rate of progress they have made during the past 26 years, the compilation should be finished in 2050, thus requiring 142 years and the work of four generations.—*By Joy Postle, Hagerman, Idaho.*

A world's record for "chinning the bar" was made by A. Cutter at Louisville, Kentucky, on September 18, 1878, when he accomplished the remarkable feat of lifting his body several feet from the floor six times in succession with the little finger of one hand.—*By W. C. Thatcher, Waco, Texas.*

Publicity has created the impression that Babe Ruth has been America's greatest batter for some time. But only once, during the 20 years that he has played in major league baseball, has he achieved the year's highest batting average in his league. This was in 1924 when he led with a percentage of .378. Even then Rogers Hornsby led the National League with the higher average of .424.—*By R. L. Blain, Spring City, Utah.*

India's large man-eating tigers often seriously disrupt the economic life of great areas. Not infrequently they have caused road building and mail service to be suspended for weeks at a time. A few years ago one beast alone so terrorized a district that 13 villages were evacuated and 250 square miles of farm land thrown out of cultivation.

The palolo, a large marine worm found chiefly around Samoa and the Fiji Islands, has a strange life cycle. Each generation of these worms is born simultaneously in November and then dies at the same time twelve months later. During their life they lie in coral reefs and then, on a certain day which can often be predicted by the position of the moon, all of them—numbering millions—rise to the surface in a body, discharge their eggs and die.

A new racket in London is the "reference factory" where crooks desiring positions in wealthy families for the purpose of robbery can purchase glowing references on engraved stationery. To guard against a telephonic checkup by a prospective employer who is suspicious, agents are stationed at the addresses used so they can pose as former employers and confirm the statements which are made in the letters.

The nimbus, commonly known as a "halo," which is pictured around the heads of divinities, not only has various forms for different kinds of sacred personages—the Deity, the Virgin, Christ and saints—but also a square one for living individuals such as kings, queens, emperors, shahs, sultans and other monarchs. —*By Ted Bromley, Westerly, Rhode Island.*

In Kumbhakonam, India, a Hindu priest has brought suit against his brother priests of the Vaishnavite Temple to prevent their interference with the proposed marriage of two idols. He claims they wish to be married and the other priests claim that the female image has been married for centuries and therefore she is not in a position even to think about another gentleman.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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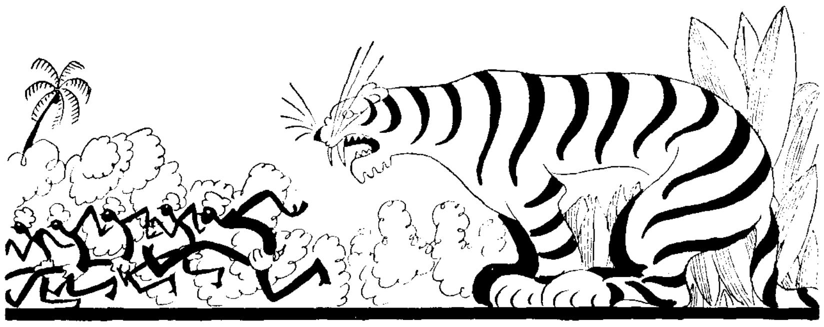


Do you like to "let loose"?

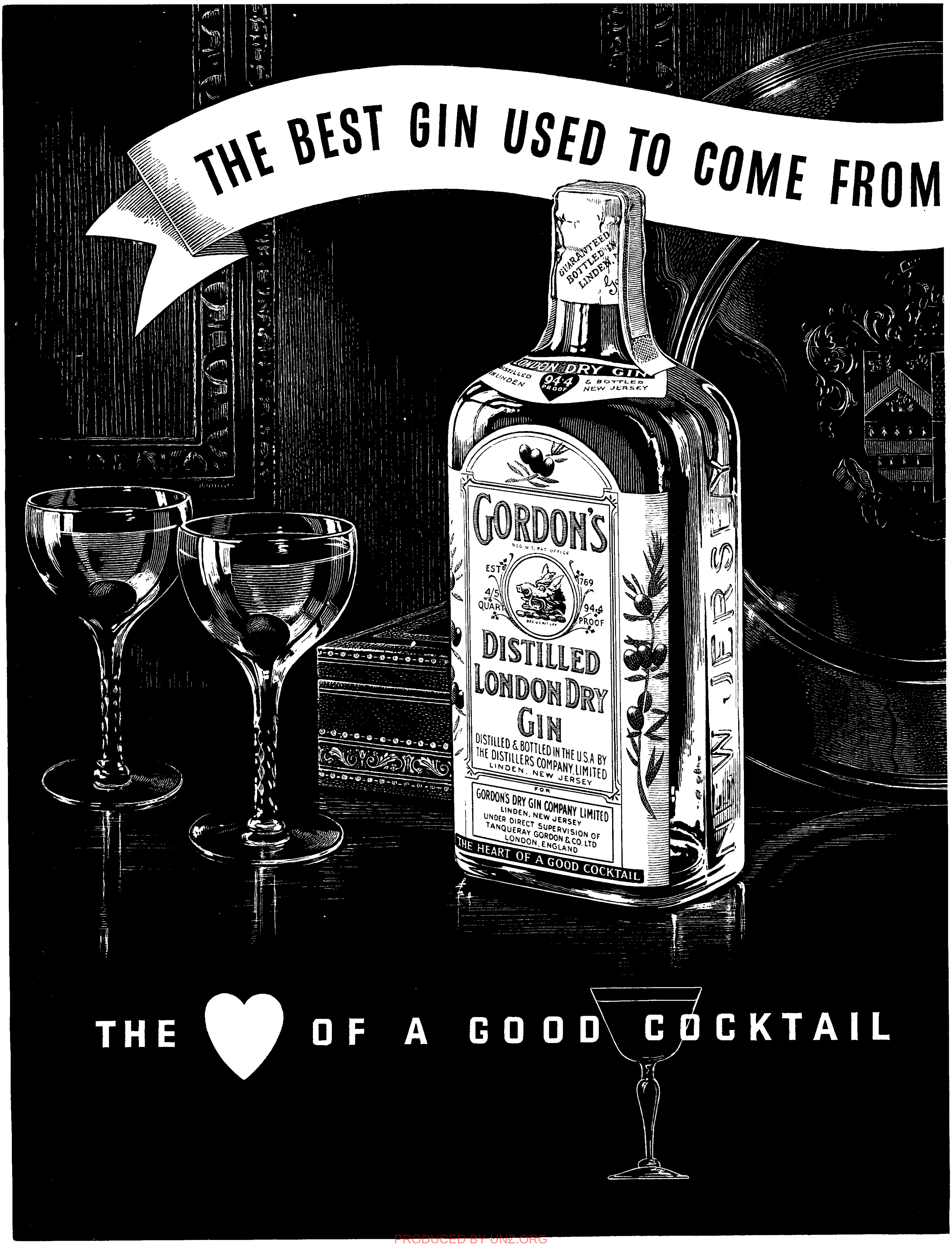
Are there times when you like to "do things in a big way"? When you like to shake off the dust, and have your fun in big measures? Those days are tailor-made for Spud! For Spud's the cigarette that took all the limits off smoking pleasure—by taking the taste-spoiling *heat* out of smoke. Next time a big day comes down your calendar, make it a big date with Spud. You can smoke them without keeping count—and count on having a fresh, clean mouth.

CORK TIP or PLAIN

Spud
Menthol Cooled
CIGARETTES

SPUD
MENTHOL-COOLED CIGARETTES
15c FOR 20
(20c IN CANADA)

THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO COMPANY, INCORPORATED, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY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GUARANTEED BOTTLED IN LINDEN, N.J.
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ENGLAND NOW *America* MAKES GORDON'S TOO

Some facts that may prove interesting to people who still think "gin is gin"

How much should you pay for a bottle of gin?

That depends on how good the gin is and where you buy it.

Gordon's is the world's favorite gin. More of it is sold than any other kind.

In England, Gordon's Gin costs the consumer $3.12 per bottle. The Canadian pays $3.35 for the same quantity.

In New York you can buy a bottle of genuine Gordon's Gin for as little as $1.75.

Yet — it is the same gin; same formula, same quality, same inimitable flavor as the Gordon's you would get in England or in Canada.

The only difference is price. That is regulated by the tax.

Is Gordon's Gin as made in America, as good as the imported Gordon's Gin?

We challenge any expert to say that Gordon's Gin made in this country is not as good in every respect as the Gordon's Gin made in England.

We say this confidently because there *is* no difference. It is all exactly the same.

All genuine Gordon's Gin is made strictly according to the original formula which is now 166 years old.

Not more than three people have ever known this formula at any one time during the history of this business.

To ensure the quality of Gordon's Gin we have erected the largest gin distillery in the world at Linden, New Jersey.

The man who is in charge of Gordon's Gin distillation in England came to this country to oversee the operation.

The Gordon stills were imported from England where they were made according to our own secret specifications.

94.4 PROOF

The principal aromatics: juniper berries, coriander seed and angelica root come from those parts of the world where climate and soil are best suited to their cultivation. Under Gordon's supervision they are scientifically matured and cared for as long as three and four years.

Why Gordon's costs a little more

Gordon's is a little higher priced than other gins for the simple reason that it costs more to make Gordon's.

Every ingredient we use is of the highest quality money can buy. No expense is spared in our process to maintain the high standard that has been set by this world-famous gin.

And finally, Gordon's is higher in proof than other gins as you will see by the label which reads "94.4 proof." That means you get more cocktails to the bottle. So even though you pay a little more for Gordon's it goes further in mixing drinks.

Now, won't you try it?

If you still think "gin is gin" we ask you to test Gordon's.

Pour a little in a glass and sip it slowly. Compare that smooth, delightful quality with the raw, harsh bite of cheaper gin.

If it's only kick you want, you can buy that for a little less money.

But if you want the best gin the world produces, *buy Gordon's!* After all it only costs a penny more per cocktail.

GORDON'S DRY GIN COMPANY LIMITED, LINDEN, N. J.

Dr. Socrates

Continued from page 9

"Well, Dr. Cardwell, I see you got home," she said. "All settled for the night?"

"All settled."

"You know it's only eight o'clock and a fine spring night though a little cool. You ought to be out with some young people."

"What young people?"

"Any young people."

"I'm very poor company. Women don't like me. I'm a wallflower."

Ma snorted.

"By choice. I think you're a right handsome young man, myself, if you'd get out in the sunlight a little and get some color in your cheeks."

"Well, you be my girl then, Ma, since you like me so well."

"I'm past being anybody's girl. Dr. Cardwell, before you get your nose buried in that there book, I've got to talk to you."

CARDWELL glanced up, thought for a moment, then flushed slightly.

"If it's about your salary, Ma . . ."

Ma stamped her foot.

"It's not about my salary. Why do you always think I'm trying to dun you when I want to talk a little business? Blast my salary. I'm not worried. If I never get it I'll be just as well off. I haven't got a soul in the world. I've got a nice house here, plenty to do, and I'm right comfortable. I've got all the clothes I'll ever need; more than I'll ever need. You can't take anything with you when you die."

"That was a very nice speech, Ma."

"Eh?" said Ma, pushing her right ear forward with her right hand.

"Never mind."

He coughed, crossed his legs, and rustled the pages of his book.

"Dr. Cardwell," said Ma, shifting her weight slightly, "now that you're all settled down, I don't suppose you want to be bothered with the bills. I'll give them to you tomorrow morning at breakfast. . . ."

"Appetizer. I see."

Ma shrugged.

"Well, they have to be faced. I want to talk to you about them a minute."

"Sit down, won't you?"

"No. It'll take only a minute. I don't like to disturb you, though I'd rather see you out dancing or something than ruining your eyes over them books. All right. I see you turning up your eyes. I'm deaf but not blind. I won't say another word about that. But those bills. I scraped together enough to pay the gas, light, water and ice. I paid the dry cleaner and that carpenter that put some boards on the fence, lazy good-for-nothing, he was; did more tobacco-chewing than working. But, Dr. Cardwell, I can't pay the grocery bill. I wanted to pay some on account but Mr. Harris said no. He wants all of it. He was downright nasty. Little snipe!"

"How much is that bill?"

"It's sixty dollars and forty cents. We haven't paid any for a long time. And now that I think of it: the milkman won't give us any more credit. We've got to pay the bill and then pay cash after that. We owe twelve dollars and fifteen cents."

Cardwell shrugged.

"Well, my check ought to be here tomorrow. I've got three dollars to my name."

"How much will that check be for, Dr. Cardwell?"

"Around fifty dollars. That's all I get out of what my father left me. I used to get about two hundred and fifty dollars a month out of it. But things have been so bad . . . I . . ." Cardwell writhed on his chair. Oh, damn the world and all its troubles! "Fifty dollars a month doesn't go very far."

"We'll have to spend less, I'm afraid. People are getting real nasty. Dr. Cardwell, why, why don't you make up to Doc Ginder? He's got more business than he can handle. If you was nice to him, he might take you in with him and then your troubles would be over. At least he might throw some business your way."

"We get along like two strange bulldogs."

"Soft-soap him. In this world we have to do a lot of things we don't like to do. I've lived sixty years and thirty of them full of trouble and I know."

"Impossible."

"If you'd mix with people more, they would come to like you. If people like a doctor personally they'll call him when they're in trouble. I'd like to take my broom to those ragamuffins from Skintown and the river bottom who are always poking their noses in here for advice. Not a penny in the lot."

Ma stood with her arms folded, looking at Cardwell. She was sorry now that she had come in and bothered him. Just when he was getting settled down. It was plain that he wasn't well and that something was preying on his mind. But things were getting in such a tangle and he'd have to face it sooner or later! She saw him wilting under the burden; his face got longer and longer.

"Oh, well," she said, laughing, "night brings counsel, my husband used to say. We'll talk things over in the morning. I'll be going to bed now, I think, as soon as I do a little darning. Good night, Dr. Cardwell."

"Good night."

Cardwell sat with the book dangling from his right hand, staring into space, listening to Ma's ominous, receding footsteps.

No! There was no peace! Never, never would he get his life straightened out again. Never again would he possess what he wanted above all, an easy mind.

HE GOT up, put his book on the table, and began to pace up and down. His hands were clammy and he had begun to tremble. Ever since his breakdown in Chicago, he had been subject to these trembling fits. They were extremely unpleasant and at times even terrifying. They came upon him often without warning; he'd be sitting comfortably in his room, or in some public place, thinking of anything but himself, then of a sudden, for no apparent reason, he would begin to tremble. Sometimes it was very embarrassing. Once or twice he had noticed people looking at him. That was one of the reasons he carried a book every place he went. He could pretend to be reading when one of these seizures came on him; it was much easier if he had something to grip, somewhere to direct his gaze.

He sat down, and muttering "Doctor, cure thyself!" he laughed harshly. But irony was of no avail. Irony was a staff for the healthy, but a very poor crutch for the ailing.

After a while he got up and began to build a fire in the big black marble fireplace. It would give him something to do. At least it would keep his hands busy until he was able to control them. But he could not control his mind, which was almost constantly, and nearly always against his will, preoccupied with the past. Cardwell knew this to be a very unhealthy sign in a man under thirty; especially so as the only part of the past his memory sought to disinter was decidedly unpleasant and in spots tragic.

With an ironical smile, he saw himself as he had been during his first week in Chicago, where he had gone as interne from his Ohio home. A very self-confident young man; good-looking, popular, ex-football player, a very good amateur boxer, sure of his superiority in all company; a little flashy in dress, a little too preoccupied with silk stockings and what they contained; a great deal too sanguine regarding himself, his future, and the curative power of medicine. In short, a very young man.

He had caused quite a commotion among the nurses, and one of the older doctors had referred to him contemptuously as a young "herd bull" who should be put in his place. This delighted everybody; increased his reputation and also his self-confidence. As soon as he had completed his novitiate, a prosperous doctor took him into his office and the future looked very rosy indeed. Two years later his father had died, leaving him an income of nearly three hundred dollars a month.

HE BOUGHT a fine new car, on time, and began to be seen in the smart night spots, usually accompanied by a well-dressed woman, a different one quite frequently. His face radiated optimism; he was not only sure of himself but of his profession. His bedside manner was excellent. Even incurable invalids felt better after one of his visits; felt that they had something to look forward to after all. "Young Doctor Cardwell was sure that something could be done." In short, he did a lot of good, but almost unconsciously. In reality, he was completely absorbed in his own affairs.

He had met Mrs. Dowling in the spring of 1933. She was a young widow who dabbled in the arts and lived among the Bohemians on Rush Street. He heard that her husband had been very rich at one time but had died, leaving nothing but his insurance. Cardwell did not like Louise Dowling at first. She was rather tall, with a slender, well-proportioned figure, and heavy, dark hair which she wore simply in a long bob. Her features were delicate and Cardwell thought her over-nice and made fun of her to the woman who had introduced them.

But after a little while he discovered that he could not stay away from her. He was always calling her up, sending her flowers, taking her to the theater and to expensive hotels for dinner. The very fact that she accepted everything as a matter of course and showed little or no enthusiasm nettled him and spurred him on. It was something new.

One night she refused him a date and told him calmly that she had decided they were going out together too much and that an old friend of hers from New York that she had to entertain had come in. He said that he didn't see the point. She laughed softly and said that the old friend was a man.

Cardwell swore that he would never speak to Louise Dowling again. But he found that he couldn't sleep, that almost everything he ate disagreed with him, and he began to notice that his patients, particularly women with nervous complaints, weren't doing nearly as well as they had done. His optimism had been suddenly extinguished and his sensitive patients were unconsciously aware of it. One day his partner, Doctor Hanson, had a long talk with him, told him

(*Continued on page* 43)

RUB AWAY THAT

KNOT OF PAIN

. . . with soothing comforting Absorbine Jr.

It's so quick, so easy, so pleasant to get quick relief from aching pains in the muscles of your shoulder, arm, neck, back or legs—if you follow this simple treatment.

Just pour a little Absorbine Jr. in the palm of your hand, and rub, knead, massage it deep down into those pain-knotted tissues.

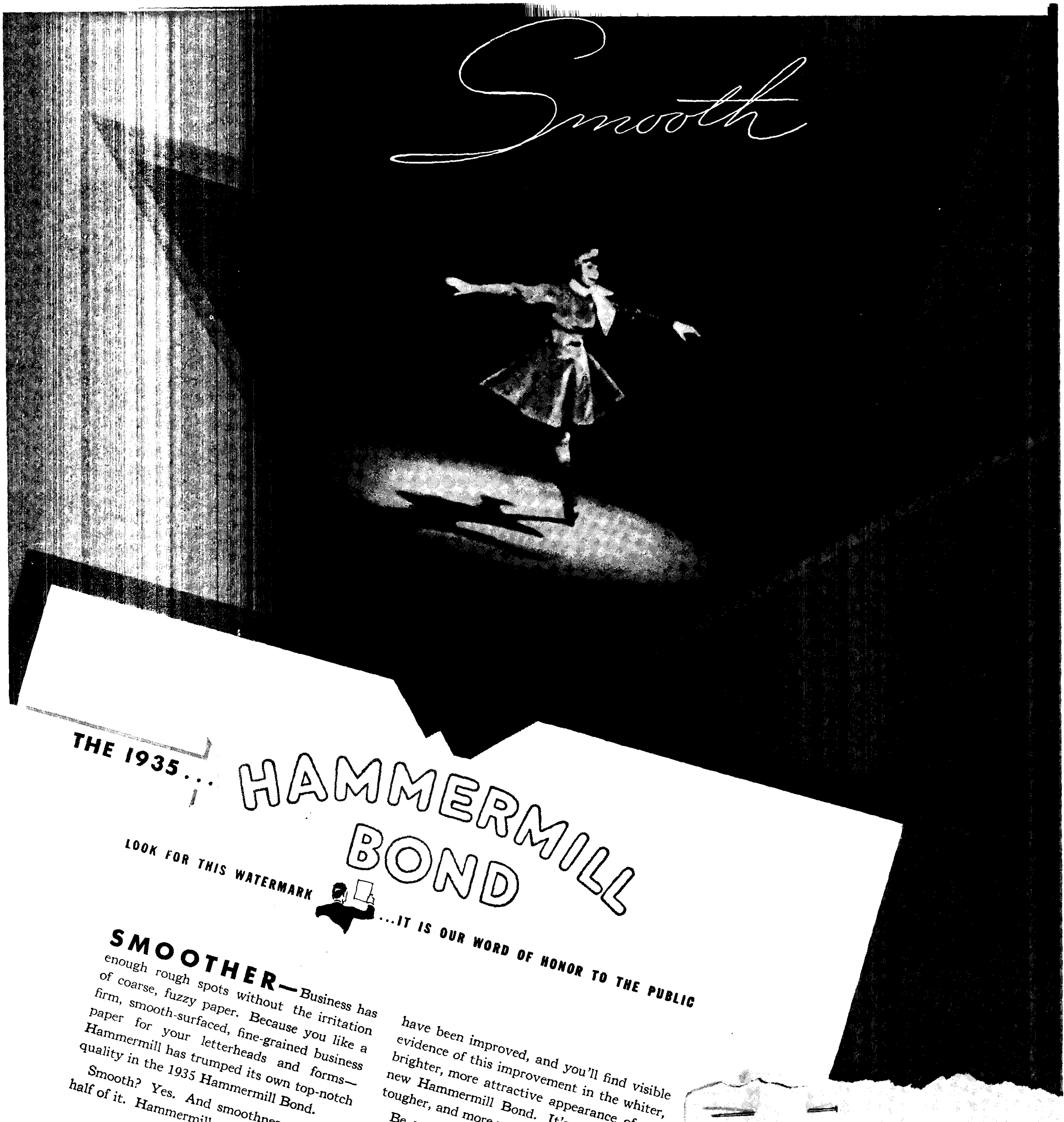
Its glowing warmth seems to penetrate right down to the heart of the congestion—you can feel cramped muscles begin to relax. Then comes a delicious soothing coolness—and the knot of pain fades away!

Athletes, trainers and coaches have known and praised Absorbine Jr. for over forty years. Try it and you'll know why! It brings quick relief—whether that pain is caused by over-exercise, sprain or other accident—or just by "the weather."

Why don't you get a bottle today? $1.25 at all druggists. It's really thrifty to use Absorbine Jr. because it takes so little to bring relief. If you want to try a sample free—write W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Massachusetts.

ABSORBINE JR.

Relieves sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, sprains, sleeplessness, Athlete's Foot



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SMOOTHER—Business has enough rough spots without the irritation of coarse, fuzzy paper. Because you like a firm, smooth-surfaced, fine-grained business paper for your letterheads and forms—Hammermill has trumped its own top-notch quality in the 1935 Hammermill Bond.

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(Please attach to your *company* letterhead)

"PLEASE THINK OF US!

WE RIDE IN THE *BACK* OF THE CAR." About 75% of the new cars sold in 1935 will be delivered with Safety Glass ALL-AROUND. That does not lessen your responsibility to make sure you get it in the car YOU buy. It simply makes it easier for you to shoulder your responsibility. Most dealers who sell cars in which it is not standard equipment now have on their floor, ready for delivery, cars with Safety Glass ALL-AROUND. All of them offer it at very low prices. The rest is up to you. THINK OF YOUR FAMILY, riding in back, and say to the dealer, "I want *our* car delivered with Safety Glass ALL-AROUND." Libbey·Owens·Ford Glass Company, Toledo, Ohio.

LIBBEY·OWENS·FORD
SAFETY GLASS

Dr. Socrates

Continued from page 40

it might be a good idea for him to take a vacation. Cardwell laughed and said: "Is it as bad as that? Well, I'm in love, that's all." Dr. Hanson grimaced and said: "Well, for heaven's sake, marry the girl, get your honeymoon over, and get back to the office. Almost all of my most expensive women patients are complaining about the service." Hanson thought it was a joke, but it wasn't.

When he couldn't stand it any longer Cardwell put his pride in his pocket and went to see Louise Dowling. She looked at him with surprise, then she said: "Please go away." But he wouldn't go; she couldn't have driven him away. He had noticed that she looked very ill and that she had been crying. He begged her to tell him what was the matter and when she wouldn't tell him anything and kept giving evasive answers, he burst out: "What's wrong, Louise? Did your New York friend go away and forget to say goodby?"

Louise began to cry. Cardwell walked up and down, cursing that so-and-so from New York. But finally Louise calmed herself and said: "Sit down, Lee. I'm going to tell you everything. I didn't intend to, but you'll never be satisfied till you know."

THE rest of the evening was a sort of blur. He discovered that there wasn't any New York man at all; that Louise had just told him that to get rid of him. She had fallen in love with Cardwell the first night they were together; she had tried repeatedly to make herself break off, as it was "all so impossible." She was very pale and lovely, Cardwell thought, when she told him that the reason it was impossible was that she was suffering "from a lung complaint" and would never get well. Cardwell almost shouted with joy. Why, she was suffering from nothing more nor less than T. B. and he had seen hundreds of cures. Before he went home that night he was his old optimistic self. Everybody around the office next day noticed it and Hanson said: "Well, that was quick work."

But Louise did not get well. She died. One day he called up the sanitarium where he had placed her and told Louise's special nurse that he'd be delayed about an hour on a very important case. The nurse said: "You needn't hurry, Dr. Caldwell. Mrs. Dowling passed away ten minutes ago. . . ."

Cardwell paused in his building of the fire. His hands were shaking so uncontrollably that he had to put down the wood. He saw himself sitting at the telephone in that bright, efficient office. The room went round and somebody cried: "Why, Doctor Cardwell! . . ."

And now here he was, a nervous wreck, broke, practically an outcast, building a fire to amuse himself as if he were a man of eighty with his life completely behind him. He had gone from doctor to doctor with little or no result. They all said, "Functional nervous disorder, possibly due to shock, possibly due to hereditary fault." Gradually his sense of humor revived. It was grotesque for a doctor to change into one of those terribly boring nervous patients who drive the profession to drink and profanity. He took a grip on himself. He'd get away. Bury himself. Read the books he had always wanted to read. Try to make a new man of himself. Give up practice forever. But his income had dwindled and he had been forced to earn his living, such as it was, in the only way he knew.

"Oh, well," said Cardwell, going on with the mending of his fire, "the first hundred years are the hardest."

When the fire began to leap on the hearth, he stared at it for a long time, vaguely attracted by it and as vaguely puzzled by the mystery of it as men have been from time immemorial, then he settled himself for reading. At first he turned and twisted in his chair, crossing and recrossing his legs, and pulling nervously at his hair, then gradually he quieted down, and forgot himself and his troubles, absorbed in the little black marks on the white paper.

The minutes passed slowly. The clock ticked loudly on the mantel. After a while he heard Ma Ganson shut her door upstairs and turn the lock. Ah, complete solitude at last. Solitude was very, very pleasant. No prying eyes, no enemies, no friends expecting better things and disappointed in you; nothing at all; a pleasant vacuum. The fire leaped on the hearth; the logs crackled and hissed; peace. He turned the pages of his book slowly, relishing each sentence. Vaguely he wondered why he could not find this sort of ease in his everyday life as most people seemed to do. Was it fear? Incompetence? Or had a natural misanthropy, dormant during his young manhood, finally taken possession of him?

He sat up suddenly. He heard footsteps crossing the old brick walk. He turned and glanced at the clock. Nearly ten-thirty. Strange that anybody would come to see him at that hour. It had never happened before. He sat listening. There was a guarded knock at the door. Hesitating, he went to open it.

"Hello, Doc," said an unfamiliar voice. "Busy?"

"No." Cardwell peered into the darkness and as his eyes became accustomed to it he made out a man and a woman.

"Anybody around? Anybody that amounts to anything?"

CARDWELL was puzzled. He didn't like the man's voice. It was harsh and very unpleasant. What did he mean?

"I'm all by myself, if that's what you mean. Come in."

Cardwell stood aside and the couple stepped into the dimly lighted hallway. The man was undersized and stooped. He looked young, not over twenty-five, and there was a certain swaggering vulgarity about the set of his shoulders and his carriage generally. When he took his hat off, his black oiled hair shone like patent leather. The woman was thickset and blond.

"Go right in there," said Cardwell, indicating his room.

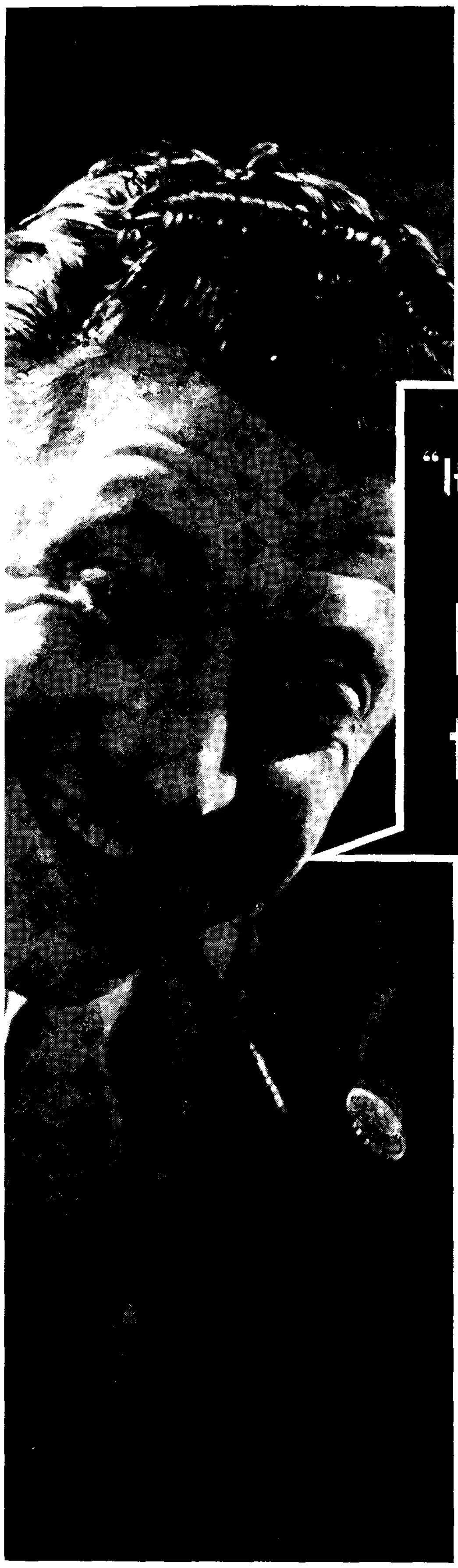
"After you, Doc," said the man with a smirk.

Cardwell disliked being called "Doc" and, besides, there was something about the man that rubbed him the wrong way. But he went in and the couple followed him.

"Sit down," said Cardwell. "Is this a professional visit?"

The man sat down. The woman glanced at him quickly, then she also sat down. They were new types to Cardwell and he studied them openly. The man had a tough, pale, hawklike face. He was flashily dressed in a cheap hand-me-down suit and he was wearing spats. His lips were thin and pale (anemic, Cardwell thought), his eyes dark and narrow. The woman was a female troglodyte. Cardwell stared at her with interest. Her face was broad and flat and looked very rugged. Her coarse hair had been bleached into her version of platinum blond—a dirty white. Her small blue eyes were outlined with mascara,

(Continued on page 44)



FRANK McHUGH

Won long-term Warner Brothers contract after first picture in 1928. Now playing in "Gold Diggers of 1935." Has smoked Union Leader since 1932.

"If you're matching union tobacco dimes I'll bet on this one!"

THOSE fancy tobacco mixtures don't get a tumble out of me since I discovered Union Leader. And it isn't the dime-a-tin price that pleases me *most.* It's the extra pipe-pleasure I get out of this grand, *old,* mellow Kentucky Burley. It's gentle as moonbeams—smooth as old sherry. Believe me. There's a tobacco education in this 10¢ tin. (Fine in cigarettes, too.)

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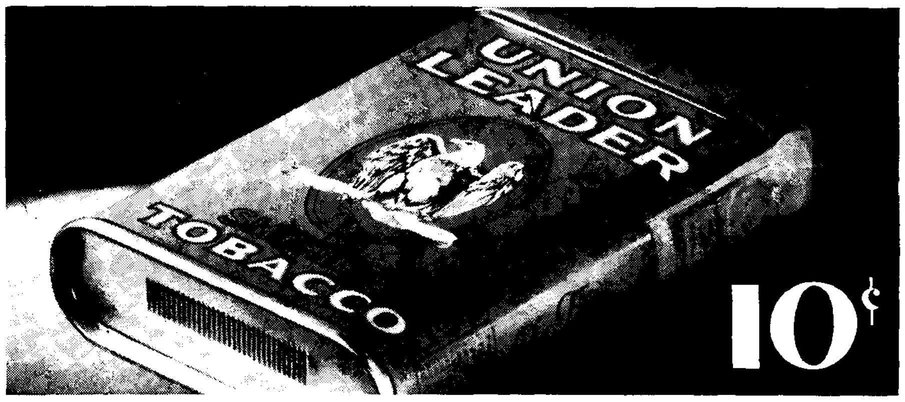


THE GREAT AMERICAN SMOKE

Do As Your Dentist Does—
when he cleans your teeth

USE
Powder

100% Cleansing Properties
Twice that of tooth paste

Contains No Grit or Pumice
Cannot possibly scratch the softest enamel

Lasts Longer—Costs Less
Outlasts tooth paste 2 to 1

THERE is nothing known that will clean and polish teeth so quickly and leave them so gleaming white—as POWDER.

That is why your dentist, when cleaning your teeth, as you know—always uses powder.

As powder is the essential cleansing part of any dentifrice, a dentifrice that is ALL POWDER—just naturally cleans best.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is ALL POWDER—100% cleansing properties. This is more than twice the cleansing properties of many tooth pastes.

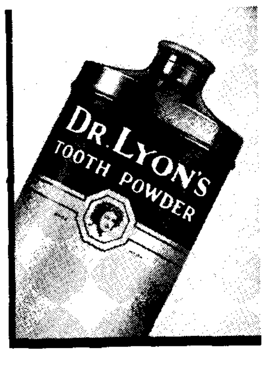
For over SIXTY YEARS—dentists everywhere have prescribed Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, because teeth simply cannot remain dull and film coated when it is used.

It cleans off all stains, and polishes the teeth in a harmless and practical way that leaves them sparkling—many shades whiter.

Dr. Lyon's is the only dentifrice old enough to prove it can preserve teeth for life. Free from all grit or pumice, it cannot possibly scratch, or injure the softest enamel, as years of constant use have shown.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder keeps your teeth REALLY CLEAN and clean teeth mean—firm, healthy gums and the least possible tooth decay.

Brush your teeth with Dr. Lyon's regularly—consult your dentist periodically and you will be doing ALL that you can possibly do, to protect your teeth.



Once you use powder you will never be satisfied to use anything else. It leaves your teeth feeling so much cleaner, and your breath so sweet and pure. People by the thousands are changing daily.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is not only doubly efficient, but it costs only half as much to use. Even a small package lasts twice as long as a tube of tooth paste.

DR. LYON'S TOOTH POWDER

(Continued from page 43)

very carelessly and heavily laid on, and her big mouth was smeared with lip rouge. She was thick through the middle and her ankles were nearly as big as her calves. She looked like a Russian farm girl. (I wish I had her health and vitality, Cardwell thought.)

"Professional visit?" said the man. "Sure." With a faint and unpleasant smile he pulled up the sleeve of his coat, unfastened his shirt cuff, and displayed a very bad-looking arm.

Cardwell saw immediately that the man had been shot twice, probably by a rapid-fire gun, as the wounds were close together; he observed also that the wounds were flesh wounds only, very superficial, but that the arm had not been properly cared for and had developed some infection.

He raised his eyebrows slightly.

"Target practice?"

"No. Rheumatism." The man was no longer smiling. His face was grim.

"This," said Cardwell, "is the sort of thing that has to be reported, you know."

"It has to be. But won't be."

The girl giggled.

CARDWELL made a move to get up, but the man dropped his good arm and a small, blunt automatic slid down out of his sleeve and into his hand.

"Doc," he said, raising the automatic, but not pointing it, "we picked you 'cause we knew you was a young fellow not doing any too good. Now don't stand in your own light. You play ball with us and we'll bring you plenty of business. What the hell! It's a cinch."

"What you want is a quack." Cardwell was paler than usual and, much to his disgust, he began to tremble.

"Don't get scared, Doc," said the man. "You're shaking like a leaf. Play ball. I won't hurt you."

"I'm not worried about your hurting me. I'm just nervous. Understand. I shake like this a good deal."

"You shake a mean shimmy, Doc."

The girl giggled furiously.

"Get out of here," said Cardwell.

The girl jumped up quickly and stood uncertainly, staring. The man leveled the automatic.

"Get to work on that arm, Doc, and make it snappy. I'd just as lief plug you as not."

"He would," said the girl. "He's Lefty Crocker."

Cardwell's expression did not change.

"Yeah," said Lefty, "I ain't as bad as they make out in the papers, but I'm bad enough. You heard of me, ain't you?"

"No," said Cardwell.

"This guy's a hermit," said Lefty with disgust. "Never heard of me! Well, Dublin," he went on, turning to the girl, "you live long enough you learn plenty. Never heard of me. Say, Dublin, have you ever seen anybody that's never heard of me before?"

"No, Lefty."

"Well, I'm a Texas cow hand!" Lefty glanced at his arm, then at Cardwell. "All the same, Doc, you better fix that arm up. I'd just be doing Doc Ginder a favor by bumping you off." Lefty laughed. "I was figuring I'd call on him but Red says nix. Red says to call on you. Red says you was busted and a century wouldn't look bad to you. Red says he might put you in the way of a lot of work. They'll even tag him some day and he's hot with ten grand hanging over him and he'll need a soft spot to hole up in."

"What language are you speaking?" asked Cardwell, smiling slightly. He had stopped trembling and had begun to enjoy himself a little. Why not fix this human gorilla's arm for him? Whose business was it? It would be a good joke on everybody, including himself. Such things should be reported, eh? Well, who was he beholden to? Certainly not to the city of Big Bend, which ignored his existence when it wasn't actually hostile. Ever since his breakdown in Chicago he had felt a great sense of detachment from men, from laws, from all the formalities and complications of living. Besides, he needed money very badly and it would be a pleasing irony to pay the bills of the Big Bend merchants with money which had been taken at the point of a gun from brother merchants. His flare-up had not been due to outraged honesty but to Lefty's tyrannical manner.

"What language am I speaking!" cried Lefty. "I tell you, Dublin, the guy's a hermit."

"What's a hermit, Lefty?"

"Why, a hermit is a . . . say, there's one standing right in front of you."

"I know," said Dublin. "A hermit is a cluck that's never heard of you, Lefty."

"Oh!" said Lefty. With a shrug he put up his gun. Cardwell's manner had reassured him. He was pretty sure that the mention of Red had done the trick and that the mention of the century note hadn't hurt any. He sat smiling complacently while Cardwell got out his antiseptic, his bandages, and his instrument case.

Lefty had not winced under the swab nor the antiseptic. He grinned and said:

"I can take it, can't I, pardner!"

Cardwell smiled slightly.

"I don't know. It probably hurts you less than it would me, for instance. Some people are not sensitive to pain. Particularly stupid people."

Lefty's mouth dropped open. Dublin stared.

"Hey! That crack won't pass."

"I was joking."

"Sure. You see, Dublin, he was joking. The Doc's a kidder, see? He didn't mean I was really stupid."

"No, course not."

"How much do I owe you, Doc?"

"WELL," said Cardwell, "considering the fact that I'm aiding and abetting a known enemy of society, about a hundred dollars."

"Don't he talk funny," giggled Dublin.

"Check," said Lefty; then he took a crumpled wad of bills out of his vest pocket and put it on the table. "Look, Doc; all I had to do was walk out of here just as soon as you got my wing fixed up. See? But what do I do? I pay up. Get the idea? There's plenty of us hereabouts and somebody's always stopping lead. You patch us up; we pay."

"Fair enough."

"Say," said Lefty, winking at Cardwell behind Dublin's back, "you better show the Doc your leg while we're at it. She got it squeezed in the car door, Doc."

"I will not," said Dublin.

"Aw, come on now; don't be that way."

"It's nearly well."

Lefty laughed, throwing his head back.

"Ain't she modest, Doc?"

When they had gone, Cardwell sat for a long time turning the dirty bills about in his fingers. He wasn't sure that it had all happened. He felt that he had lived through a nightmare. Did such people really exist? He doubted it.

Finally he got up and stood staring into the big old beveled mirror at the side of the fireplace. Yes; the image was really himself and somehow he felt more truly alive than he had for years. But what a thing to do, and what had he let himself in for? Well, at least he could pay his bills now.

(To be continued next week)

Mexican Red

Continued from page 13

6th, one hundred and thirty-two churches were closed by presidential decrees, but even this did not satisfy the committee, and a resolution was adopted calling for the expulsion of the entire Catholic hierarchy. El Universal, a principal daily, in an editorial attack on the committee, charged that its real purpose was "to give cheap politicians a means of satiating hatred and vengeance, and in the name of radicalism to perpetrate veritable outrages." Certainly a fanatical spirit is spreading through the land, for only recently a league of school teachers in Tamaulipas petitioned the Chamber of Deputies to order the execution of all priests and the confiscation of their property.

These, then, are conditions that Cardenas will have to change if he maintains his intention to uphold the constitutional right to liberty of conscience, and keeps the position that atheism is not a governmental objective. The Church has signified its willingness to accept any reasonable arrangement that may be offered, and the task is to muzzle those politicians who find profit in fanning ancient bitternesses.

A Mess of Words

Another high hurdle that the president will have to take is the problem presented by "socialistic education" in the public schools, a proposal in the Six Year Plan based on General Calles' statement that "we must now enter and take possession of the consciences of the children, of the consciences of the young, because they do belong, and should belong, to the Revolution." A sounding phrase, but on every hand there is a frenzy of disagreement as to method.

The First Congress on Socialistic Education was held in the city in early December, and adjourned without the adoption of a single concrete proposal. After a school strike in Nuevo Laredo, when seventy-five per cent of the pupils refused to attend, the teachers addressed a meeting of parents and naïvely explained that Socialism meant the minimum wage, a disbelief in saints and a denial that priests were superior to other citizens.

As a usual thing I was referred to the school system of Sonora as a "model," but when studied, the plan of the Sonorans proved to be little more than a combination of vocational training with academic courses. The urban schools are to have shops, laboratories, gardens, theaters and playgrounds, and the rural schools are to have much the same thing, but with the addition of acreage for agricultural purposes. Great emphasis is put on sanitation, hygiene, bathing, care of teeth, dishwashing and diet; visits to laundries, markets and the headquarters of unions are urged, and both rural and urban schools are authorized to organize the youth of both sexes between the ages of fourteen and twenty-one into "revolutionary blocks to strengthen solidarity, conduct anti-alcohol campaigns and for the advancement of athletic sports."

By way of top-dressing, the Sonora plan contains a lot of language about teaching children "to cultivate an affection for the proletariat, and a sympathy with its interests and aspirations." It is also planned to strip the child "of all egotistical elements of personality in order to place him at the service of the state," and the training will be "nationalistic in the sense that it points out cultural values wholly Mexican, forming and fortifying Mexican culture in order to free it from the tutelage exercised by foreign cultures, and as a

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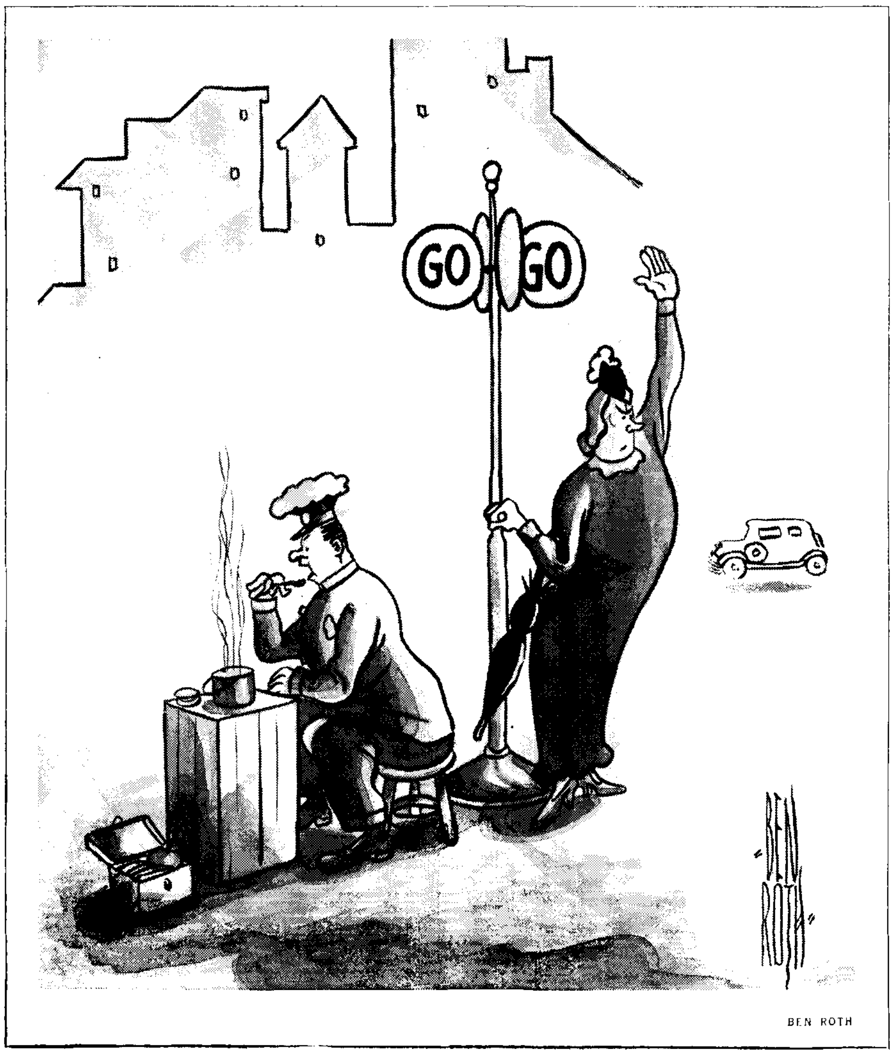

BEN ROTH

PERFECT CIRCLE INVENTION
REVOLUTIONIZES MOTOR OVERHAUL

SHOWING PERFECT CIRCLE PISTON EXPANDER BEING INSTALLED IN PISTON

New Piston Expander Cuts Reconditioning Costs 50% for Owners of These Cars

Auburn 8
Chevrolet 4
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STOP PISTON SLAP
SAVE GAS AND OIL

● Here is another sensational, money-saving Perfect Circle product — the Perfect Circle Piston Expander, developed by the same engineers responsible for Perfect Circle Piston Rings.

Whenever a car equipped with aluminum pistons has run 20,000 to 25,000 miles—long enough to need new rings — you may be sure that it also needs Perfect Circle Piston Expanders.

Naturally, the pistons will not be *worn out*, but they will be *worn* and *distorted*. No rings can deliver maximum performance on such pistons. And the only way to completely restore these pistons to their original fit and efficiency is to install Perfect Circle Piston Expanders . . . Hundreds of thousands of installations have proven that Perfect Circle Piston Expanders actually give better performance and longer life — at half the cost of resizing cylinders and installing new pistons.

Go to your repairman and tell him you want a complete installation of Perfect Circle Piston Expanders and Piston Rings. Piston slap will vanish instantly—you'll experience a most gratifying increase in both gasoline and oil mileage—and you'll drive again with the smooth, silent power you enjoyed when your car was new.

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FOR RENEWING ALUMINUM PISTONS

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PERFECT CIRCLE PISTON RINGS - FOR ALL CARS

Half of the cars running today are equipped with cast-iron pistons, which do not require piston expanders. In these cars the simple installation of Perfect Circle "85" Oil Rings and the new "70" Compression Rings will bring back new motor performance and economy.

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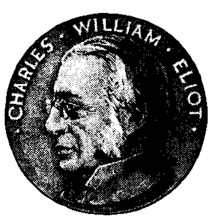

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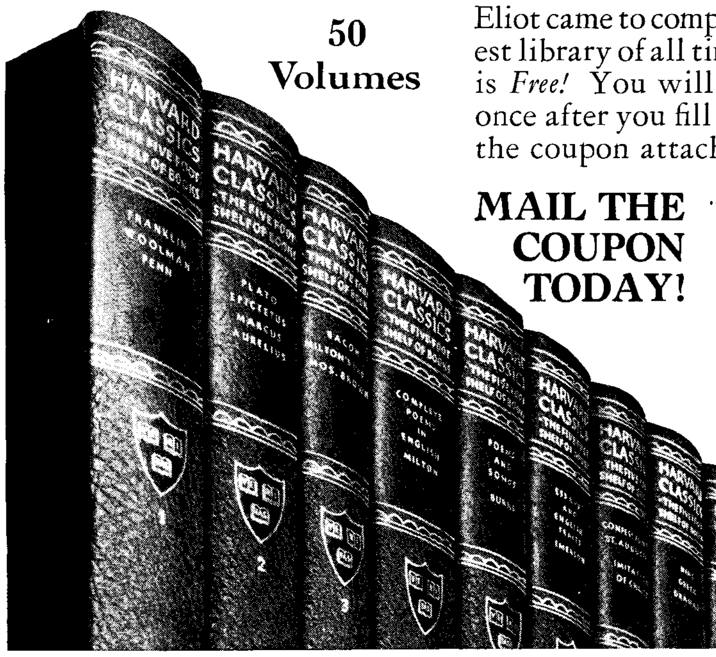

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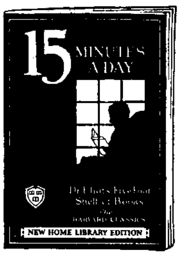

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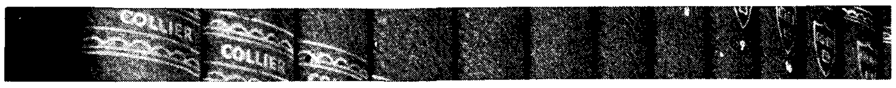

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(Continued from page 45)

means of freeing it from the imperialism of the strong countries."

A mess of words, to be sure, but nevertheless containing a very definite danger. Nothing is more important than that Mexico's millions be rescued from ignorance and illiteracy, and if the school system is turned over to young doctrinaires and wild-eyed agitators, concerned only with their own yeasty ferments, the fundamental purpose of a school will be lost to sight entirely in a welter of theories, fanaticism and chaos. In Nuevo Leon, where there is a college, the authorities started an investigation of the church affiliations of prospective students, notwithstanding a constitutional provision that "every person is free to profess the religious creed that suits him."

When the government tried to bring the University of Mexico into its socialistic program, the faculty and students resisted on the ground that it would mean the death of the institution, and carried their point after a week of wild rioting. In 1934, when there was a second effort to have the university included in the plan for "socialistic education," Manuel Gomez Morin, the young rector, resigned as a protest, and his brilliant defense of academic freedom was so convincing that the government abandoned the attempt.

Here again are conditions that President Cardenas will have to fight and change. Granted that it is not well to have the public schools of a nation in the charge of one religious faith, is it healthier and more helpful to turn the educational system over to a political cult, especially when that cult cannot agree on what it wants to teach?

A third problem faced by the new administration is that presented by the Six Year Plan's insistence that "all requirements for lands and waters for peasants throughout the country must be fully satisfied." The purpose has justice back of it, for under the rule of Porfirio Diaz, the *ejidos*, or public commons, were taken away from communities to build up great estates where the natives lived and worked in a state of virtual slavery. The method, however, is every whit as important as the plan itself.

President Cardenas states that the government intends to pay for all expropriated holdings, but the nature of the payment remains to be seen. Back in 1914 and 1915, Emiliano Zapata calmly confiscated estates, and to this day the owners are whistling for their money. Obregon and Calles during their administrations expropriated thousands of acres of land, and while all of it was supposedly paid for, the bonds did not have a cent of value.

Back to the Land

Another angle to the land question is furnished by two constitutional amendments that President Rodriguez pushed through in December, 1933. The first provides that "landowners shall have no legal right or recourse nor may they resort to injunction proceedings. They have only the right to appeal to the federal government in connection with payment of indemnity." The second sets forth that "the owner shall be required to receive bonds of the agrarian debt in payment for expropriated property."

This is somewhat disturbing, for the agrarian debt now amounts to 800,000,000 pesos, and no provision for payment is in sight. As for robbing the landowner of his right to appeal to the courts, who can doubt that it opens a broad way for all sorts of injustices?

The success of Cardenas' administration, therefore, is largely dependent on his will and ability to eliminate fanaticism and fantastic theories from the church and school questions, and to keep graft and confiscation from creeping into the land problem. There is, however, still another obstacle that he will have to overcome, and this is found in the *mañana* spirit of his land. The whole Six Year Plan, for example, is more reminiscent than original, for many of the reforms were promised as far back as 1920.

Up to August, 1934, only 5,639 *ejidos* had been restored, with 8,440 in process of allotment, the whole involving 27,000,000 acres and some 900,000 heads of families. About one million are still without the land that has been dangled before their eyes for twenty years. It is also the case that many of these families were put on the land without provision for capital needs, and as a consequence it is doubtful if more than ten per cent of the *ejidos* are properly cultivated.

A Good Start

Agricultural coöperatives are an old story, but up to November, 1934, there were only 334 coöperatives in existence, the total capitalization amounting to $48,000. A comparison of private agriculture with community agriculture shows that neither colonies nor *ejidos* have yet succeeded in purchasing adequate equipment.

Private farmers own 8,287 reapers against 272 owned by communities; 4,217 motor trucks against 143, and 3,975 tractors against 207. It is estimated that out of Mexico's population of 17,000,000 less than 5,000,000 are economically productive, and this condition may be expected to continue unless the government proceeds vigorously with its plans for rural credits and intensive agricultural instruction.

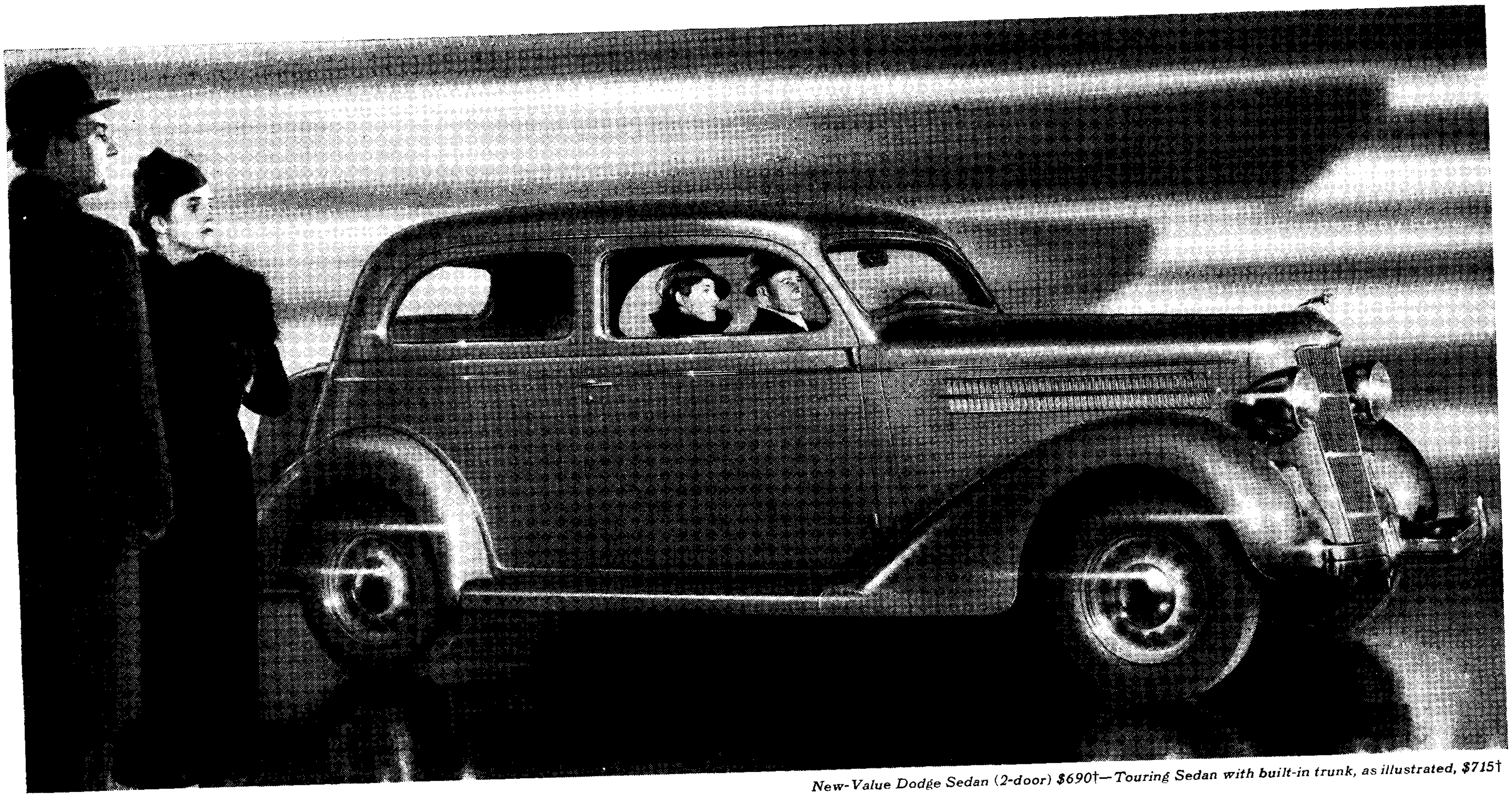
Even so, it must be admitted that while much has been promised, a good deal has been done. The horrible old Belem prison has been torn down, giving way to a splendid school; two great interstate highways are actually under construction, and the government has set aside money to begin the construction of two additional railroad lines; several domestic industries, textiles, porcelains and fibers have been developed, and agricultural colonies have been started in Morelos and Coahuila.

A marked improvement in the material welfare of the people is apparent, particularly in the City of Mexico. Peonage has been wiped out, a minimum wage of a peso and a half per day is quite an increase over the old scale of twenty-five centavos, the streets of the towns no longer swarm with beggars, and in the throng that packed the vast stadium to witness the inauguration, almost every man and woman wore shoes, a marked change from 1920, when bare feet were the rule.

As stated in the beginning, the future of Mexico is largely up to Lazaro Cardenas, for a strong president can come close to doing what he wants to do. Certainly, the commencement of his administration encourages every high hope, for in addition to his frank and fair statement of policies, he has already swung into decisive action. Before he had warmed his chair, he closed the Foreign Club, a million and a half dollar gambling house, and also the Casino de la Silva in Cuerna Vaca, both backed by prominent politicians. By way of a follow-up, he sent notice that certain wild-eyed leaders of the National Revolutionary party must step out in favor of more "rational types."

Added to these proofs of character and intent, his budget calls for the expenditure of 275,795,000 pesos during 1935, a big advance over 1934, and at every point smacks of realism. In the past it was the Army that absorbed most of the revenues, but Cardenas

(Continued on page 48)



New-Value Dodge Sedan (2-door) $690†—Touring Sedan with built-in trunk, as illustrated, $715†

BIG RUGGED POWERFUL DODGE

Gives 3 to 5 more miles per gallon than lower-priced cars —Saves 30¢ to 40¢ on every dollar's worth of oil!*

NEVER before has any car, so big and smart—so luxurious and powerful—been able to compete in running costs with the lowest-priced cars. Now Dodge does it—and wins.

You get brilliant, new ranges of speed and power from this 1935 Dodge, yet save money all the way! Owners report 20 miles and more per gallon of gas . . . oil savings of 30% to 40% . . . amazing economy in every stage of operation and upkeep!

But all the way through, you get so many more good things in this smart, powerful Dodge that it is actually more thrifty to invest the few extra dollars and enjoy owning a Dodge.

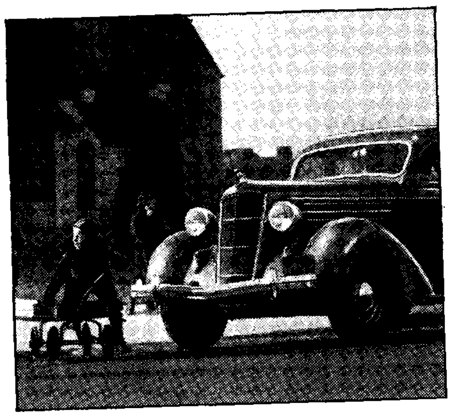
New Riding Thrills!

95 basic advancements have been engineered into this new Dodge. With "Synchromatic Control", driving has been simplified, made easy and effortless. With the new "Airglide Ride", you fairly float along, skimming over rough spots, taking sharp curves safely on an even keel, without sidesway or body roll.

You get the safety of the Dodge all-steel body, pioneered by Dodge more than 20 years ago, tested and tried by time and the experience of close to three million Dodge owners. You get Dodge dual-cylinder hydraulic brakes. Hydraulic brakes have been advanced and perfected by Dodge through the many years they have been a regular Dodge feature. Patented Floating Power engine mountings smother the engine vibrations that damage your nerves as well as the frame and body of your car. This feature alone is easily worth the trifling few dollars more you'll pay for a Dodge.

Only the genius of a manufacturing organization such as Dodge—with such complete facilities, with 20 years of experience in building fine vehicles—could create such astounding dollar-for-dollar value!

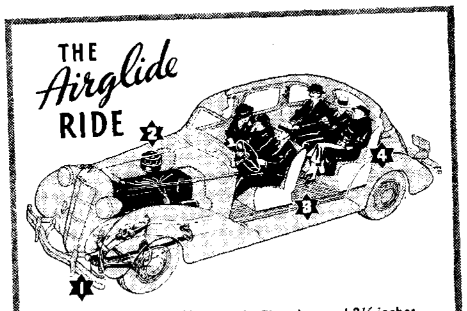
Smarter . . . more dependable . . . safer . . . more economical—see how much more Dodge gives you, how little more you pay!



QUICK STOPS with Dodge perfected, dual-cylinder hydraulic brakes. Dodge hydraulic brakes check swerving because they are always equalized on all four wheels.

SAFETY—Tests prove strength of Dodge all-steel body! You only see such tests made with an *all-steel* body because only an *all-steel* body can withstand them.

THE *Airglide* RIDE



1 Dodge "Levelator" and new multi-leaf springs give "Airglide Ride"—end body roll and sidesway.

2 "Red Ram" engine moved forward 8 inches to permit equal distribution of weight on all 4 wheels.

3 Floor lowered 3½ inches to give seats the height of a comfortable living-room chair.

4 Rear seat moved forward 6 inches. Passengers seated ahead of the axle "shock-line"

YOU NOW RIDE CRADLED BETWEEN THE AXLES

* Actual owners' experiences. Letters in our files.

CHRYSLER MOTORS—DODGE DIVISION

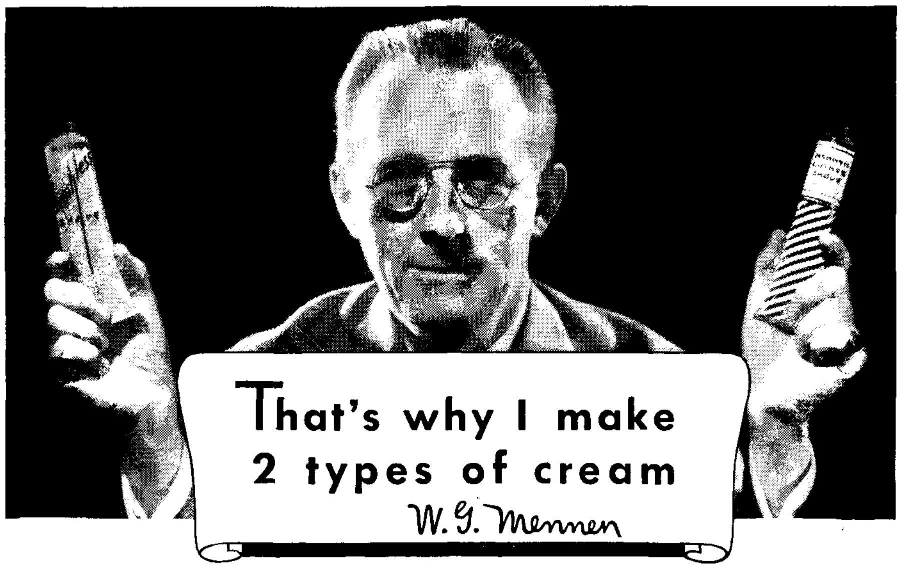
This advertisement endorsed by the Department of Engineering—Chrysler Motors

New-Value DODGE *NOW ONLY* $645†

NEW-VALUE DODGE, $645 to $760. †*All prices f. o. b. factory, Detroit, subject to change without notice. Special equipment extra. Time payments to fit your budget. Ask for the official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Plan.*

DELIVERS NOW FOR JUST A FEW DOLLARS MORE THAN THE LOWEST-PRICED CARS

MY SKIN'S DRY
MINE'S OILY


That's why I make 2 types of cream
W. G. Mennen

"It's just plain sense. Men with dry skins need one type of shaving cream. Men with oily skins, another. You may be just over the 'dry line' or vice versa. But you're one or the other. And whichever you are, I make a cream especially for you. I'll send you generous trial sizes of both types—Mennen *Lather* Shave and Mennen *Brushless*. Try them. You'll like both, I know. But *one* is going to 'click' with you—*one* is going to make you say, '**Mennen for Mine.**' Yes, sir.

"Mennen *Lather* Shave is especially for men with *oily* skins. It loosens deeply imbedded oil deposits, washes out over-active pores. Freshens, tones, makes skin healthier—smoother—better able to take it. Leaves it feeling grand—and looking fit.

"Mennen *Brushless* is especially for men with *dry* skins. It's emollient—soothes, softens, relaxes dry, taut skin. You can feel that *tightness* going away—roughness, redness, too. And you'll like using it. It isn't messy. It's a cream, not a grease.

"Send 10c for the Mennen Skin Tester Kit. Contains 5 Mennen items. It will prove the shrewdest investment you've ever made for your personal comfort. Use the coupon."

• • •

After the shave . . . Mennen Skin Bracer, *a new tingling tonic. Has a subtle mannish odor the girls like it, too* . . . also Mennen Talcum for Men—*the man's powder. Doesn't show. Kills "face shine."*

MENNEN 2 types: LATHER SHAVE and brushless SHAVE

SKIN TESTER KIT

5 PRODUCTS FOR 10¢

"Yes, Mr. Mennen, I'll make the test. Send along your SKIN TESTER KIT containing trial sizes of Mennen Lather Shave, Brushless Shave, Talcum for Men, Skin Bracer, and a Mennen double-edge blade." Send coupon with 10¢ in coin to The Mennen Company, Newark, N. J., Dept. C-3-16.

....

....

Oily skin or dry, you'll say—"MENNEN for MINE"

MENNEN blades

Mexican Red

Continued from page 46

holds the War Department to the same appropriation received in 1934, while public health needs are granted a jump of 40.67 per cent, and the Department of Education an increase of 26.17 per cent.

Of course, there is always talk of revolution in Mexico, for it is what the land has always had in the past, and what people cannot get out of the habit of expecting. In considering the possibility, one turns first to the Army, for Mexican uprisings have ever had their source in the ambitions of soldier-politicians. Today the Army numbers only 53,000 officers and men, less than ever before, and instead of being regarded as a distinct class, a professional fighting force has come to be looked on as part of the civil organization, its members trained for civil work.

Putting the Army aside, the one chance for a smash in Mexico lies in a break between Plutarco Elias Calles and Lazaro Cardenas. There is no question that General Calles is the dominant figure in Mexico today, for as First Chief of the Revolution he is the real ruler of the National Revolutionary party, the one political organization. For twenty years he has been the country's Strong Man, leading successive revolts against Diaz, Huerta and Carranza, directing the Army in putting down various uprisings in many cabinets and following Alvaro Obregon as president.

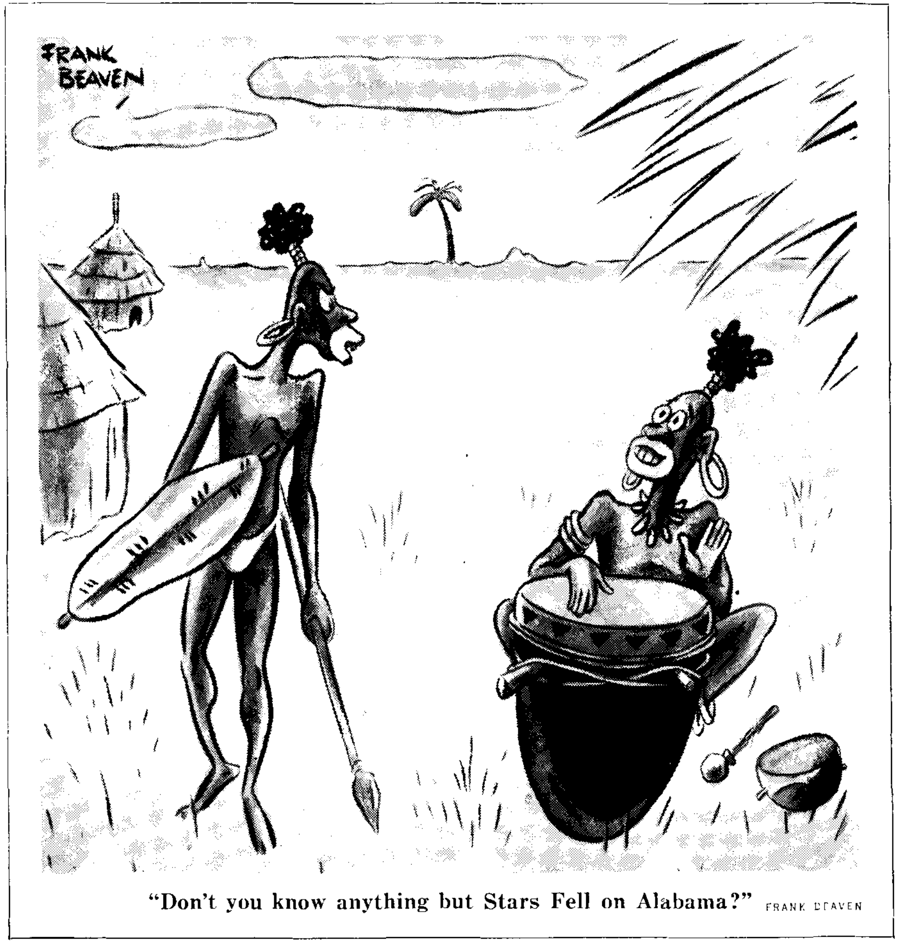
He was the moving power behind Obregon's reëlection in 1928, and after Obregon's assassination, just as he was about to take office, Calles could have continued as president had he wished. Instead of that he virtually appointed Portes Gil and then named Ortiz Rubio in 1931. The story grows that this gentleman earned the displeasure of Calles by getting too big for his boots, but whether true or not, the fact remains that Ortiz Rubio resigned at noon and left Mexico that evening.

It is common gossip in the city that Calles did not initiate the candidacy of Cardenas, preferring another, and there is also the whisper that Cardenas has said that he does not intend to be a "rubber stamp president," and that as a result of this determination Calles has already decided to depose him. There are further rumors to the effect that the anger of Calles has been fanned by the action of Cardenas in closing the two great gambling casinos, and demanding changes in the leadership of the National Revolutionary party.

In the Public Interest

All of this may be set down as nonsense. Cardenas served under General Calles from 1915 to 1917, and just as it was Calles who gave the young soldier his first promotions, so it was Calles who continued to push him up the ladder. Apart from the fact of this friendship, the constitution of the Cardenas cabinet shows an intimate relation between the president and the first chief, for while every member is the personal choice of Cardenas, all are out and out Callistas. As for resenting the closing of the casinos, Calles has ever been open in his hatred of gambling, just as he has never failed to attack vice and the saloon.

It is within the realm of possibility that the two may not see eye to eye in the matter of religion and the schools, for General Calles has grown into the habit of blaming every Mexican evil on the Church, and when he stands for "socialistic education," there is small doubt that what he means is anti-religious education. How far he will use his great power to oppose any effort of the president to compromise the Church question, permitting liberty of conscience, and to put Mexico's educational system on a sound basis, remains to be seen. His proved patriotism, his passion for peace, and his devotion to Cardenas, however, will doubtless join to make him abate his own deep conviction in the public interest.



"Don't you know anything but Stars Fell on Alabama?" FRANK BEAVEN

Against Orders

Continued from page 24

ushered. The appearance of the place surprised her. It was neat and clean and almost elegant. There were flowers and a shaded lamp on every table. The linen of the *maître d'hôtel* who had shown her to her seat was spotless, his manner pleasant without being too effusive. The only trouble seemed to be lack of custom. There was a whole row of empty tables and barely half a dozen diners.

Miss Mott ordered her simple meal and then ventured to glance around her. The general effect of her survey was one of reassurance. The *clientèle*, though small, appeared perfectly harmless. She ordered a half bottle of claret and addressed a question to the wine waiter.

"I thought this was a popular place," she remarked. "Why are there so few people here?"

The man leaned downward almost to within whispering distance. He was Italian and his white teeth flashed as he spoke.

"There has been great trouble near here this afternoon," he confided. "A burglary. Men shot dead. The police are still on the lookout. People are afraid and they stay indoors. Even in here," he added, dropping his voice and glancing in scared fashion toward the door, "it has been terrible. One hears heavy footsteps all the time. Always they pass on. Nevertheless, one is afraid."

MISS MOTT felt that curious little shiver of excitement that came to her at rare intervals.

"But this place has a very high reputation, hasn't it?" she asked.

The man was silent. In a sense there was nothing significant about his silence. He had not the air of reflecting or deliberating about his reply, only he said nothing. He looked out of the windows, a healthy-complexioned, brisk Italian of the most respectable class, with smoothly brushed hair and manicured fingernails.

"The Maison de la Pomme d'Or has an old reputation," he agreed. "In these days, though, one has to fight to keep anything. Mademoiselle will accept my recommendation? She will eat the dinner that I will serve?"

"Willingly," she assented. "I hate ordering."

Miss Mott had no reason to regret her choice. In its initial stages at any rate she had never dined better. She took note once more of the people in the room, and found them still harmless. There were no signs here of the man-hunt outside. Once in the distance she fancied she heard a police whistle, and then—

There are several unmistakable sounds in the world. One is the sound of flying footsteps inspired with the urge of fear. Miss Mott suddenly sat up in her place and listened. The footsteps were on the opposite pavement coming rapidly down the street. There was a hoarse cry as though someone had been hurt. Now it seemed that they were crossing the road. The door shook and opened with a wide sweep. A man, breathless and pale, pushed his way through, a man whom Miss Mott recognized in a moment as the original of the picture she had seen that morning. He may have been young in years, but at that moment he was old in terror and anxiety. The skin was drawn like white parchment over his high cheekbones, his lips were parted like a dog's waiting to bite, the upper lip close to his teeth and showing his gums.

With the door closed behind him he paused to listen, a matter of seconds only, his head turned backward, every pulse of his long, lean body stiff with the effort. Miss Mott instinctively listened too but she could hear nothing. Then the man, without removing his black slouch hat, walked stiffly between the tables across the restaurant, and, lifting a curtain about halfway down the room, disappeared.

THERE was a pause. Miss Mott listened again. She heard no following footsteps. Outside was an almost unnatural silence. Suddenly the door seemed to be pushed open by an unseen hand. Another man made deliberate entrance, a stalwart, keen-eyed man with small mustache, neatly dressed, wearing no overcoat notwithstanding the inclement weather, but carrying a heavy walking stick. He hung up his hat and seated himself deliberately exactly opposite Miss Mott at a table within a few feet of the entrance. As he turned away Miss Mott saw the outline of a gun in his pocket. She took note of his firm, square shoulders, and she knew that the stage was being set for grave happenings. She had paid too many visits to Scotland Yard not to recognize the type. . . .

A waiter came up and accepted an order from the newcomer. A flask of Chianti was placed upon the table and he drank a half tumblerful almost at a gulp. Notwithstanding his leisurely, almost stealthy, entrance, Miss Mott saw that the damp of perspiration clung to his forehead. He looked across at her once or twice keenly, and then buried himself in an evening paper. She had all the average human being's sympathy with the hunted object, and yet, owing to her long association with her uncle, her keen sympathy was also with the hunter, taking his life into his hands. All the time she wanted to cross the room and whisper in his ear. "Through the curtain, you fool! You're giving him time to hide or get away. What have you done about the back entrance?"

She did nothing of the sort, of course. She sat in her place and presently, after a lengthened disappearance, the waiter who had been attending to her reappeared. He brought her a wonderful ice and spoke of the coffee of the house, an Italian liqueur, too, Campari, which everyone tried. Mademoiselle would excuse that he had been away for a long time? There were guests that night in a private room.

"Where are your private rooms?" Miss Mott asked.

THE man pointed discreetly toward the curtain. There was no meaning smile upon his lips, nothing but the most perfect respect and quiet good humor.

"One has clients," he murmured, "who prefer solitude."

Then—looking over his shoulder Miss Mott saw what neither he nor the man opposite saw—the slow drawing back of that curtain—a white face peering into the room—the face of the man who had entered only a few minutes ago. Even at that distance Miss Mott saw the pinpoint of fire in the eyes, the terror in the face as he saw the man by the door. Then the curtain was dropped again. . . .

On the other side of that curtain, up a narrow flight of stairs, in the first of the little row of dining-rooms, the man for whose apprehension were various

(Continued on page 50)

OH . . . BILL, YOU HAVEN'T SHAVED

ROMANCE NEVER THRIVES ON BRISTLES

you can't get by without shaving

EVERYONE knows that bristles bar the way to romance—that you can't get by in business or social life without shaving. Yet some men take a chance—risk the respect of others by failing to keep clean shaven.

Today tender skin is no excuse for neglect. The Gillette "Blue Blade" is so perfectly edged—so keen and smooth-finished—that it makes daily or twice-daily shaving entirely comfortable. Sensitive faces welcome the touch of this marvelous blade—ground, honed and stropped with almost incredible accuracy by automatic methods.

The Gillette "Blue Blade" is the best that millions in equipment and matchless manufacturing skill can produce. When you slip one in your razor you enjoy the absolute top in shaving ease. It is electrically tempered in furnaces where the temperature instantly changes in accordance with the requirements of the steel.

Inspection is relentless. No faulty blade can pass. And finally, each blade is firmly anchored in its envelope at four points so the edges cannot be damaged in shipment.

Why not try this blade yourself? Compare it with the one you now are using. Then, if you don't agree that the Gillette "Blue Blade" is far superior, return the package to your dealer and get your money back.

Reputable merchants give you what you ask for. In stores where substitution is practised—INSIST ON

GILLETTE BLUE BLADES

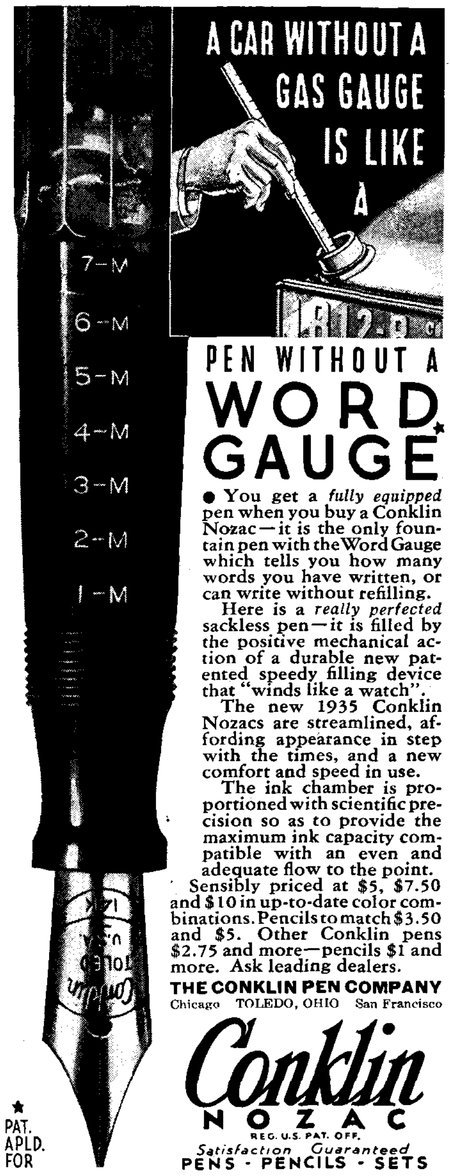
NOW 5 *for* 25¢ • 10 *for* 49¢

A TWIST . . . IT'S OPEN!

The ARISTOCRAT —New Gillette One Piece Razor

The Aristocrat is all one piece, no loose parts. Heavily plated with 24-Karat gold and guaranteed a lifetime. Price $4 complete in smart leather case with 10 Gillette "Blue Blades."

A TWIST . . . IT'S CLOSED!


A CAR WITHOUT A GAS GAUGE IS LIKE A

PEN WITHOUT A WORD★ GAUGE

● You get a *fully equipped* pen when you buy a Conklin Nozac—it is the only fountain pen with the Word Gauge which tells you how many words you have written, or can write without refilling.

Here is a *really perfected* sackless pen—it is filled by the positive mechanical action of a durable new patented speedy filling device that "winds like a watch".

The new 1935 Conklin Nozacs are streamlined, affording appearance in step with the times, and a new comfort and speed in use.

The ink chamber is proportioned with scientific precision so as to provide the maximum ink capacity compatible with an even and adequate flow to the point.

Sensibly priced at $5, $7.50 and $10 in up-to-date color combinations. Pencils to match $3.50 and $5. Other Conklin pens $2.75 and more—pencils $1 and more. Ask leading dealers.

THE CONKLIN PEN COMPANY
Chicago TOLEDO, OHIO San Francisco

Conklin
NOZAC
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Satisfaction Guaranteed
PENS - PENCILS - SETS

★ PAT. APLD. FOR

(Continued from page 49)

rewards amounting to over ten thousand pounds, was enjoying a leisurely and sybaritic repast. The dining-room was small, but pleasantly furnished, the usual easy-chair and couch were against the wall, an ornate but not unpleasing French mirror hung over the mantelpiece, and a blazing fire burned in the grate. The table was laid for two but the other place was unoccupied. The chief of the Number One gangsters dined alone. With his back to the window stood the man who had just returned from his furtive contemplation of the restaurant.

"They're on to us tonight, Chief, if they never were before," he said earnestly. "They're closing in all the time. The streets between here and Shaftesbury Avenue are swarming with them. Lynn and Peterson are both taken. Down below there's Hurlbut sitting next the door—Jim Hurlbut who shot Parry and took in both the Regans single-handed. Got his stripes for that. I can see the shape of his gun under the newspaper on the table. He wouldn't be sitting there so quiet if they hadn't got all the back entrances stopped. You and me are the only two left, sir. How are we going to get away?"

Meredith poured himself out another glass of wine and sipped it in leisurely fashion. He pushed the bottle in its cradle toward his now trembling companion.

"I shall leave when I've paid my bill and I'm ready, by the front door," he declared. "Here, take a glass of that wine and don't stand there shaking like a leaf. It isn't the first time you've had the police on your heels, is it?"

The man poured himself out a glass of the wine; some of it was slopped over onto the tablecloth. His companion watched him with a sneer.

"I can't imagine," he said calmly, "how some of you fellows had the pluck to come into this game. You stood up and did your share all right this afternoon. You picked that fellow with the glasses off as neatly as anyone could wish."

There was a little sob from the man who was trying to drink.

"Don't!" he begged. "It wasn't I who killed him. It was someone from behind me. I swear it was someone behind me! It was Tom Baum—that's what I told—"

The man broke off in his sentence as though he were shot. He staggered and caught at the table. His eyes fell before Meredith's steely glare. He mopped at his forehead on which the unhealthy sweat was breaking out.

"That was what you told whom?" Meredith asked, with deadly precision.

"Told Jansen, told all of 'em. I told my girl so, too. She's downstairs. We were to have got something for that—she and I."

MEREDITH listened with unchanging expression. The words seemed to fade away on the other's lips.

"You were going to say something else, Ferruchi," Meredith suggested. "You stopped just in time."

"I swear I wasn't," the man declared eagerly. "I'm scared. I'll admit I'm scared. We've never been so boxed up as this before. We've got the police on every side of us."

"Is it the police you're frightened of?" was Meredith's cold query. "Not altogether, Ferruchi. You've killed a man and you've lost your nerve. Tell the truth, you dog!" he added in a suddenly changed tone. "You've been to the Yard. You've sold us. You're trying to save your miserable skin."

"I swear—"

Ferruchi suddenly lost the power of speech. His eyes rolled, faced with the hideous revelation. Meredith's hand came up from underneath the tablecloth. There was a little stab of flame across the few feet of intervening space. Ferruchi rolled over, twitched once and never moved again. Meredith glanced at him contemptuously. Leaning across the table, he watched for the signs he knew so well, ejected the clip from his automatic and slipped in another bullet. Then he finished his wine, holding his glass with perfectly steady fingers, glanced at the bill which lay on a plate by his side, counted out some treasury notes from his pocketbook and added a sovereign tip.

On the sofa his black silk-lined coat was lying and a black Homburg hat. He removed both carefully and carried them to a resting place behind the large screen which almost covered one side of the room. He reappeared almost at once and, for the first time, there was a certain hesitation, a look almost of disgust, upon his face as he crossed the floor and looked down on the body of the dead man. What he was about to do was obviously costing him an effort. Nevertheless he proceeded with his task. . . . In ten minutes' time he opened the door, locked it on the outside and threw the key down the corridor. With leisurely, unhesitating footsteps he descended the stairs to the restaurant proper.

MISS MOTT, from her distant table diagonally opposite, was perhaps the first to see that slight shiver of the curtain. Almost immediately afterward it was drawn aside and a tall, gaunt figure came hesitatingly into the room, walking down the almost deserted restaurant with his black slouch hat low on his forehead and his hands in his overcoat pockets. Half-past nine was striking from the church clock near at hand as he paused for a moment to light a cigarette. His back was toward the other solitary diner. He faced Miss Mott. His twitching face, his nervous movements, his attire all belonged to Ferruchi, but the eyes which flashed for a moment across to hers, while his lips parted in the slightest of smiles, seemed like an insane reminder of some other person.

She clutched at the tablecloth and looked eagerly round for the little *maître d'hôtel.* She had disobeyed orders in coming, but she was safe, she told herself, she must be safe. Hurlbut was opposite—one of the most dreaded of her uncle's myrmidons. Her heart beat madly. For whom was he watching? Not for Ferruchi, for he could have taken him an hour ago. She stared across at him—he was sitting sphinxlike and motionless, his eyes turned indifferently toward the now approaching man. The latter, his cigarette hanging from his lips, his hat drawn even further over his eyes, was apparently bent upon leaving the restaurant in the same furtive manner as he had entered it with the least possible delay. He looked now neither to the right nor to the left, his slouch as he neared Hurlbut a little more pronounced.

Miss Mott gripped the sides of her chair. Now surely the great happening would occur. She looked to see Hurlbut rise, see him hold out his arm, tap the departing man upon the shoulder, whisper a word in his ear. Would there be a fight, she wondered? Miss Mott's hand stole into her handbag and her fingers closed upon the butt of her own minute but deadly weapon. She need have had no fear. No one asked for her help. Hurlbut was leaning lazily back now watching the man who had reached the swing doors, with only a faint gleam of contempt in his eyes—the contempt of the detective for an informer. The door opened and swung to. Miss Mott was suddenly conscious that the *maître d'hôtel* was standing by her table and had twice addressed her. She took the note which he passed surreptitiously into her fingers. As she read it the color mounted into her cheeks:

"Alas, it was all so well arranged for this place, but our friend Ferruchi played the fool and chose the one impossible night. Wait for me, Miss Mott.

(Continued on page 52)

CASH REWARD!
to Readers of Collier's

HOW do you like this issue? Mighty good, isn't it? Don't you think you can show other folks in your town what a colorful magazine it is?

As your reward, you will make a liberal commission on each new and renewal subscription you secure for COLLIER'S and the other Crowell Magazines. Even if you have only a little spare time, you may make $1.00 or more an hour. *Write to:*

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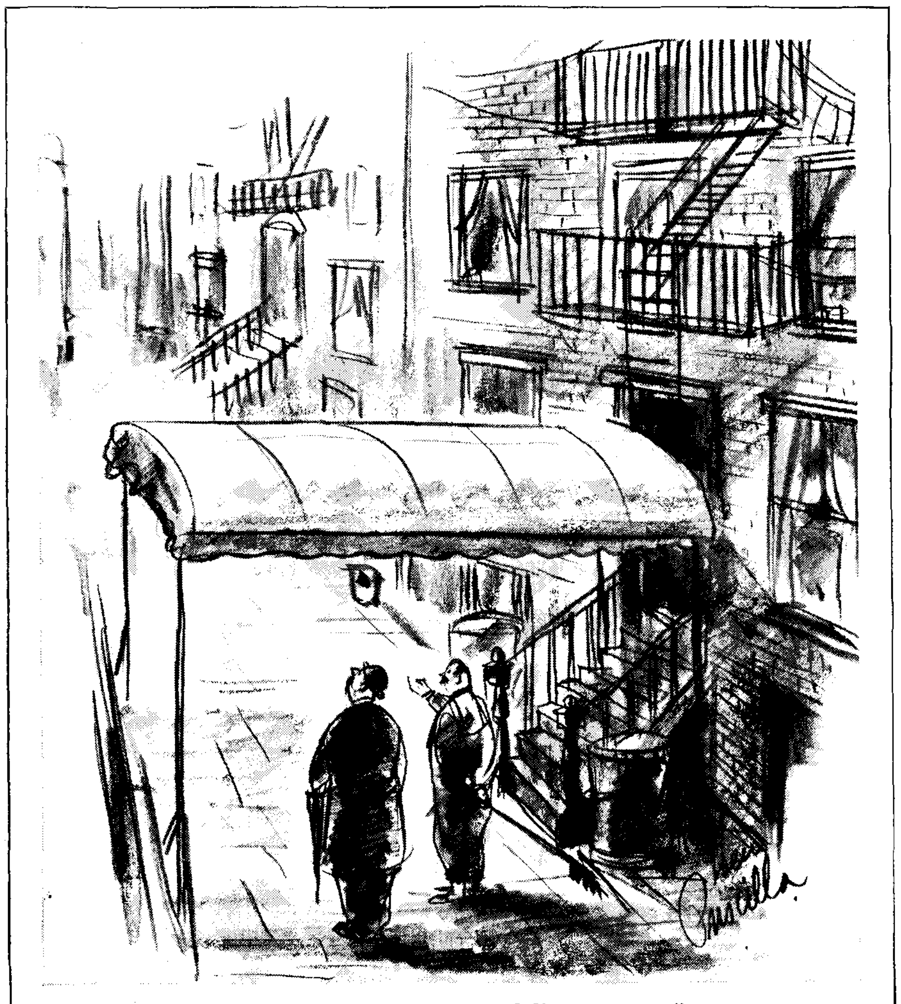


"It's the start of our remodeling program" LOUIS PRISCILLA

DREAMS OF THOUSANDS COME TRUE !

LOOK! A REFRIGERATOR WITH EVERY CONVENIENCE FEATURE!
WHY, IT'S THE MOST COMPLETE REFRIGERATOR I HAVE EVER SEEN!

LEONARD NOW OFFERS *COMPLETE* REFRIGERATOR WITH 2 TO 4 TIMES AS MANY CONVENIENCE FEATURES

THOUSANDS of women are getting the thrill of their lives these days. Discovering this *complete* refrigerator! Learning why Leonard is growing in popularity so fast!

What is selling Leonard in ever-increasing numbers is the extra VALUE it offers. In styling. In convenience. In economy. In life-time service.

Easy to Prove

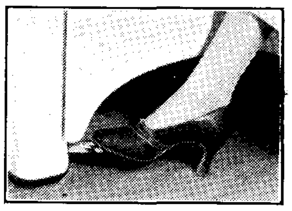
These are the things you can see and check for yourself in any Leonard showroom. Look at the Leonard cabinets. Big, sturdy, with graceful, modern lines. Lots of room inside, too. Shelves that fold up to make space for tall bottles. Shelves that pull out to save reaching. Improved convenience basket for butter, eggs, left-overs. A serving tray. Twelve freezing speeds at your finger tips. An extra fast freezing tray. A Cold Chest for storage. The famous LEN-A-DOR. And a score of other features that a *complete* refrigerator simply must have.

It's facts like these that make it more important than ever not to take refrigerator values for granted. That's why shrewd buyers today are choosing the Leonard.

Priced With the Lowest, Too!

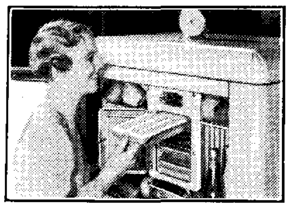
But don't take our word for all of this. See the Leonard yourself. Stack it up against competition. Compare prices. Prove to yourself that here indeed is a better, and a more *complete* electric refrigerator. Consult the Classified Section of your Telephone Directory under "Refrigeration—Electric" for nearest Leonard dealer. LEONARD REFRIGERATOR COMPANY, *14297 Plymouth Road, Detroit, Michigan, and London, Ontario, Canada.*

LEONARD THE *COMPLETE* REFRIGERATOR



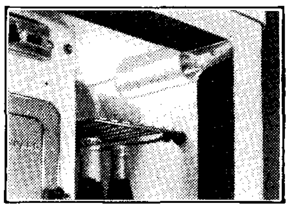
The LEN-A-DOR—a touch of the toe and the door swings open.

Service Tray—a real help while rearranging shelves.

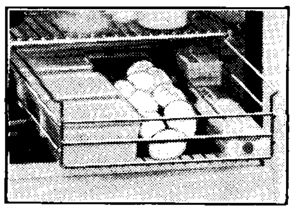


12 Freezing Speeds—plenty of ice cubes. A Cold Chest, too.

Folding Shelf—a way to make extra room for tall bottles.



Automatic Light—lights up every corner—as door opens.



Convenience Basket—handy for butter, eggs, left-overs.

"Right you are! They are good looking –
flexible as a mallet shaft, too!"

There's new freedom—a feeling of turf underfoot—in these *flexible*, smartly styled Bostonians for Spring. Made easy and comfortable by the exclusive Flexmore* process. Walnut Brown is the season's new shade—correct for town and country. Bostonians, $6.50 to $9.00. Bostonian Foot Savers, $10.00. At smart men's apparel and shoe shops.

*Registered U. S. Patent Office

Bostonians
SHOES FOR MEN

Against Orders

Continued from page 50

The next time the luck will be with us."

Miss Mott tore the note into pieces and rose to her feet. From outside came the soft beating of a high-powered automobile in the act of starting. She rose and called across to Hurlbut.

"For whom are you waiting there?" she demanded.

There was a very official frown upon his face as he rose to his feet. He came across the few intervening yards of space.

"You are Miss Mott?" he inquired.

"Of course I am," she answered. "What I am asking you is—why do you sit there and let the man for whom you were waiting walk out?"

"HOW do you know for whom I am waiting?" he asked.

"I am not a fool," she replied passionately. "It seems to me that you are—brave man though you may be. You should be waiting for Meredith, the head of the Number One gang."

"You appear to be well informed," he admitted caustically. "I am."

"Then why did you let him pass you?" she demanded.

"That," he told her patiently, "was a man called Ferruchi. He came in an hour ago. We can take him any time we want him, which it seems to me won't be very long. At present he is more useful to us free."

"You idiot!" she cried. "That was Meredith who went out in Ferruchi's clothes."

Hurlbut was only half a fool and he knew the truth when he heard it. He snatched at his hat. Miss Mott mocked at him. She was really very angry.

"You will find Ferruchi probably with a bullet through his heart upstairs," she gibed. "The gang doesn't like informers. Why not run after the car instead? It can't have got any farther than Leicester Square."

Hurlbut, with a profane exclamation, tore up the stairs, wasted at least five minutes before the key of the sitting-room could be found, and discovered then the melancholy truth. In a corner of the disordered apartment he found the body of Ferruchi stripped of his outer clothes, a stark and revolting sight. He hurried downstairs again and within a few seconds word was being flashed round the cordon to detain and search every high-powered car occupied by a single passenger. When he emerged from the telephone box Miss Mott was still seated in her corner, drinking a second cup of coffee.

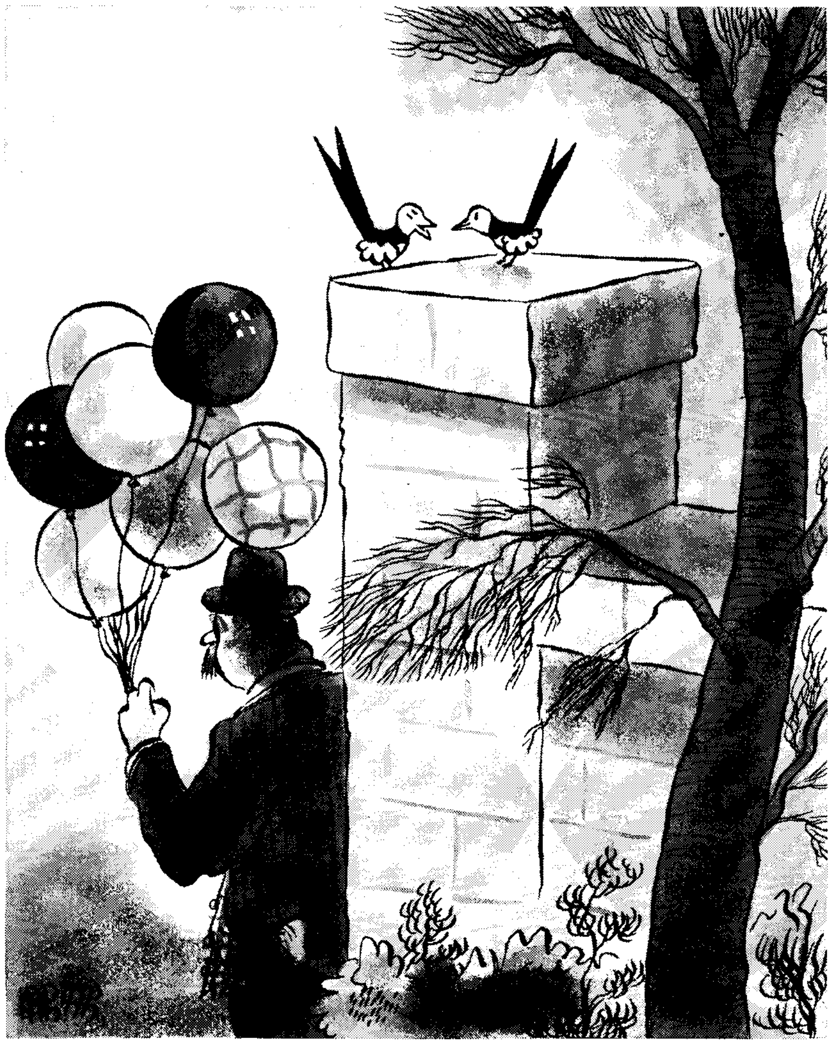
"How did you come to recognize Meredith?" he demanded.

"Well, it obviously wasn't the man who came in—Ferruchi," she pointed out. "He was very cleverly made up about the head, but Ferruchi's boots were splashed with mud, and the man who went out wore new, highly polished shoes. Besides, Ferruchi was only in danger from his friends, not the police, so he wouldn't have had a gun ready, but this man was ready to shoot from his pocket all the way down the room."

Hurlbut glowered across at her. What an exceedingly unpleasant young woman this niece of his superintendent's was!

"You ought to join the force," he remarked, with a distinct note of bitterness in his tone.

"I do very nicely on my own, thanks," Miss Mott assured him sweetly.



"Wanna hear an explosion?" LAWRENCE LARIAR

Brethren and Sisters

Continued from page 19

of a nickel smolder and murmured to those nearest him: "If you ain't got nothing else to do, you can take that as a sort of indirect announcement by Bilbo for the United States Senate in 1934."

As you know, Mr. Stephens recovered and returned to Washington in dignified determination to remind Congress daily that Mississippi needed practically everything from cotton subsidies to rubber heels. And in a few months Mr. Bilbo retired from the governorship, leaving the state so heavily in debt that you could scarcely open the state house doors for the dunning letters thrust under them. Your ideal politician quits his electioneering when victory has leaped into his lap, devoting subsequent days to getting even with the electorate for believing what he said before election. But Mr. Bilbo, while no one may say he didn't try, is far too fond of campaigning to be much of an administrator. Naturally, he is always elated when success attends his quests for office; but, one suspects, a little pained too. Bilbo would much rather run for office than hold it.

Behold this gnomish little man on the stump. He looks like President Roosevelt's ghostly secretary, Mr. Louis McHenry Howe, but much better nourished. Perhaps you have known or at least seen evangelists who once were gamblers; Mr. Bilbo reverses all that. He wears a neat, pinkish suit, a roaring red necktie embossed with a diamond horseshoe pin stuck in at a betcha-they-don't angle. Three inches of purple handkerchief loll from his breast pocket. On his small feet are tan and white shoes as full of lumps, curves, scrolls and general uproar as a roller-coaster course. His capacious dome is garnished with a snap-brim felt that is regarded in Mississippi as a political weathervane. Slanted to the right, you work up a fray to be eager for. Straight on center, it covers a Bilbo who is apt to be a trifle touchy. Perhaps his dinner has not set well. Maybe several days have passed without a mention of his name in the local papers. But if that hat is shoved well back from his broad and bulging brow, his bluish eyes will be alight with a snatching brightness and his thin, wide mouth will be bursting with mob-igniting rhetoric. Listen:

"Don't Go A-sendin' Me"

"Friends, fellow citizens, brothers and sisters—hallelujah. My opponent—yea, this opponent of mine who would convince you if he could that The Man Bilbo is not the friend of the common man, the poor man, the man who would be forgotten if it wasn't for this very same Bilbo—this opponent of mine who has the dastardly, dewlapped, brazen, sneering, insulting and sinful effrontery to ask you for your votes without telling you, the people of this almighty state of Mississippi, what he is a-going to do with them if he gets them—this opponent of mine says he don't need a platform. Why does he ask you for your votes? He asks, my dear brethren and sisters, that you vote for him because he is standing by the President.

"Standing by the President, folks! So am I. But I'm doing better by you, folks, than that. I'm a-standing by the President. I'm a-standing right smack on his corns, folks, lest he forget the great sovereign magnolia state of Ole Miss. . . . I shall be the servant and senator of all the people of Mississippi, brothers and sisters. I shall know no North, no South, no East, no West. The appeal and petition of the humblest citizen, yea, whether he comes from the black prairie lands of the east or the alluvial lands of the fer-tile delta; whether he comes, yea, from the vermilion hills of north Mississippi or the sun-kissed shores of the Gulf of Mexico, yea, he will be heard by my heart and my feet shall be swift. But listen to fair warning, brethren and sisters: Don't you go a-sending me up there to Washington to be anything but your servant, your voice that will never cease to ring down the great, gray marble corridors of our Capitol, your senator whose thoughts will not wander from the humble, God-fearing cabins of Vinegar Bend or the lowing sheepfolds of Honeysuckle Creek, your champion who will not lay his head upon his pillow at night before he has asked his Maker for more strength to do more for you on the morrow—don't go a-sending me to those mighty classic halls of government, if you don't want that kind of a man. Brethren and sisters, I pledge—"

A Gigantic Platform

But we shall come to that in a moment. Mr. Bilbo's platform leaves nothing desirable unpledged. It accumulated munificences as his campaign added days. It mentions about everything except a good hair-restorer and, as one of the gentleman's friends remarked, Mr. Bilbo started his campaign with a couple of ideas of his own and wound up with everybody else's. No wonder Mississippi elected him to succeed a man who apparently had no imagination at all. When Mr. Bilbo had finished his speech with a flood of beshriveling invective upon farmer murderers, poor-folks haters, shooters of widows and orphans, international well-poisoners, charity hospital destroyers, spitters on our heroic veterans, rich enemies of our public schools, private bankers who ought to come out in the open and let folks see what they're doing, European debt cancelers, unemployment makers, pacifists, Communists, munitions manufacturers and skunks who steal Gideon Bibles from hotel rooms—when Mr. Bilbo had finished, all a-lather, his audiences were howling for bastilles to tear down and a couple of good, tough tyrants to lynch. But as neither was available they had to be content with dodgers passed out by Mr. Bilbo himself. They went away reading:

"The Man Bilbo! The race for the United States Senate!

"A man of titanic energy and of dynamic driving force!

"A wonder in sustained power of endurance and a marvel of intellectual brilliance!

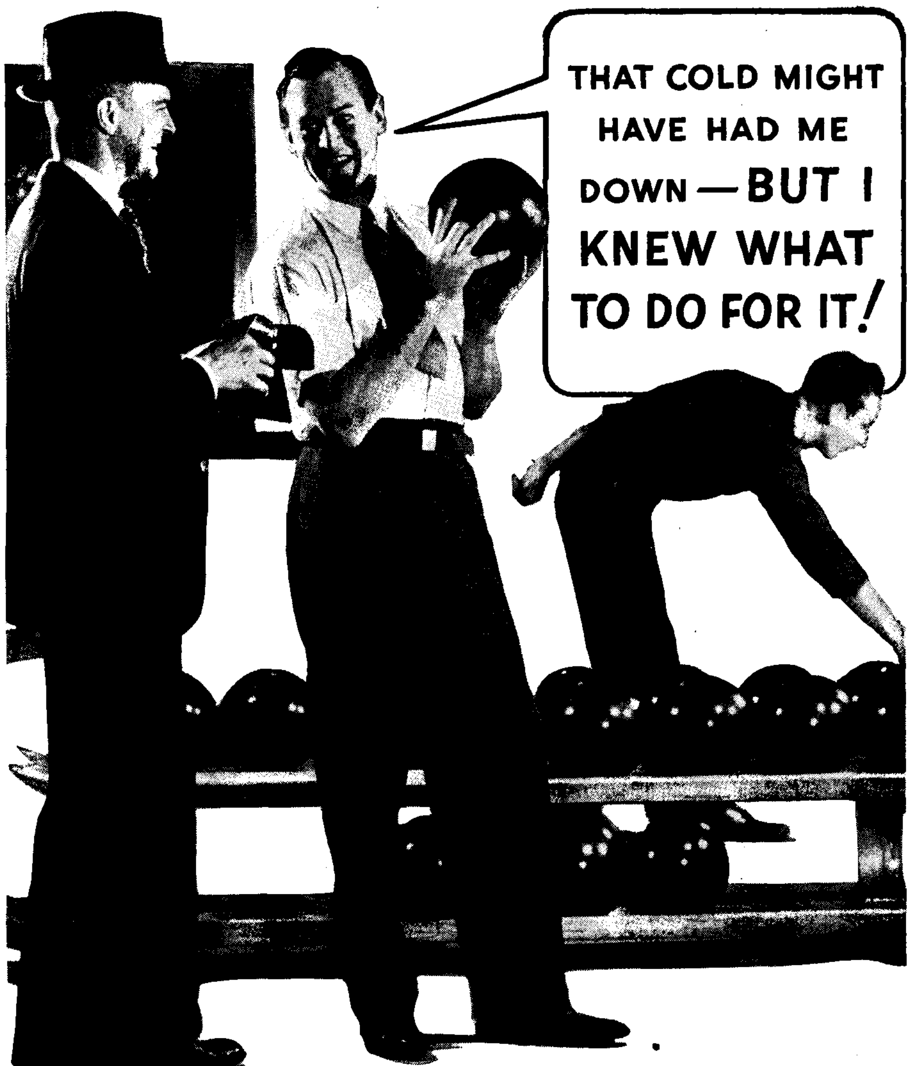
"He has fought the good fight and henceforth there is laid up for him a seat in the United States Senate!

"Neither falsehood nor truth, neither censure nor praise, neither love nor hatred, sunshine nor storm can now deter nor detour him from his destined goal!

"Bilbo's hour has arrived! For him victory is writ, yea, in the very stars above as it will be recorded by the ballots here below!"

All of which was too much for the opposition, which promptly collapsed and began to beg for quarter. And Mr. Bilbo was sent to the Senate by an entranced people who saw him off, waving copies of his all-salvation platform in his face, bidding him to start raising hell with tambourines and cymbals the minute the train reached Washington

(Continued on page 54)


THAT COLD MIGHT HAVE HAD ME DOWN—BUT I KNEW WHAT TO DO FOR IT!

How many miserable days—what a lot of big bills and dangerous illnesses some people could save themselves—if they only knew how to treat colds wisely.

You can know how! Remember that colds fight you in the air-passages of the head and chest—*not in the stomach.* And the best way to fight colds is the *direct* way—the Vicks VapoRub way!

Double direct medication!

Unlike slow and round-about internal dosing methods, VapoRub goes right to work to attack a cold—straight to the seat of the trouble—*two ways at once.*

Just rubbed on throat and chest at bedtime, VapoRub acts *direct* through the skin like a poultice or plaster. At the same time, its medicated vapors are inhaled steadily *direct* to inflamed air-passages of the head and chest.

Through the night, this *long-continued double-medication* loosens phlegm—soothes irritated membranes—eases difficult breathing—and helps break congestion.

You see VapoRub is real medication—made available by the exclusive Vicks process. For over two generations it has occupied a trusted place in the American medicine chest. That is why mothers—family health guardians—depend on VapoRub for *treating* colds. Used externally, it can be used freely and as often as needed—without the danger of constant dosing.

Vicks Colds-Control Plan —a real success!

Literally millions of families are now fighting colds with confidence—because they follow the practical, clinic-tested Vicks Plan for Better *Control* of Colds. It should prove a real aid to *fewer, shorter* and *milder* colds in your home, too. (Details in each Vicks package.) Or, full information about Vicks Plan together with free trial-package of Vick Colds-Control aids sent for 3c in stamps to cover mailing. Address Vicks, 1072 Milton St., Greensboro, N. C.

Just rubbed on at bedtime—VapoRub attacks a cold *immediately* and *directly—two ways at once.* Through the night, its medicated vapors and poultice-plaster action bring surer relief!

VICKS VAPORUB

THE SAFE PROVED WAY TO TREAT COLDS

DON'T try an *untried* laxative!

WHEN a new breakfast food, or cigarette, or clothing style comes on the market, you may want to take a chance and try it. But . . . here's an exception to the rule. Don't try on your system any *untried, unproved* laxative. When you take a laxative you must *know* . . . don't experiment! Because the wrong laxative can do a lot of harm.

BE CAREFUL . . . NOW

Every once in a while there appears a new laxative that is made with chocolate . . . that comes wrapped in silver foil . . . that does everything possible to match Ex-Lax . . . but *without achieving Ex-Lax results.* They have come; and they have gone. But more and more people buy Ex-Lax every year.

WHY EX-LAX HAS WON THE TEST OF TIME

Ex-Lax has certain definite qualities. Millions of people know what they are. They know that it is as thorough as any laxative you can take. But they know that it's gentle too. Gentleness means that it won't cause stomach pains . . . won't upset you or leave you feeling weak afterwards. They know that Ex-Lax won't form a habit—that you don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results. They know that Ex-Lax is easy to take—they know that it has its own distinctive chocolate flavor. But there is something beyond all this that people have found out about Ex-Lax that they can't put into words—and neither can we.

THAT "CERTAIN SOMETHING"

The combination of all these Ex-Lax qualities gives Ex-Lax a "certain something"—a certain satisfaction that only the exclusive Ex-Lax process can produce. That "certain something" can't be copied. All you need do is try Ex-Lax once—then *you'll* know what we mean and after that no other laxative will do for you. Ex-Lax comes in 10c and 25c boxes—at any drug store. If you would like to find out how good it is . . . at our expense . . . just mail the coupon below for a free sample.

• • •

COLD WAVE HERE . . . and we mean *colds.* Sneezing, sniffling, coughing, misery-creating colds. Guard against them this way: Get enough sleep, eat sensibly, dress warmly, keep out of drafts, keep your feet dry, and KEEP REGULAR . . . with Ex-Lax, the delicious chocolated laxative.

MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY!
EX-LAX, Inc., P. O. Box 170
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
K35 Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.

Name ....

Address ....

....

When Nature forgets—remember
EX-LAX
THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

(*Continued from page* 53)

and to let them know how he was making out. This was to be expected, because they'll gladly tell you in Mississippi that Theodore, properly agitated, can raise more hell in a pair of second-hand overalls than four preachers in jim-swinger coats and j'inin' pants.

And yet, as he gazed upon his hysterical flock, Mr. Bilbo appeared to be less than wholly happy. Somehow, the campaign over and the battle won, his erstwhile exuberance seemed to have curdled. Deep in his heart he longed to be back in Weevilville, surrounded by a transfixed congregation of open-mouthed idolaters, semaphoring high heaven to bear testimony to his wizardry and scalding his opponent with boiling hyperbole. That would be fun.

To Leave Nothing Undone

Mr. Bilbo's effervescent intelligence probably told him as he departed, a senator, for Washington that he was due to foregather with ninety-five other senators who had promised their peoples brand-new millenniums every afternoon. During his campaign (oh, why do they have to end?) he had dismissed the name and fame of his great neighbor, the Hon. Huey P. Long, with a phooey and a git along little dogie, git along; and he had said that he'd raise more hell than Mr. Long could think of. But now he didn't know. It was observed by those who saw him off that an unwonted soberness, a disquieting calm, had come over Theodore (meaning gift of God) Bilbo, the Poplarville Prophet.

Doubtless he was meditating upon his platform and weighing the labor its fulfillment entailed. And in that we may as well join him and rejoice with his constituents in the happiness that will be theirs—and ours, too.

Mr. Bilbo promises to "fight unceasingly for the restoration of agriculture," and probably means it. In fact, he'd better. Expounding his method, he says he is "for cheaper money for farm mortgage relief and an equitable scaling-down of farm loans." The real problem, says he, without bothering about a solution is "in increasing the purchasing power of the people and distribution of our plenty to the ragged, hungry teeming millions of the earth."

Next, Mr. Bilbo ignited them with a declaration for "direct federal aid to the public school system, appropriations to be made directly to the states and spent under the supervision of state authorities without federal intervention."

"I pledge," cried Mr. Bilbo, surrounded by the American Legion, the Veterans of Foreign Wars, the Spanish War Veterans and so on, "my support of relief for all veterans of all the wars, their widows, orphans and dependents, and especially a hundred per cent support for the immediate payment of the World War Veterans' bonus. As the veterans' friend, I will not weaken or compromise.

"I favor the redistribution of the wealth of this nation by every means, both direct and indirect, that can bring about the necessary and desired ends.

"I favor an Old-Age Pension to be paid to every citizen under the flag who is sixty years old or older and is destitute of means of support. I shall continue to be the uncompromising friend of the laboring man. I advocate shorter working hours with more than a living wage. I favor unemployment insurance. I favor an adequate national defense, making our Army, Navy and Aviation Service the equal of any in the world. In the event of war, I favor the conscription of the wealth of the country along with the conscription of the man-power. And in this connection I shall especially advocate the passage of a law, or if necessary an amendment to the Constitution, making it mandatory on every member of Congress within the age limit and qualified for active service immediately to resign following the declaration of war by Congress, and as soon as his place can be filled by special election enlist for active service in the Army. And it shall be the duty of the commander in charge to place such congressmen in the ranks of the first attacking forces, fully equipped to battle for this great country."

We shan't, of course, recite all of Mr. Bilbo's platform, this not being a serial, but we may say that he "yields to no man in his opposition to the cancellation of debts owing to the United States of America by foreign nations." He promises to leave nothing undone to abolish lobbies and lobbyists, caring not what becomes of them as long as they quit lobbying. He would raise the $5,000 limit of the National Bank Deposits Guarantee law to $50,000 and will fight Carter Glass of Virginia anywhere at any time on that issue. And while he will insist that all of the existing almoner agencies of the federal government continue indefinitely to bestow doles upon Mississippi at no less than the current scale ($127,000,000 having already been granted to Ole Miss in various forms), he promises to die on the Senate floor rather than concede one infinitesimal fraction of an iota of the rights of states to govern themselves without interference from Washington. This, in the event you are confused, means that Mr. Bilbo is strong for state rights—and is in favor of getting paid for it.

We might go on indefinitely, but you perhaps get the idea. With all that on Mr. Bilbo's mind as he departed for Washington, it is not astonishing that he should have been less than bubbling. We have the feeling that before we drop the subject of his platform we ought to make some effort to set down Mr. Bilbo's monetary program. It is quite a struggle for us, Mr. Bilbo turning some financial corners at a speed beyond our talents. However, to be necessarily brief, we sum it up thus. Or, perhaps, we had better quote him.

His Early Life

After pledging "cheaper money for the farm mortgage relief and an equitable scaling-down of farm loans," he clears his throat, braces himself, and lets fly.

"I advocate," says he, "effective federal control, even to the point of ownership, of the twelve Federal Reserve Regional banks upon the principle that banking should be taken out of the government's business and the government taken out of private banking business controlled by private individuals; and that the banks of the nation may be operated through such control in the interests of the people, industry, agriculture, commerce and the subsidiary banks themselves. The people of this great nation must have money if they are going to carry on and if they cannot get it through the banks then the government should take over the job.

"I favor a sound currency," continues Mr. Bilbo, leaving his audience to wriggle out of what he had just told them. "Yes, I favor a sound currency. I also favor a controlled inflation that will do no violence to the party's pledge. I shall use my influence in demanding a square deal for the rural mail carriers of Mississippi and—"

But there, there. We told you we couldn't keep up, that we would be derailed trying to follow Mr. Bilbo's fiscal program. Even Mr. Bilbo was having trouble putting the pieces together when we left him at the railroad station. But he is in Washington now and it is possible that he, like other local medicine men, may have discovered (if he didn't already know it) that Utopia is a pretty coy place.

Anyway, his career is a much better story. It is not unique, of course, he being but a product—a particularly bright product—of the school that has given American politics such fascinating heroes as Pitchfork Ben Tillman, Hoke Smith, Coley Blease, Tom Watson, Arkansas Jeff Davis, Sockless Jerry Simpson, Cotton Tom Heflin, Bloody Bridles Waite and James K. Vardaman of Mississippi, the great hater. He is second to none of them as a rouser and vote reaper. A vote for Bilbo is almost always a Bilbo vote. It is estimated that in his pocket he carries a third of the votes of Mississippi for any office he might aspire to. This gully-hopper, wool-hat, cropper vote began to attach itself to him thirty years ago when, having been graduated from the law school of Vanderbilt University, he nominated himself for circuit court clerk. His campaign style took shape even then, his victory being attributed to his ability to sing Bringing in the Sheaves, Sweet Beulah Land and, for the less joyous vote, The Ninety and Nine, accompanying himself on the melodeon.

Just to keep himself busy he taught school in Pearl River County, his home, and managed so to combine the Prophets with the multiplication tables, reading and writing (utilizing the singsong method), that in no time he was appointed secretary of the County Baptist Association and presented with a preacher's license. There is plenty of testimony in Pearl River County that until Theodore Bilbo began to preach the profession was only something the folks had heard of secondhand. I am informed that Mr. Bilbo "wo' out three or fo' churches befo' he got the ole devil right whah he wanted him." And they'll tell you, too, that since that long-ago day the devil has paid Pearl River County only occasional visits of extremely short duration.

In 1907 he was elected to the state senate, where he was apparently lost in the shuffle for two years. But in 1909 it became the senate's duty to elect a United States senator. The rivals were James K. Vardaman (why doesn't somebody write his biography?) and a scholarly gentleman named Leroy Percy.

For fifty-six days the state senate studied and pondered, open-mouthed and apparently open-handed. Anyway, they kept the door shut, doing whatever it was in secrecy. Mr. Leroy won and Mr. Vardaman, when he managed to become articulate, charged bribery. And he was right. Mr. Bilbo came forward displaying six hundred and forty-five dollars or some such sum, saying it was given him to vote for Mr. Percy.

A Personal Triumph

There was a general shushing from his fellow legislators but Mr. Bilbo declined to be shushed, preferring to go before the grand jury and tell a harrowing tale that had the common people cheering hoarsely. The legislature tried to impeach him, failed by one vote and had to be satisfied with adopting a resolution wherein Mr. Bilbo was characterized as "unfit to sit with honest, upright men in a respectable legislative body."

That was their mistake. Mr. Bilbo, the burning indictment in hand, decided to become Mississippi's lieutenant governor. Taking as his text "He Who Is Unfit to Sit with Honest, Upright Men in a Respectable Legislative Body," he virtually laughed himself to victory. His first act as lieutenant governor was to have that resolution expunged from the records, saying he wanted to make room for more jokes.

Again, while lieutenant governor, Mr. Bilbo was accused of being party to bribery, this time by the governor, who cited a bit of country legislation as the premises. In District Court in Vicksburg Mr. Bilbo was acquitted, turning the whole affair into a personal triumph and emerging with a statement that he would rest a bit while deciding what to run for next.

Thereafter for a couple of years he made three or four false starts, scaring the opposition pretty badly but that's about all. And in 1916 he stopped fooling around and had himself elected governor. What with the war and similar competition, Mr. Bilbo wasn't very visible for the ensuing four years, but he did manage to elect his own successor, the laws of Mississippi forbidding even a Bilbo immediately to reoccupy the governorship. But Governor Russell managed to keep boredom off.

He Won't Forget "Ole Miss"

A lady employed in the state house accused Governor Russell of seducing her. Just what did happen we are in no position to say. Anyway, it's a delicate matter and not one we would care to become involved in. The lady's lawyers wanted Mr. Bilbo to take the witness stand, but Mr. Bilbo, like ourselves, was firmly of the opinion it was none of his business. He not only declined the invitation but went into hiding for a term, emerging only when the court condemned him to fifteen days in jail for contempt.

This was ample proof to Mr. Bilbo that the state needed a firm hand on the control. So, turning his cell into an office and calling in a few friendly patriots —not for advice, mind you, but to practice a few brand-new vote-wheedlers on, he concluded he would sacrifice himself once more for the good of the common people.

As I've said, he emerged from that cell on the dead run—running for governor. For all the humiliations that had been heaped upon him, accusations of bribery and even jail, the electorate apologized by electing him with acclamation.

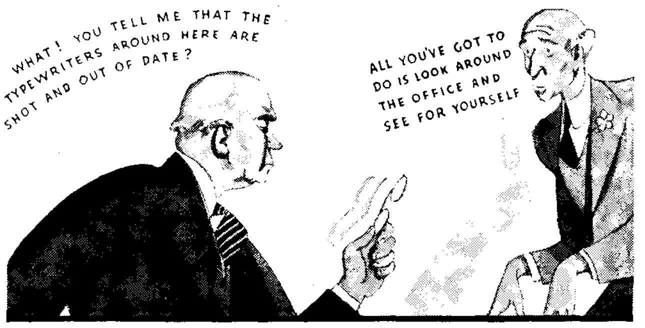
And he had a perfectly grand time. He spent everything Mississippi had and piled liens upon everything the state treasury was going to have. None of the financial medicine he would now doctor Uncle Sam with was his then. His fiscal policy was of that beautiful simplicity so dear to us in childhood—better get rid of money while you have it lest it be kicked around and lost. It was a policy warranted to make large numbers of voters love him. It has taken his successor, Governor Mike Conner, four years to drag the state out of the bankruptcy Mr. Bilbo left it in, but only a relative few love Mr. Conner for that.

But now Mr. Bilbo has moved on to a higher plane. He may surprise you by becoming a great national hero, as great, maybe, as Huey Long, that huge-hearted, self-sacrificing champion of the downtrodden. But you may be surer that, come what may, Mr. Bilbo will not become so nationalized that he will forget Ole Miss, his indulgent and ever-loving mistress. He knows her as only a lover can. He has her down in words and numerals.

"Mr. Bilbo," said a high-minded gentleman from England—a gentleman who was making a dignified and circumspect study of our splendid American political institutions, "Mr. Bilbo, what is the population of Mississippi?"

"Votin' or eatin'?" inquired Mr. Bilbo.

P.S.—and then the BIG BOSS mailed the coupon


WHAT! YOU TELL ME THAT THE TYPEWRITERS AROUND HERE ARE SHOT AND OUT OF DATE?
ALL YOU'VE GOT TO DO IS LOOK AROUND THE OFFICE AND SEE FOR YOURSELF

HE SAYS HE WANTS THESE LETTERS BY FIVE -- FAT CHANCE!
SAY, WHAT'S HE EXPECT WITH THESE OLD RATTLE-TRAP MACHINES!

YOU'D THINK WE'D HAVE SOME NEW ONES THAT COULD GET WORK OUT ON TIME AND WITHOUT A HEADACHE
YES, LIKE THE NEW REMINGTON NOISELESS THEY HAVE NEXT DOOR

LET US PUT A NEW REMINGTON IN YOUR OFFICE ON FREE TRIAL!

YOU WILL BE amazed at the smooth, silent efficiency of this modern typewriter. Tests by a prominent university show that workers burn up 25% more energy in a noisy office; 19% more mistakes are made than in quiet surroundings. The new Noiseless Remington reduces office noise to a minimum . . . letters are neater, better in appearance . . . work is speeded up by its light, easy action. 23 important mechanical improvements make this machine a "standout". And when you decide to buy, payments amounting to only a few cents a day put it to work for you. Clip the attached coupon today and actually test a new Remington Noiseless in your own office. No charge for this test. Not the slightest obligation. We are only too glad to leave the decision up to you and to your secretary! Just mail the coupon—we do the rest!

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Please place at my disposal____ of the new Remington Noiseless Typewriters on your special free trial offer. I understand this does not obligate me in any way.
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IT CLEARED UP MY SKIN IN *NO* TIME!

Improved Pasteurized Yeast Safely Corrects Skin Troubles, Constipation, Indigestion, "Nerves"

Cannot Cause Fermentation in the Body!

WHY put up with a blotchy, pimply, unattractive skin when this simple treatment will do so much for you?

Your distressing skin condition, like so many cases of indigestion and "jumpy" nerves, has probably been brought on by a sluggish system. Your trouble is internal and needs internal treatment.

Science now knows that very often the real cause of slow, imperfect elimination of body wastes is insufficient vitamin B complex. The stomach and intestines, deprived of this essential element, no longer do their work properly. Your digestion slows up. Poisons accumulate in your system.

Yeast Foam Tablets supply the vitamin B which is necessary to correct this condition. These tablets are pure *pasteurized* yeast—and yeast is the richest known food source of the vitamin B complex. This improved yeast quickly strengthens your internal muscles and gives them tone. It stimulates your whole digestive and eliminative system to normal, healthy function.

With the true cause of your trouble corrected, pimples and blotches soon disappear. Indigestion stops. Headaches go. Pep returns. You *look* better and *feel* better!

Don't confuse Yeast Foam Tablets with ordinary yeast. *These tablets cannot cause fermentation in the body.* Pasteurization makes Yeast Foam Tablets utterly safe for everyone to eat. This yeast is used by various laboratories of the United States Government and by leading American universities in their vitamin research.

Any druggist will supply you with Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today. Then watch the steady improvement in your skin and complexion!

YEAST FOAM TABLETS
YEAST

YEAST FOAM TABLETS

Double Rebound

Continued from page 15

sober a boy as you'll find nowadays."

"You said he was on a binge last night."

"I said he was with some friends who were on a binge and started a riot. He wasn't drunk. He may have had two or three drinks, and why shouldn't a man have two or three drinks when he's just been jilted? But if the papers say he was drunk I'll advise him to sue for libel."

"I'm sorry," Phyllis said. "You've convinced me he's a Galahad. It sounds dull. But I can stand it."

"WHILE you're about it," Pete said, "I wish you'd show him how to hang out deer cake so it will do the most good."

"I doubt if it's necessary to feed the deer this year. Those I've seen were in fine condition. The snow hasn't been too deep for them this year."

"I like those around our place to be fed."

"So when the neighbors want deer meat they know where to go."

"I'll tell Dick to investigate if he hears any shots. But I don't mind if a man who actually needs the meat kills a deer once in a winter. I just won't have promiscuous shooting."

Pete took her back to the store and got her skis and drove her home after that. She got lunch for her father and herself. Her father was an eccentric and amusing man of sixty-five whose passion for the land had made him ineffective. He had never really done anything except live the life of a country gentleman and scholar on a small and vanishing income. He went trout fishing in the spring instead of plowing his fields, and hunted partridge in the fall instead of getting in the winter wood, and spent more time in his library at all seasons than any farmer should.

He had broken both ankles several months earlier and been on crutches ever since he had got out of bed. Phyllis had got a leave of absence from her job in New York and cooked his meals and chopped wood and milked the cow. Phyllis was impatient of him, and loved him for his capacity to see himself as comic, and felt grateful to him for giving her a background she valued.

She told him about Dick Renshaw at lunch. He said football players were out of his line. He wouldn't know what to say to one. He would prefer to have supper alone in the library when she kept her promise to have the young man in to dinner.

PHYLLIS realized, with some amusement at herself, that she took an extra and uncalled-for amount of time in dressing for her usual run down to Pride's Fall the next day. She was, she found, curious about Dick Renshaw and very curious indeed about Gloria Cherington. She had been in love with Schuyler Van Blarcom, however briefly. She wanted to know what the girl who had supplanted her was really like and she was never likely to meet anyone except Dick Renshaw who knew any more *about her than* was *printed in the news*papers.

The snow was still good. It was the first day of March but there was no faintest sign of spring. She ran, with increasing speed, down the half-mile slope to the sharp curve just above the Stallings place. She was going so fast when she hit the turn that she needed her skill to make it neatly. And then she saw the Stallings team, hitched to a pung, coming out of the drive into the road. She bent low. She missed the end of the pole by inches as the man on the pung reined his horses back.

The road widened there. Phyllis made a perfect Telemark turn and stood waiting, her ski pole planted, for the man to drive down. Mr. Renshaw was standing on the pung like any native. But he looked neither to the right nor to the left. For a moment she thought he was going right on by without giving her a chance to speak. But he didn't. He pulled up.

"Good morning, Mr. Renshaw," she said. "I'm Phyllis Adams."

"Good morning, Miss Adams," he said politely—too politely.

Phyllis gave him her nicest smile and wished she hadn't. He didn't smile back.

"I know Pete Stallings," she said. "He told me about you."

"He shouldn't have," Mr. Renshaw said.

He had blue eyes, deeply set, and much too cold.

"You're perfectly safe with me," she said.

"I'm sure of it," he said.

The man might almost as well have told her to run along.

Phyllis turned to go. "Goodby," she said over her shoulder. It was painfully slow getting up speed again until she came to the next steep slope. But that led all the way down to the village. She flew down it, faster and faster and faster until she swung into the village street and up to the post office. She got her feet out of the ski harness, ran in and got the mail, and looked about for the rural carrier. He grinned at her and tossed her the line by which she pulled herself along behind his car. She got her skis on quickly and was away before the pung appeared in sight.

THE man was simply *gauche*, crude, awkward, thick. He didn't know how to take her. He should have known when she told him Pete Stallings had told her about him that she was a friend to be trusted. And he hadn't. She'd had to tell him his secret was safe with her. And with cold irony he had said, "I'm sure of it." It was almost a sneer. It was almost as if he had said, "You bet I'm safe with you—foolish as you are you won't dare be such a fool as to violate Pete Stallings' confidence."

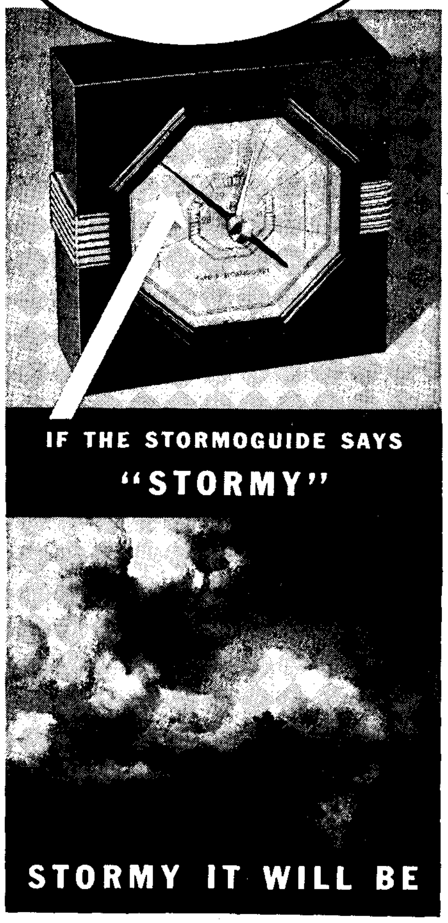
She felt better after she'd read the story in the morning paper. She knew how mad he would be when he read that story. The reporter who had written it had obviously had a good time doing it.

"They had a fine riot in Park Avenue last night," he wrote. "It wouldn't have been a big riot for Union Square. But it was generally voted the best riot ever staged in Park Avenue. Before it was over there were forty policemen and seven radio cars and a couple of machine guns on the job. The number of spectators was estimated at a scant two thousand.

"It all seems to have started with some kind of convivial meeting in the Park-Gloria of friends of Dick Renshaw, who was engaged to Gloria Cherington until she married Schuyler Van Blarcom at Elkton, Maryland, day before yesterday. Among those present was that former All-America end, Gunnar Gunnarson, and the famous Minnewaska center, Frank O'Byrne.

"Pete Stallings used to say that Dick Renshaw could run a team on the field and throw forward passes better than any other quarterback who ever lived. It is not known whether Mr. Renshaw was calling signals in the lobby of the Park-Gloria last night, or who threw the magnum of champagne they were

Don't let MARCH fool you



A clear evening may not follow a perfect morning. If the Taylor Stormoguide forecasts stormy weather, depend on it that bad weather is on the way. The Stormoguide tells you what's going to happen hours ahead of time. Above, you see the Fairfax model. A beauty, finished in black and chromium. Easy to read and use. Altitude adjustment up to 3,500 feet. Sells for only $10. Other models from $5 to $59. See it at your Taylor dealer's. If he cannot get it, write direct to our Rochester office. Taylor Instrument Companies, Rochester, N. Y., or Toronto, Canada.

FOR INDOOR COMFORT *and health, use this accurate Taylor Wall Thermometer. Smartly designed in two tones of blue, brown or red. $2.00 each. Other models to fit any room. Range of prices.*

A thermometer in every room is the modern way to protect family health. For accuracy, rely on Taylor thermometers. Look for the name when you buy.

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IN INDUSTRY, other types for indicating, recording, and controlling temperature, pressure and humidity.

using as a substitute for a football. But there seems to be no doubt that a magnum of champagne was thrown harder and farther than one was ever thrown before. Gunnar Gunnarson intercepted many a forward pass on the football field. But he never touched this one.

"It curved high aloft and carried away the better part of one of the largest crystal chandeliers in New York. After that it dropped right through the top of the Park-Gloria's biggest grand piano.

"It was about this time that some nervous person sent in a riot call and the radio cars began to concentrate on the Park-Gloria."

THE story went on and on in that vein. Phyllis chuckled when she read it and pictured Dick Renshaw reading it. The reporter had taken pains to enter a specific denial of everything he intimated except for such facts as that a magnum of champagne had been thrown, to the great damage of a chandelier and a grand piano. Renshaw would be furious and he couldn't do a thing about it.

Phyllis shot by the Stallings place the next noontime and the next without a pause or a glance. But when she got to the post office the second day she found a night letter from Pete Stallings that had been mailed up from the nearest telegraph station. She read:

DEAR PHYLLIS STOP YOU HAVE NOT KEPT YOUR PROMISE STOP THE BOY IS GETTING RESTLESS STOP HE WANTS TO GO DOWN TO NEW YORK RIGHT AWAY HE THINKS THERE IS NO REASON WHY HE SHOULD NOT GET TO WORK STOP NO SOAP STOP FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE DO YOUR STUFF STOP YOU KNOW HOW STOP COME ACROSS
PETE

Phyllis put on her skis that afternoon and ran down to the Stallings place. There was no one in sight. She went round to the kitchen door and knocked. Mr. Renshaw opened the door.

"Hello," Phyllis said.

"How do you do," Mr. Renshaw said. "Won't you come in?" His tone made it clear that his invitation was purely formal. He didn't want her to come in.

He was obviously engaged in getting ready a pot of beans.

"You're going to bake beans," Phyllis said.

"Yes," he said.

Every time the man spoke he finished for all time with the subject she had started. But he hadn't boiled those beans. He was actually going to put them in the oven without any previous cooking. They'd be an awful mess.

"Do you know how to bake beans?"

"I've been told," he said.

Phyllis looked at him. If he felt that way about it he could eat those beans.

"I came to ask you if you would come to dinner," Phyllis said.

"That's awfully kind of you," he said. "But I feel I'm needed here."

She tried to smile sweetly. She tried to think of something cutting to say that wouldn't sound as if it had been thought for the purpose of being cutting. But she couldn't.

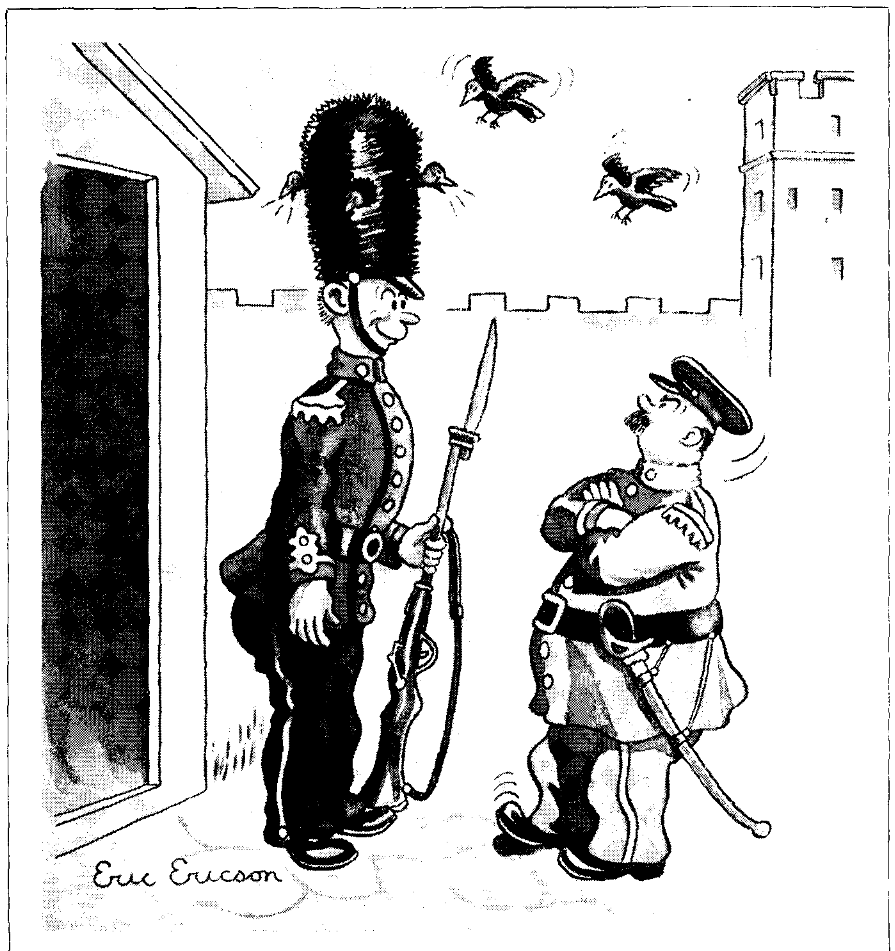
"I'm terribly sorry to have intruded," she said. "I beg your pardon."

Phyllis worked her way back uphill to her house, swearing, now that she had kept her promise to Pete Stallings and asked the man to dinner, she would put him in his place. She would fix him. It took her all evening to think of a way to make him unhappy and then she thought of it only as a result of a remark her father made. Her father said they hadn't had any venison all winter and he could think of nothing he would like better than a deer's liver unless it was a piece of the saddle that had been hung for two or three weeks.

"I'll see what I can do," Phyllis said.

She never had shot a deer. She never had shot anything. Her father had been at some pains to teach her how to shoot his shotgun and a beautifully preserved old rifle he had used all his life for deer hunting. She knew she could shoot a deer if she could find one standing still, and the ideal place to find one was in the woodlot a hundred yards from the Stallings house, where Pete

(*Continued on page 58*)



"It seems my wife is a bird lover, sir, so she cut the holes, sir!"

ERIC ERICSON

If every child in this Schoolroom uses Pepsodent Antiseptic

(as used in recent tests)

..There should be 50% fewer Colds!

Interesting tests with 500 people point out more effective method of "cold prevention." Comparison of results with use of Pepsodent Antiseptic and other leading mouth antiseptics. How Pepsodent gives you three times as much for your money.

LET us assume that everyone in this schoolroom should use Pepsodent Antiseptic regularly. Then, if what happened in a recent scientific "cold" study happens again . . . as it reasonably should do . . . these children will have 50% fewer colds!

We present this forceful possibility to encourage you to see for yourself how Pepsodent can help you prevent colds this winter.

The test we refer to included 500 people, over a period of five months. These 500 people were divided into several groups. Some gargled with plain salt and water—others with leading mouth antiseptics—one group used Pepsodent Antiseptic exclusively. Here is what happened as shown by official scientific records.

The group who used Pepsodent Antiseptic had 50% fewer colds than those who used other leading mouth antiseptics or those who used plain salt and water.

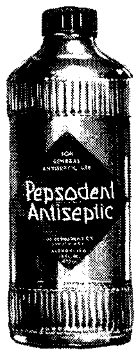
The group who used Pepsodent Antiseptic, and did catch cold, were able to rid themselves of their colds in half the time of those who used other methods.

Thus we believe that you will agree with our predictions for any average group. Naturally we cannot anticipate just how many children in this crowded schoolroom would ordinarily catch cold. Nor can we foretell how many would catch cold if they didn't use Pepsodent Antiseptic. We do say that the facts proved in this scientific test with 500 people apply to some extent to any other group.

Pepsodent can be diluted

Remember, Pepsodent Antiseptic is three times as powerful in killing germs as other leading mouth antiseptics. You can mix Pepsodent Antiseptic with two parts of water and it still kills germs in less than ten seconds. Therefore, Pepsodent gives you three times as much for your money. It goes three times as far and it still gives you the protection of a safe antiseptic.

Get Pepsodent Antiseptic and see for yourself just how effective it is in helping you prevent colds this winter.



PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC

MALLORY HATS

"TROUT-FLY MIXTURES"
by Mallory, illustrated above—a speckled effect in pastels. Alive with the spirit of spring. Ask your dealer.

$4-$5-$7

Only MALLORY HATS are "Cravenette" Moisture-Proof

"THE AVENUE"
by Mallory, illustrated below—this has the fashionably correct incurving crown. A youthfully smart hat. Ask your dealer.

MALLORY "NOKABOUT"
is pleasingly light and very soft . . . It's for sport, travel, vacation, knockabout and to wear to business—$4.

Also Mallory Felts For Women

MALLORY
HAT COMPANY
NEW YORK OFFICE
392 FIFTH AVENUE

(Continued from page 57)

Stallings' hired man put out the deer cake advocated by the people anxious to preserve deer.

She got the rifle out the next afternoon and found cartridges. She put the rifle and an axe and a coil of light line on the toboggan and started out. She parked the toboggan beside the path and put on her skis. She really didn't need the skis. But they were almost noiseless, and they would leave a trail Mr. Renshaw would recognize.

She moved ever so slowly and cautiously toward the place near the pine trees where the deer cake was hung. She pushed ahead two feet and waited and watched and studied the landscape for a movement and pushed ahead another two feet. She was within thirty yards of the tree where the deer cake hung when she caught a flash of something. She stood motionless. She saw a two-year-old buck glance sidewise at her. He watched her for a moment with a bright eye, seemed satisfied, and began again to nibble at the cake that hung just within his reach.

PHYLLIS slowly shifted the rifle. When the young buck looked her way she remained motionless. She raised the big hammer of the Sharps. The young buck heard the click and started and half turned and listened. Then he turned back to the cake. Phyllis raised the rifle. The front sight was in the notch. The front sight swung on the young buck's neck. Her father had said the neck shot was the best. Phyllis wanted to cry. But she had to do it. She pressed the trigger. The rifle boomed like a cannon and for a moment she could see nothing in the cloud of black powder smoke. The young buck was lying on the ground. He gave one slight convulsive twitch.

Phyllis ran forward. He was dead. She heard a door slam in the distance. She tossed the tears from her eyes. She waited until she saw Mr. Renshaw running toward her and then she fled. She stopped behind a big sugar maple and peeked. He studied the deer and the ski tracks. Then he turned around and went back toward the house.

Phyllis waited. It was cold and getting colder. It was getting dark. But the man would certainly come back. He couldn't be such a sap as not to guess that she had shot the deer. He couldn't be such a sap as not to guess that she would come back after it. But listen as she would she could hear nothing. She went back and got the toboggan and drew it alongside the deer. If the man didn't have sense enough to come back there was nothing she could do about it. That was the trouble with morons—you never could guess what they would do.

She got out of her ski harness and lashed her skis to the toboggan and tried to roll the buck aboard. And then a bright light shone in her eyes.

Phyllis almost screamed. She couldn't see anything for the moment except the bright light. But he wasn't a sap.

"Who's there?" she asked.

"I am," Renshaw said.

"Oh," she said, "I'm so glad. You can help me get this deer on the toboggan."

"You are under arrest," he said. "This is private property and you knew very well that you were trespassing. You're going with me to see the sheriff."

Phyllis picked up the rifle. "If you come one step nearer," she said, "I'll shoot you."

"You don't dare," he said.

"I'm not going with you," Phyllis said. "And you can't make me. You don't dare get rough with me any more than I dare shoot you."

He didn't answer that. She knew she had him just the way she'd planned she would. He was too much of a gentleman to have any chance with a girl.

"When you called my bluff," she said, "I admitted it."

"Very well," he said. "I admit that if you choose to kick and scratch and scream I shan't try to make you come with me. I'll take the deer as evidence instead. The sheriff can see you tomorrow just as well."

Phyllis sat down on the deer. "Not without a fight, you aren't," she said.

"I can stay here as long as you can," he said.

Phyllis took off one glove and found a cigarette and lit it. He propped his flashlight on a fallen tree trunk and took the axe from her toboggan and began to cut dead limbs. The flashlight fell off the log several times. But he got a fire going. Phyllis pulled her toboggan close up beside the fire and sat on the end of it and warmed her hands. Mr. Renshaw sat on the end of the log.

"We don't seem to be getting anywhere—do we?" Phyllis said.

"No," he said. "You aren't stupid enough to shoot me and I haven't the peculiar kind of courage necessary to sling you over my shoulder and carry you down to the sheriff."

Phyllis leaned her elbow on her knee and her chin in her hand. She finished her cigarette. She was warm, now, and the dark around the fire was thrilling. The dark hemmed them in. The dark made anything seem possible.

"Why," she said, "why are you so vindictive?"

"I'm not," he said.

Phyllis thought she must look rather nice in the firelight with the darkness for a background. The firelight on his face was marvelous. It must work both ways.

"Yes, you are," she said. "I tried to be friendly and you wouldn't have it. And now your only regret is that you haven't the guts to be meaner to me than you are. Why have you got it in for me?"

"I can think of at least three reasons," he said.

"You might as well tell me the last one first," Phyllis said.

"I didn't say I was going to tell you any of the reasons."

"No," Phyllis said, "but wouldn't you like to?"

"Yes," he said. "I would. The first reason is that you're rich and frivolous."

"I suppose I am frivolous," Phyllis said. "But what makes you think I'm rich?"

"I can tell by your clothes," he said. "That ski costume you're wearing is too good."

PHYLLIS would have liked to tell him she had designed that costume herself but she felt this was not the moment.

"Furthermore," he said, "you have the peculiar insolence, the arrogance, that people without money never have."

He paused and lit a cigarette.

"The second reason I have it in for you is that Pete Stallings asked you to be nice to me—didn't he?"

"Yes," Phyllis said, "he did. But I don't see why that should make you sore."

"It's patronizing. I don't want you to be nice to me because somebody asks you to be nice to me. I can get by whether you're nice to me or not."

"I can see that. I'd probably resent it if I thought some man had been asked to be nice to me."

"The third reason I've got it in for you," he said, "is that I liked you on sight. I had the feeling that first time I saw you come down the hill on skis that there was the girl I'd been looking for. And when you almost ran into my team when I was coming out the drive and made that beautiful swing and stood there waiting to speak to me it was worse."

HOLES IN WALLS?

RUTLAND PATCHING PLASTER

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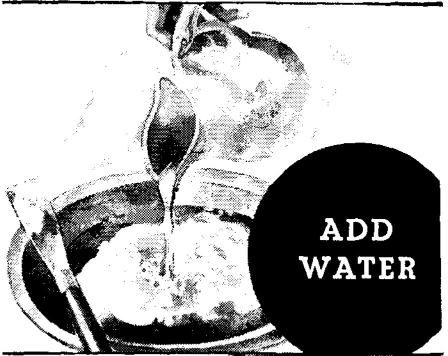

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"I don't see why that made you so mad."

"Don't you honestly see it?"

"Oh," she said, "if you want me to tell the truth, why, of course, I see it. You fell for Gloria Cherington and it got you into a lot of trouble, and of course you don't want to get into any more trouble right away. Men are like that."

"Are they!" he said. "What I want to know is why you kept on pursuing me when I made it so plain that I didn't want you to?"

"Do I have to tell the truth?"

"Suit yourself."

"Then I will," Phyllis said. "The first reason was that Pete Stallings asked me to and I promised him I would."

"That's no reason."

"No," Phyllis said, "but you gave three reasons, so I get three reasons. The second reason is that I was so curious. I wanted to know what sort of girl Gloria Cherington really is and then I wanted to know how you really felt when she jilted you."

"Gloria Cherington is an extremely pretty girl. On the whole I think she is prettier than you are."

"You can skip that part," Phyllis said. "How did you feel when you read that she had run away with Van Blarcom?"

"How would you expect anyone to feel when he woke up in the morning and read in the paper that the girl he was going to marry had eloped with somebody else?"

"It all depends. What I want to know is were you stricken to the heart or did you have a feeling of relief so strong that you had to pretend you were stricken?"

"How did you know that?" he demanded.

"Because," Phyllis said, "it happened to me. I was engaged to Schuyler Van Blarcom. I was in love with him. But when he wrote me that he was in love with somebody else I thought, 'How fortunate.'"

"You weren't in love with him at all. You wanted to be but you weren't. You were taken with the idea of being in love with a man who had forty million dollars and an eight-goal handicap at polo and could have almost any woman he wanted and chose you."

"How did you know that?"

"Because it happened to me. I never let myself realize that I couldn't talk to the girl until she was safely married to somebody else. She was pretty and sweet and kind, but she was without one trace of a bean."

"I know," Phyllis said. "I know just how it is."

They sat there while the fire died away in the snow and the dark came circling in. They sat there and Phyllis knew it was going to happen. It had to happen.

"Are you hungry?" she asked.

"Yes," he said.

"How were those beans you told me you knew how to cook?"

"Terrible."

"I've got a pot of beans in the oven at home that are very good," Phyllis said. "They're yellow-eye beans and yellow-eye beans are always the best for baking. I boiled them with onions until the onions sort of disappeared. And then I put a large hunk of bacon on top and one clove of garlic and poured honey over them and let them bake for hours and hours."

HE STOOD up and kicked the last embers of the fire apart. They were in the black dark.

"You can go ahead with my flashlight," he said, "and I'll pull the deer on the toboggan."

He was so matter-of-fact that Phyllis had a moment of panic. But only a moment.

She could feel the strong surge of his feeling in the dark.

"I think I've waited long enough to kiss you," he said. He put his arm around her. He kissed her. She kissed him back.

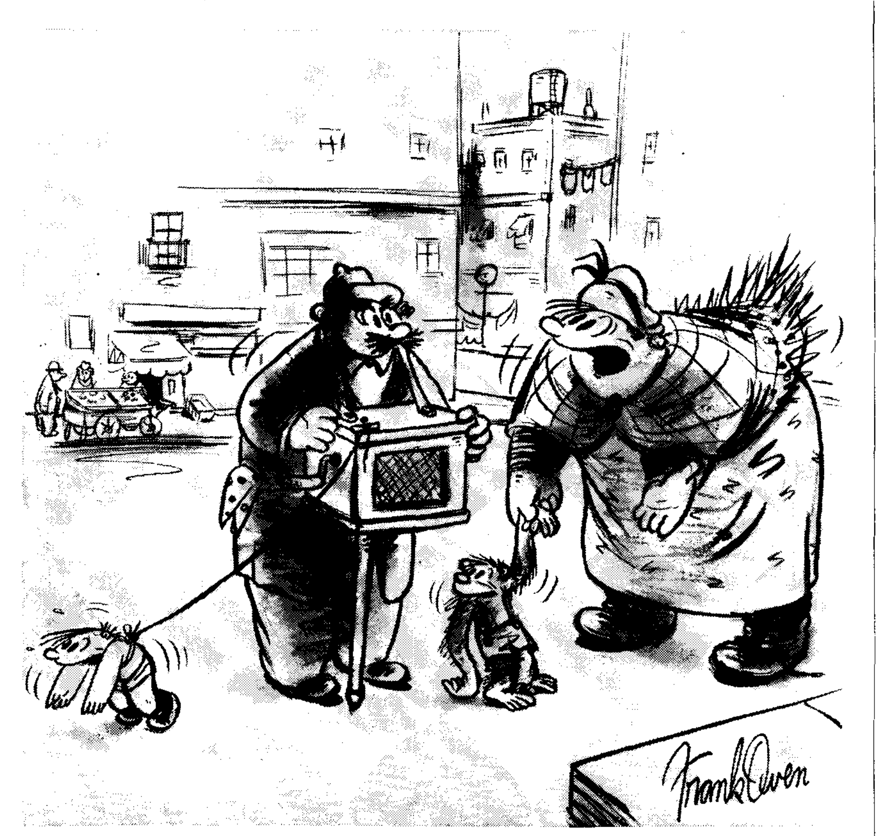
"Think," she said, "think how relieved you'll be when I elope with somebody else."

"No," he said, "you aren't a moron. I can talk to you."

"I don't know how I'll ever explain myself to Pete Stallings," Phyllis said.

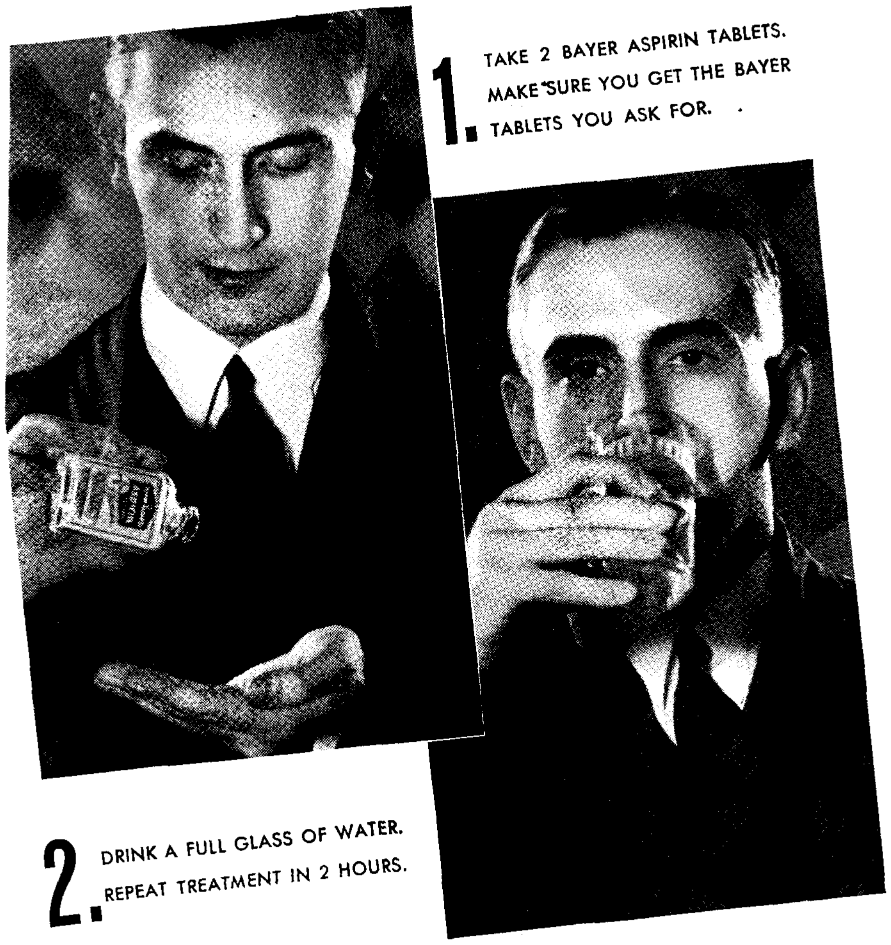
He kissed her again. Phyllis knew that she had never been kissed before—not really.

"I know what I'll do," she said. "I'll send him a telegram asking him why he didn't tell me you were nice."



"Of course I'm sure! I thought all the way home there had been some kind of a mix-up!"

FRANK OWEN



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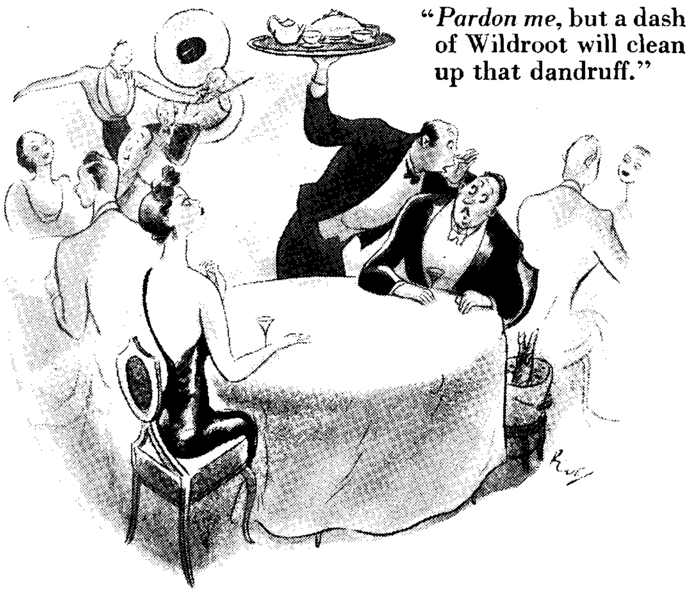
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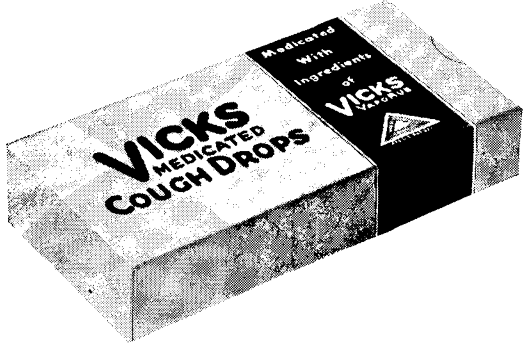
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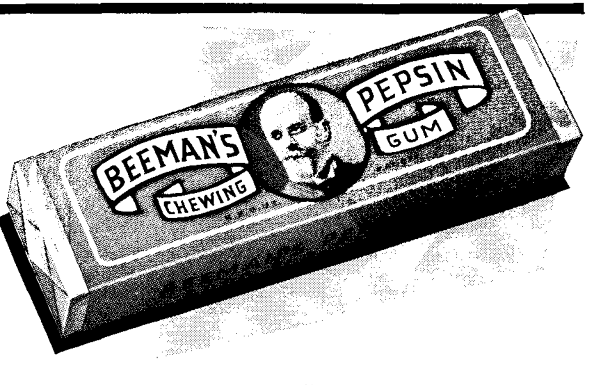

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. . . AIDS DIGESTION

The Smoky Years

Continued from page 21

eternity held them motionless forever.

Bill Roper, moving up and forward, exploded into action smoothly, like a cat. It was the length of the room between them that saved Jim Leathers then.

Leathers twisted, lightning fast. Marquita's gun blazed into the floor as her wrist swept down in the grip of Leathers' left hand; and Bill Roper checked a yard from the table as Leathers' gun flashed into sight, becoming instantly steady. Marquita sagged away from Leathers and her gun clattered upon the puncheons; but although Leathers' whole attention was concentrated upon Roper, Marquita's wrist remained locked in his grasp.

The gun fighter's voice was more hard and cold than the steel of his gun; it was as hard and cold as his eyes.

"Get back there where you was."

Bill Roper shrugged and moved back.

Leathers flung Marquita away from him and with his left hand picked up her gun as the door of the store-room was torn open and Red Kane bulged in.

"What the hell—"

"This gal come behind me and stuck a gun in my neck," Leathers told him.

"The devil! You hurt?"

"Hell, no! I took it away from her."

GENTLY, tentatively, his long fingers ran over his wounded leg. That bullet wound in his thigh must have tortured him unspeakably through the two days in the saddle; and it must have been jerking at his nerves now with red-hot hooks, roused by the swift action that had preserved his command.

His face had turned gray, so that the black circles under his eyes made them seem to burn from death's-head hollows, and his face, which had changed so little in this moment of action, was relaxed into an ugly contortion. Slowly the gray color was turning to the purple of a dark and terrible anger.

"By God," said Red Kane, "I told you we should have hung him!"

"You told me right," Jim Leathers said. The burn of his eyes never for a moment left Bill Roper's face. "You was right and I was wrong. I should have hung him at the start."

A pleasurable hope came into Red Kane's face.

"Well—it ain't too late!"

"No, it ain't too late. Tie his hands."

Joyfully Red Kane caught up a reata. "What you going to do? You going to—"

"I want to know if he whistles when the wind blows through him. I aim to hang him high enough so's I can find out." Then, to Marquita, who had tried to slide out the dark door: "You get back here! I'd shoot you just as quick as him."

Keeping Roper between himself and Leathers, so that his partner's gun bore steadily upon Roper's belt buckle, Kane lashed Roper's hands behind him. The frost-stiff rope bit deep.

"Tie up this gal, too," Leathers ordered when Kane had finished. "I want her to see this show."

Marquita said, "I'm sorry, Bill." Her voice was broken by hard, jerking sobs, and tears were running down her face; yet somehow her words sounded dull and dead. "I did the best I could."

"You did fine," Roper said. "That was a game try."

"Move him out," said Leathers, holstering his gun.

Hobbling on his stiff leg, Leathers moved to the outer door, flung it open; coatless, he stepped out into the bitter sweep of the wind. Then abruptly he stopped and signaled Red Kane back with one hand.

"Red, get back! Get out of line!"

With the quick instinct of a man who has always been in trouble, Red Kane jumped back into the room, carrying Bill Roper with him. They all could hear now the sound of running horses.

Jim Leathers, in spite of his warning to Kane, made no effort to move out of the light. Standing squarely in the door, he drew his gun. A bullet splintered into the casing beside him as the report of a carbine sounded from somewhere beyond. Jim Leathers fired twice; then stepped inside, closed and barred the heavy door.

For a moment the eyes of Kane and Leathers questioned each other.

"Dry Camp Pierce," Kane said.

"Naturally."

"If it don't beat hell that they should land in at just this minute—"

"That's no accident, you fool. Their Indian-fighting way of doing business is they lay out on the hill, and slam down just before daylight. By God, they must have been watching this dump all night!"

Red Kane said stupidly, "This ain't daylight, this ain't—"

"They heard the shot when she tried to gun me, I guess." Leathers was very cool and quiet now. Deliberately he pulled on his sheepskin. "Get out the back, untie the ponies and get your man aboard."

"Jim, seems like we stand a better chance here, way we are, than running in the open, what with—"

"They'll burn us out if we try to hold. Get going, you!"

Dragging Roper after him, Kane plunged into the dark of the back room. He swore as he rummaged for his rifle, his sheepskin.

Leathers neither swore nor hurried. Moving deliberately, he blew out one lamp, hobbled across the room to the other. Then all hell broke loose at once.

The single frosted pane of the ten-inch window at the end of the room smashed out with a brittle ring of falling glass. In the black aperture appeared the face of a boy, pale and wild-eyed, so young-looking that he might almost have been called a child. The heavy .44 with which he had smashed the window thrust through the broken pane; it blazed out heavily, twice.

JIM LEATHERS, staggering backwards as if he had been hit with a long ram, fired once, from the level of his belt. The face vanished, but for a moment after it was gone the hand that held the gun dangled limp within the room. Then the gun thudded on the floor, and the lifeless hand disappeared.

Jim Leathers reached for the wall, steadied himself for a moment; then abruptly he dropped to his knees, to all fours. He began to cough.

As Leathers went down, a broken roar of guns broke out in the store-room. Leathers groped for his gun, tried to rise, but could not.

Roper, who had been dragged into the dark store-room by Red Kane, felt the swift sting of the wind as the back door was smashed open, and was able to tear free as the guns began. He stumbled over piled sacks and flattened himself against the wall. The blind blasting in the dark of the back room lasted long enough for three guns to empty themselves. Their smashing voices fell silent with an odd suddenness, as suddenly as they had opened.

In the dark a voice said, "In God's name let's have a light!"

After what seemed a long time a match flared uncertainly, and Roper's quick glance estimated the changed situation. In the back room now two men were down—Red Kane, and another whom Roper immediately recognized as an old King-Gordon cowboy called Old Joe.

The dim flicker of the match was augmented to a steady glow as a lantern was found and lighted. Roper did not recognize the other man in the room—the cowboy who had lighted the lantern with one hand, his smoking six-gun still ready in the other.

The stranger stooped over Old Joe. "You hurt bad?"

"It's only my laig, my laig."

The other stepped over the inert body of Kane to the door, and surveyed the silent kitchen.

"Jim Leathers, by God! Somebody got Jim Leathers, and got him hard!"

He stepped back into the rear room. "You're Bill Roper, aren't you? Where's the others?"

"There aren't any others. They all went out on Dry Camp's trail, after his raid day before yesterday."

"No others here? You sure?"

"Kane and Leathers are the only ones here."

Old Joe, both hands clasped on his smashed leg, spoke between set teeth: "Where's Jody? For God's sake find Jody!"

The King-Gordon cowboy whom Roper did not know went out, his spurs ringing with his long strides.

"Jody isn't here," Roper told Old Joe disgustedly. "She got loose two days ago."

"The hell she isn't here! She come here with us!"

"With you? But you're from Gordon's Red Butte camp, aren't you? I thought Jody went to Miles City with Shoshone Wilce."

"She never went to Miles. She knew Leathers was bringing you here, from what she'd heard him say. She come to us because we was the K-G camp nearest here, and she wouldn't hear of nothing but we come and try to crack you loose. Shoshone Wilce—he's daid."

Bill Roper was dazed. "I thought—I thought—"

The other cowboy now came tramping back into the cabin, an awkward burden in his arms; and this time Jody Gordon herself followed close upon his heels. Her face was set, and the sharp flush across her cheek bones did not conceal her fatigue.

Bill Roper started to say, "Jody, how on earth—"

Jody did not seem to see him; she appeared to be thinking only of the slim youngster whom the cowboy carried. The cowboy laid the limp figure on the floor of the kitchen, ripped off his own neckerchief and spread it over the youngster's face.

Jody Gordon methodically shut the door. Then she dropped to the floor beside the fallen youngster, lifted his head into her lap, and gave way to a violent sobbing.

Roper and the King-Gordon cowboy stood uncertainly for a moment. Then the cowboy picked up Leathers where he lay struggling for breath, carried him into the back room and put him down on a bunk. For a moment he hesitated; then closed the door between the two rooms, leaving Jody alone.

"Seems like the kid got Jim Leathers; but Jim Leathers got the kid."

"Daid?" Old Joe asked.

"Deader'n hell! Jody takes it awful hard."

THE cowboy cut loose Bill Roper's hands and together they lifted Old Joe onto the other bunk. Roper cut Marquita free.

"Get me that kettle of water off the stove," Bill Roper ordered Marquita; and when she had brought it he said, "Now you go and keep Miss Gordon company for a little while."

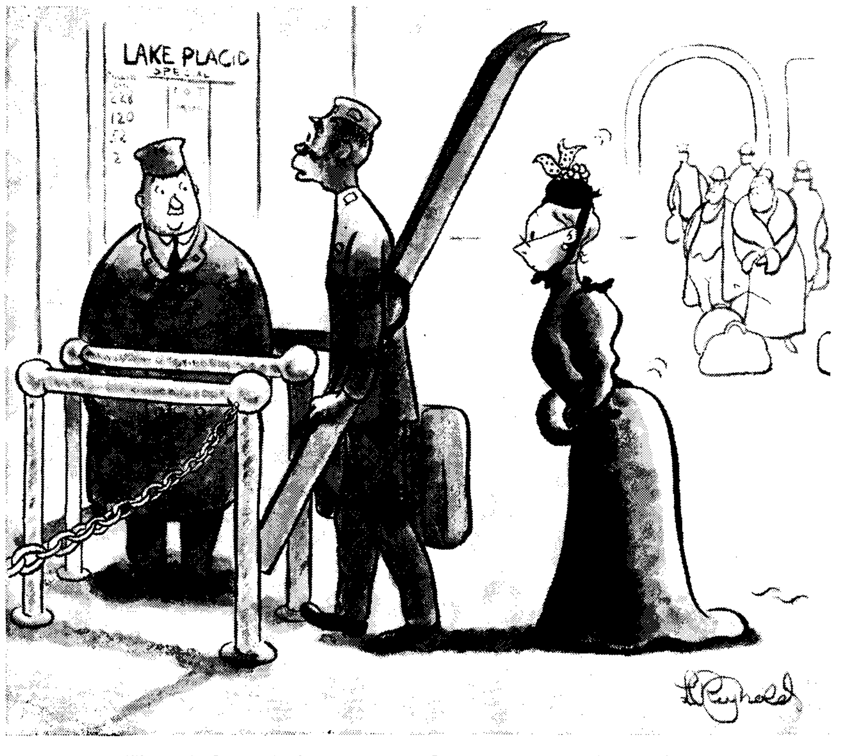
Marquita left them, closing the door behind her.

Old Joe kept talking to them in a gaspy sort of way, as they did what they could for his wound.

"The kid was scared to death to come. Jody seen that, and tried to send him back, with some trumped-up message or something. Naturally he seen through that and wouldn't go. Now most likely she blames herself that he's daid. Lucky for us that Leathers' main outfit wasn't here."

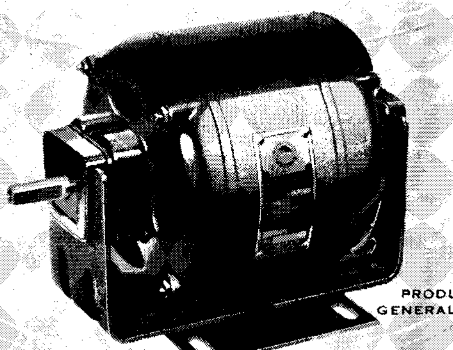
"You mean just you three was going to jump the whole Leathers outfit, and the Walk Lasham cowboys too?"

(Continued on page 62)



"I can't keep it in me much longer, suh. I'll just have to ask the lady what *she's* gonna do with these things!"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS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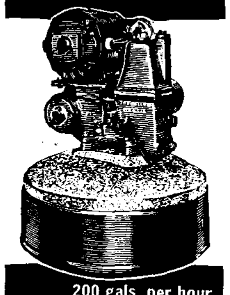

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(Continued from page 61)

"Not three—four," Old Joe said. "Don't ever figure that girl don't pull her weight. We been laying up here on the hill since before dusk. She aimed we should use the same stunt you used at Fork Crick—bust into 'em just before daylight. Then somebody fires off a gun down here, and she loses her haid, and we come on down. It was her smashed her horse against the door, trying to bust it in. She blindfolded him with her coat—threw it over his head—and poured on whip and spur, and she bangs into the planks. Broke his neck, most like; can't see why she wasn't killed—"

"Just you four," Roper marveled, "were going to tackle the whole works, not even knowing how many were here?"

"We tried to tell her it couldn't be done. But you can't talk any sense into a woman, once she gets a notion in her nut."

MARQUITA, closing the door of the store-room behind her, for some moments stood looking down at Jody Gordon.

Jody still sat on the floor, upon her lap the head of the boy who had downed Jim Leathers. The sobs that convulsed her were dying off now, leaving her deeply fatigued and profoundly shaken.

"You might as well get up now," Marquita said. Her soft Mexican slur gave an odd turn to the blunt American words she used. "The fight's over; and that boy you've got there is dead as a herring. What you need is a drink."

Jody lifted her head, rubbing the tears from her eyes so that she could look at the other woman.

"Where's Billy Roper?" Jody demanded. "Is Billy all right?"

"Sure, he's okay. That other old cocklebur of yours got a slug in the leg. But Jim Leathers will most likely pull through too; so that makes the score a tie."

"But—all the Leathers men—all the Lasham cowhands—where are they?"

"They all went out chasing after Dry Camp's raiders. Leathers and Red Kane were the only ones here—and your boys got Red Kane, and wounded Leathers."

With a visible effort Jody Gordon pulled herself together and gently lowered the head of the dead boy to the floor. She got up shakily, and for a moment looked at Marquita.

"I've seen you somewhere," Jody said. "Yes, I remember now. You worked in a dance hall in Uvalde."

"I don't know how you know that," Marquita said. Her voice was low and soft, without resentment. "You weren't ever in it."

"Everyone knows who everyone else is, in Uvalde."

"That's true," Marquita said. "And so of course I know you are Jody Gordon, of the great King-Gordon; and you never worked in a dance hall, because you never needed to work."

Jody Gordon walked to the table and sat down. She leaned her elbows upon the plain boards and buried her face in her hands.

"It's my fault that boy is dead," Jody said brokenly. "He didn't want to come. None of them wanted to come. But this boy was afraid; he was afraid of the very name of Jim Leathers. And when I tried to send him back he wouldn't go! And now he's lying here; he's lying here because of me."

"He died very well," Marquita said. "He got Jim Leathers—a good job of work for any man."

Jody did not answer. Marquita sat down opposite her and for a little while studied Jody.

"Why did you come here?" Marquita asked at last. Her voice continued gently curious—nothing more.

"I knew Billy Roper was alive," Jody told her. "Because I was watching when Leathers left Fork Creek with him. I already knew they meant to take him to Ben Thorpe at Sundance for the reward. That would be death to him. And I knew they meant to stop over here on the way. So I got the boys, from our Red Butte camp, and I came on. . . ."

"You are a very foolish little girl," Marquita said. "Luck saved you; but if this camp had been full of men, it would have been suicide."

"Wouldn't you have done the same?"

Marquita shrugged impatiently, as if this was beside the point. "I feel very sorry for you," she said.

"Why?"

"Because I think you are in love with this Billy Roper."

"Why do you say that?"

"*Es claro*," Marquita said. "It is plain. And it's a pity; because this kind of man is not for you."

At first Jody Gordon did not answer. But behind the softness of Marquita's voice was a cogency as strange as her American words—a cogency that would not be ignored.

"I don't understand you."

Marquita's glance swept the room—the bare chinked walls, the dead boy. Her eyes seemed to go beyond the door, where they were dressing Old Joe's wound; beyond the walls, to the cold, wind-swept prairie, where men still rode this night, though morning was close.

"What do you know," she said—"what *can* you know of the lives of these men?"

Jody lifted her head, then, and looked at Marquita; and again the simple words and the mask-like face of Marquita seemed to have a meaning for which she groped. In the silence that followed, it came to Jody that the night's fighting was not yet over, that *she must still fight for herself and for* Bill—and somehow for that foolish house in Ogallala, with its tall tower overlooking the plain.

"I was raised with Billy Roper," she said, stretching a point. But even as she said the words she knew by Marquita's smile that this dance hall girl recognized the lie.

"Through all this time, where have you been?"

"You should know," Jody said with a flash of spirit. "My cowboys broke this thing wide open tonight!"

JODY felt the strange obsidian eyes stroke the whole length of her body, as if she were being undressed. "*Your* cowboys?" asked Marquita. "You mean your father's cowboys, *no?* Do you belong to one of these men? Does one of *these men belong to you?*"

Marquita stood up and, with the slow and deliberate stride that seemed a dramatization of her smile, she went to the window and with one thumb tested a jag of the glass that the dead boy had struck out when he downed Jim Leathers. For a moment her profile stood pale against that outer night which, moonless and starless, seemed to open into a world without direction, without any heartening or familiar landmark. Jody felt suddenly empty and lost.

"Do you ride with them?" the gentle, inexorable voice went on. "Do you share their blankets? Do you ride under their ponchos in the rain? Where are you when their guns speak? Who prays for them at dawn, knees down, in this God-forsaken snow?"

Marquita paused and her body swung, lazily assured, across a shadowy angle of the room toward the closed door that had hid Roper, working now over the wounded men. Her hands were spread against the doorposts and it seemed to Jody, watching her, as if Marquita were a barrier between what might have been Jody's and what she had lost now.

"You don't have to bar the door," she said.

Marquita's hands came away from the doorposts. "I know I don't."

The words were so *indolently* cadenced that they might have been spoken in Spanish. And at their soft assurance something awoke in Jody Gordon. . . . Something was still worth fighting for. Perhaps it had nothing to do with Bill Roper, but it flowed deep into the roots of her life; deeper than her life with one man—with any man—could ever flow. And as she looked at Marquita, strange things came to her, that she herself could not have put into words.

Into her mind came the faces of Texas women—women with level, honest eyes and gnarled hands. Behind them were shadowy generations of other enduring women—all the westward pushing generations who had given so much of themselves to the land. Those women dared all things, faced all things; but some*how, always and immutably,* they carried with them the traditions of a way of living.

When Jody Gordon thought of those women, she knew that Marquita and all her kind would presently pass. Perhaps Bill Roper, like all the rest of his bold riders, must also pass; but now suddenly Jody knew that whatever else might vanish from this prairie, what she herself stood for would remain. The hard riding and the savage raiding, the violent destruction and the violent pleasure—when those were gone there would remain certain quiet things.

WHEN she spoke at last, she scarcely recognized her own voice. It seemed to her that in the quiet her thoughts were going up those long dusty trails that had been King-Gordon's. And she was *thinking forward, too, into a future* where those trails would lead, even though Bill Roper would not be on them.

"I guess I was wrong," she said. Her words had a strange echo of Marquita's own directness. "You're Bill Roper's girl—is that what you wanted to tell me?"

The dance hall girl's words fell softly: "*Sí*, that is what I wanted you to know."

Jody stood up. She felt suddenly tired and numb.

"I still think a world can be made where decency can live," she said.

Beyond the splintered window the wind blew bitter off the prairie, where there was yet no hint of light. But Jody's head was up; her eyes were gray and clean. She seemed to speak through the smashed window frame to the dawn which could not be far off.

"Leave us out of account," she said. "Some day, decent things will live on this prairie, whatever happens to us. But meantime—I guess he belongs to you."

She held Marquita's stare for a moment, then turned and walked to the door. Opening it, she saw that the first forlorn cold gray of the winter dawn was coming into the sky east of Montana. The black hulk of the horse whose neck she had broken lay at her feet. She pulled from under it the coat with which she had blinded it when she charged the door and pulled it on; the bitter cold of the dawn was enough to penetrate to the bones.

Slowly she uncinched and worked the saddle free, then the bridle. She staggered a little as she shouldered the saddle, and walked out toward the corral where other ponies stood, dark humped-up shapes against the snow.

(To be concluded next week)

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Three Falls to a Fortune

Continued from page 18

De Glane held up a pretty pink-and-white arm to the referee and there, sure enough, just above the elbow were the unmistakable marks of a healthy set of steak munchers. The referee—a French Canadian dentist when not refereeing—turned a look of outraged incredulity toward Lewis and then announced that Lewis had been disqualified and that De Glane was now the champion.

In vain were the protests of Lewis. In vain his accusations that De Glane had bitten himself. Then someone whispered in the shell-like—well, not so shell-like—ear of Mr. Lewis: "You shouldn't of thrown young George that time. The boys didn't like that. And, by the way, do you know that De Glane is one of Bowser's boys?"

Lewis saw the light. Good trouper that he was, his protests stopped. And now De Glane was the champion. Now what do you think? You'll never guess. De Glane came to Boston to wrestle—guess whom—for the title. Ed Don George? That's right. You're learning fast. And who won? Ed Don George himself. Righto. And since then he has been champion of the world—in New England.

Always a Good Show

The foregoing tale is one which they whisper in the pubs of Boston and in the sawdust palaces on Eighth Avenue in the shadow of Madison Square Garden, and it's the tale that the wrestlers will tell you grinning as they mangle a pastrami sandwich. But if you asked Jack Curley or Paul Bowser or Toots Mondt, the big three of the business, they would smile, a hurt smile, and say: "Oh, why do you say things like that? Of course there's angles to every business but we put on good shows for the people, don't we?"

Of course they do. That's why wrestling is not only tolerated but enthusiastically received all over the country. It is a matter of record that wrestling has given more downright entertainment and fun to the paying customers than perhaps any other sport. So why knock it? We're not knocking it; we're only explaining it and, anyhow, Jack Curley promised not to sue us no matter what we said.

Well, sir, if you've followed us this far, you'll remember we've gotten to the point where Ed Don George is the champion. Meanwhile, in New York the championship had been tossed back and forth between Jim Browning and Jim Londos, with Londos being the more acceptable champion.

About this time the wrestling faction headed by Paul Bowser of Boston and the faction led by Jack Curley in New York decided to stop cutting each other's throats. They had heard of the American principle of monopoly. You know what it is—a monopoly?

It goes like this: There are two hat stores in a town and one hat store charges four dollars for a hat and the other store charges two dollars for the same hat. Of course everybody buys hats at the second store. Now the owners of the two stores get together and pool their interests. From now on both stores charge four dollars for a hat, and everybody has to patronize one or the other. That is monopoly. Catch on?

So Mr. Bowser and Mr. Curley and Toots Mondt and a couple of other gentlemen got together and pooled all their groaners and grunters. Wrestling is a curious game. For a while everyone in New York will want to see the knights of the knobby ears, and the Garden and the armories will be jammed. Meanwhile, St. Louis and Philadelphia and Los Angeles will view the wrestlers with nothing but boredom and the customers will stay away by the hundreds, even by the thousands. Then suddenly the New York public will tire of the sport and for no reason at all Philadelphia or Los Angeles will go cu-razy about wrestling. Now the beauty of a monopoly is that if one business section is going slow another paying section will carry it along until it gets on its feet. That's how it works in wrestling. This past winter, for instance, New York was bored with wrestling. But what of it? Los Angeles and Boston were doing great. So the game went merrily on.

We must take time out to tell you why Los Angeles fell so hard for wrestling. There was once a fat young man named Soldier Leavitt, a sort of boxer and wrestler, who plied his wares in New York. He never got out of the semi-final class in anything. He gave it up and got himself a job as traffic cop in Miami. But standing up all day was no fun to an ex-wrestler who had spent so much time on his back reclining on nice, soft canvas. Being of a lazy nature, the Soldier didn't like to shave, and in the course of time he grew a beard, a lovely, flowing, silken affair, and when he'd lie on the beach at Miami the youngsters would frolic in and out of the beard.

The Soldier decided to try the wrestling racket again. He wound up in Los Angeles, was embraced enthusiastically by Toots Mondt, was told that he was a hill-billy from Georgia and that henceforth his name was Man Mountain Dean. To add verisimilitude to the story, they even put Georgia license plates on his car (honest, I saw them) and the Man Mountain was a sensation. His 317 pounds and his delightful grunting and groaning pleased the natives of Hollywood and Los Angeles no end, and as testimony to his power as a drawing card it is only necessary to state that when he wrestled Jim Londos out there 39,000 people paid to see the fun.

But to get back to George and Londos and our reasons for thinking that George will win from Londos next month. Jim Londos has been a very acceptable champion from whatever point you view him. Physically modeled on classic Grecian lines, he is very personable, not to say handsome; he is a master choregrapher; he is an accomplished thespian who can run the gamut of contortion from toe hold to headlock with convincing sincerity and when the script calls for grunts, groans or grimaces he is a deft and agile manipulator of both vocal cords and facial muscles. In short, the Peerless Pachyderm. And in addition, Londos is a hell of a wrestler. Not the best, perhaps, but right up there with the best.

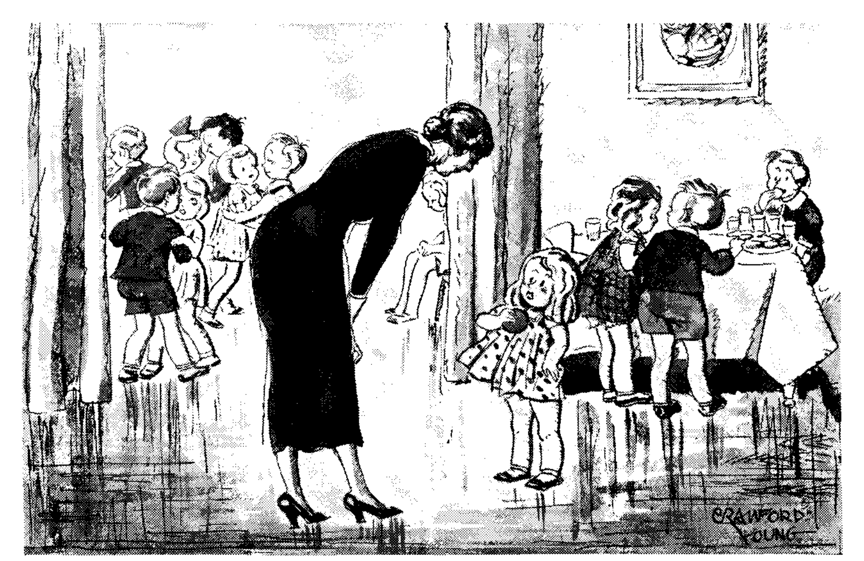
The Champion-Elect

However, Londos has been around a long time and his face and antics are getting just a little bit too familiar. Besides, he is a wealthy man, his wealth being variously estimated at anywhere from one million to two and a half million dollars. You see, the champion always gets twenty per cent of the gate. The average gate when the champion wrestles is perhaps $8,000 and every three weeks or so he has a big forty- or fifty-thousand gate to cut in on. Londos wrestles on an average of five nights a week.

Being wealthy and a bit fed up with overnight hops and cold dressing-rooms, Londos would like to retire and go home to Greece. He would like to retire as champion, but that would not be practical from the standpoint of the gentlemen who run wrestling. It would be far better for him to be thrown by some worthy challenger. And where, my friends, where from the rock-bound coast of Maine to the sun-kissed shores of the Pacific could you find a more worthy challenger than Ed Don George?

Young, good-looking, strong, now a fine wrestler good enough to keep any outlaw from accomplishing a double cross—George has almost everything. His box-office appeal has been and is being carefully built up by two very astute aides who handle publicity for Mr. Curley and his associates. Their names are Mr. Throckmorton Cohn and Hercules Wergeles, and I find it significant that whenever I meet either of these two genial souls they babble constantly, not of Londos, but of George.

During the past three years George has made perhaps $400,000, for he too wrestles four or five times a week and, although he as challenger gets only ten per cent of the gate, a lot of ten per cents added together can add up to a lot of potatoes, be they fried, boiled or hanging on the vine. But if he "defeats" Londos he will be on his way to real riches, and a lucky thing for him, I say, that he took a Saturday afternoon off not so many years ago to attend that county fair in Salamanca, New York.



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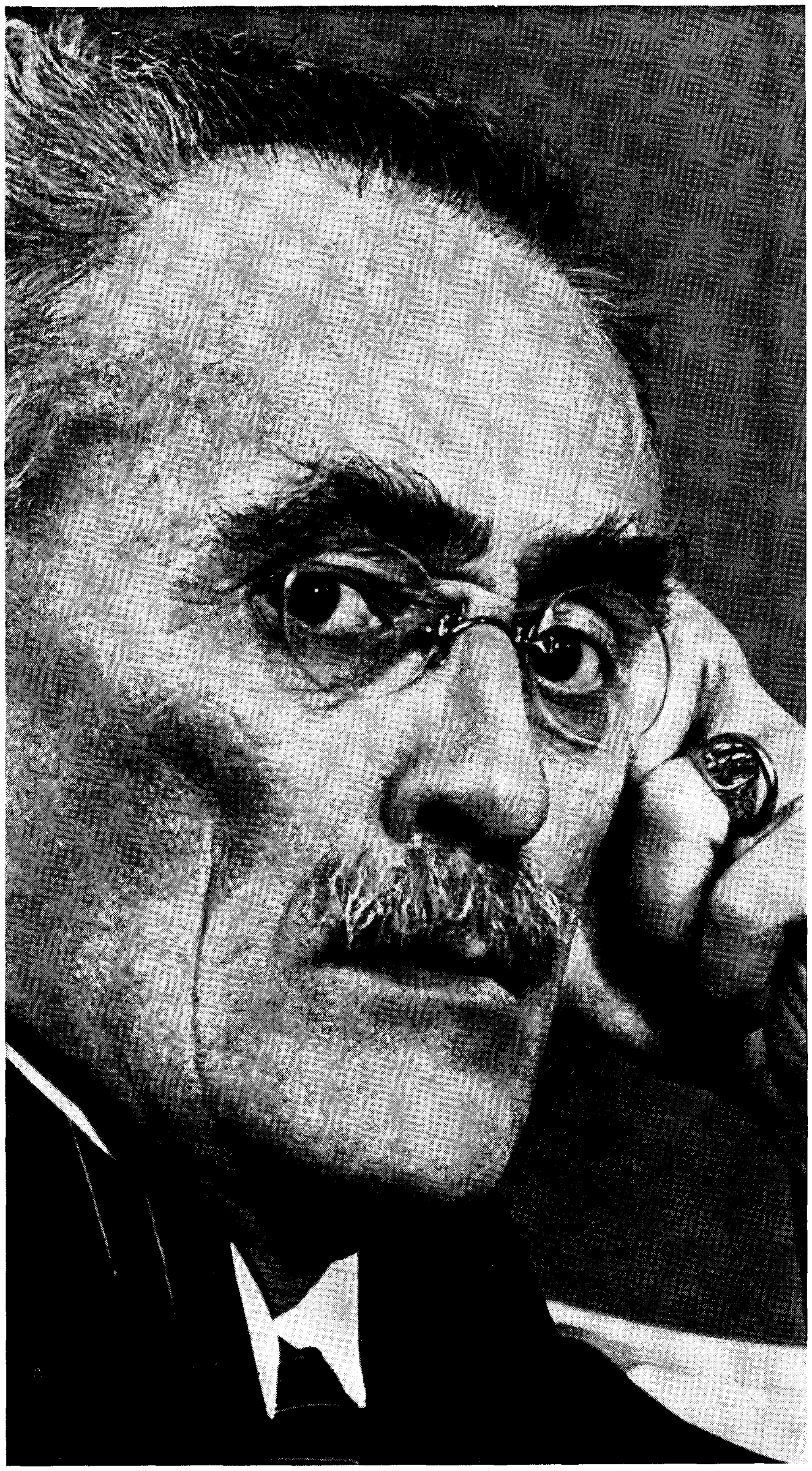

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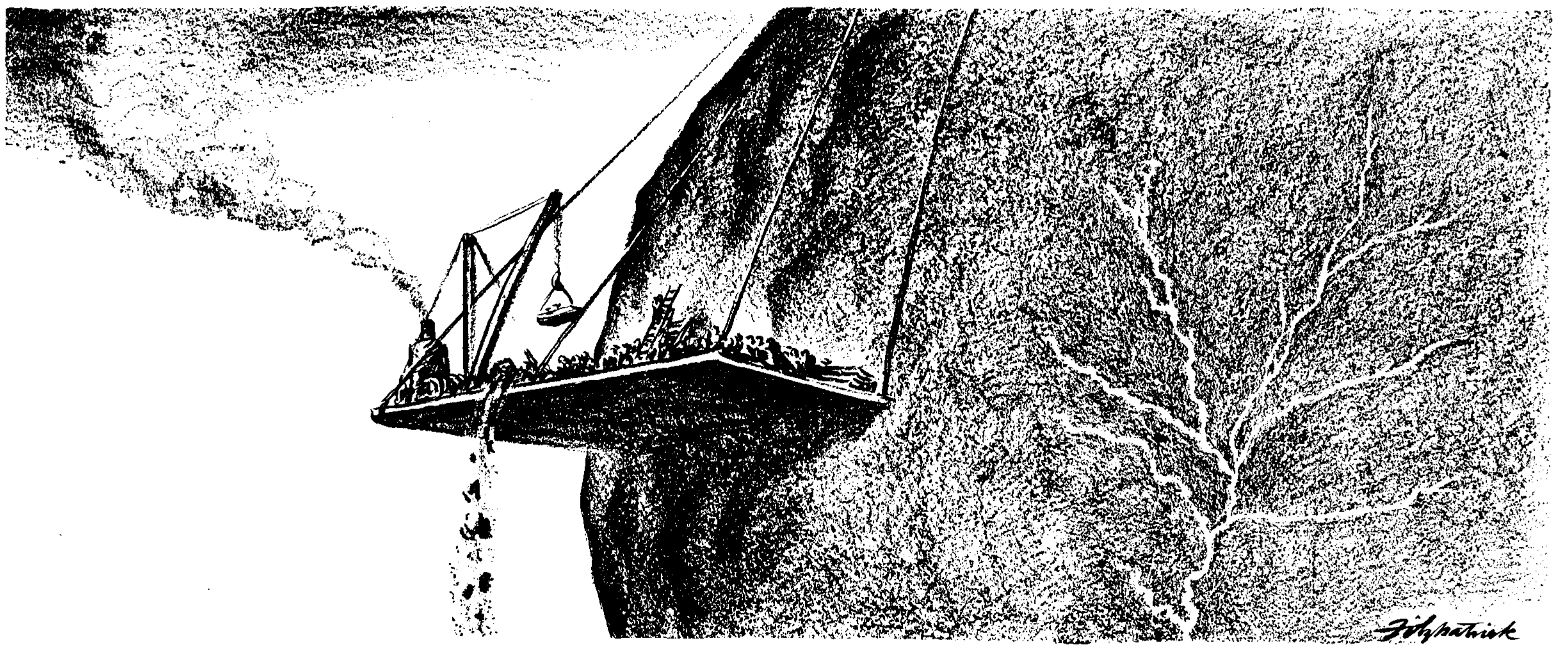

Remaking the World

THE closed gates of Boulder Dam are piling up the waters of the Colorado River into what will be the largest artificial lake ever created anywhere. Two years ahead of schedule, this stupendous enterprise is approaching completion.

It is an exhilarating spectacle. The largest and in many ways the most difficult feat of engineering and construction is being brilliantly accomplished during years of depression. At the very time when our economic life seemed most deranged, we have succeeded in erecting the largest structure of its kind ever created by man. It is a gallant monument to any time and people.

The project of harnessing the mighty Colorado River is not a new dream. It is only necessary to stand near the rim of the great canyon to catch the inspiration behind this achievement. During long years the imagination of builders has played with the possibilities of using the tremendous resources of a great river confined by nature to a mile-deep canyon.

Engineers were actually put to work making surveys of the possibilities as far back as Theodore Roosevelt's time. Congress authorized the project in December, 1928, just before Calvin Coolidge retired from the White House. Construction began during President Hoover's administration.

The private contractors who are doing the work and the government engineers who are supervising and directing it have had favorable weather. Nevertheless, the work has been carried on under conditions almost inconceivably difficult. Boulder Dam lies in desert country, hot and fearfully dry. Men work on steep mountain sides, the bare rocks blazing from the heat of the sun. Death or injury has been the portion of many. All engaged have faced conditions and undergone experiences almost unparalleled in the history of building.

The dam itself is 730 feet high, nearly 300 higher than its nearest rival. At the base this vast concrete pile is 650 feet wide. Thrown across the canyon and anchored to its walls, it impedes the flow of the river until a lake 115 miles long will be created in the midst of the mountains. The mind and hand of man have never dared undertake a vaster enterprise.

The purpose of this great undertaking is manifest. Flood control, navigation, irrigation, supply of water for domestic use to cities and production of electric power, all will result. Some of the practical consequences of the Colorado River development have already given rise to controversies. The division of the prospective fruits has created jealousies. Arizona, insisting that its allotted share is too small, has already mobilized a small army to advance its claims.

The conflicts over who will get what and how much are but minor tempests which will quickly be settled and forgotten. Boulder Dam will remain, a source of energy and an outstanding exemplification of the ability of modern man to control his environment and to turn to human use the power of untamed nature. For the Colorado River project is just a sample, magnificent though it be, of what science is enabling men to do in many parts of the world.

In spite of every hardship men are building today on a scale never before approximated. Soviet Russia has recently completed the dam on the Dnieper River at a cost of one hundred and ten million dollars. The British have built in Egypt on the Upper Nile dams and lakes of the same giant proportions. All over Europe—in France, Germany, Spain and Italy—similar undertakings have been recently completed or are in the process of accomplishment.

Everywhere the goals pursued are the same. Irrigation, flood control and the production of electricity are provided. The energy of flowing water is being harnessed. The energy of falling rain is being stored.

In this country hard times stimulated enormously the development of water resources. We have the great series of dams which compose the Tennessee Valley project, the Columbia River undertaking and numerous others hardly less important. This building program was hastened by the need to provide jobs and to increase buying power. It is sound economic policy to provide employment on public works when private employment is slack. Thus the government has been driven to consider every practicable project.

The completion of these undertakings will, however, unquestionably create new conditions. Just as the development of the steam engine made factories inevitable and presented a new competition to the old handicraft workers, so today these public hydroelectric plants will create new competition in many established industries.

Existing public utilities already have their hands full of these problems and inevitably other industries will feel their effects. Power available from these new hydroelectric plants will influence the location of numerous industries and affect the growth of population. New towns and cities will arise. Population to some extent will be redistributed.

Those whose interests are hurt by this public development naturally resent it. The open-minded and farsighted always, however, adjust themselves to new conditions and do not waste time and energy in regret at the passing of the old. The availability of tremendous stores of electrical energy produced cheaply in publicly owned hydroelectric plants is a fact which industry will take into account during the years ahead. It is a part and a vital part of the changes of this time of transition. We are building mighty monuments and in so doing setting in motion forces which, during the years to come, will influence the conditions under which we and our successors will live.

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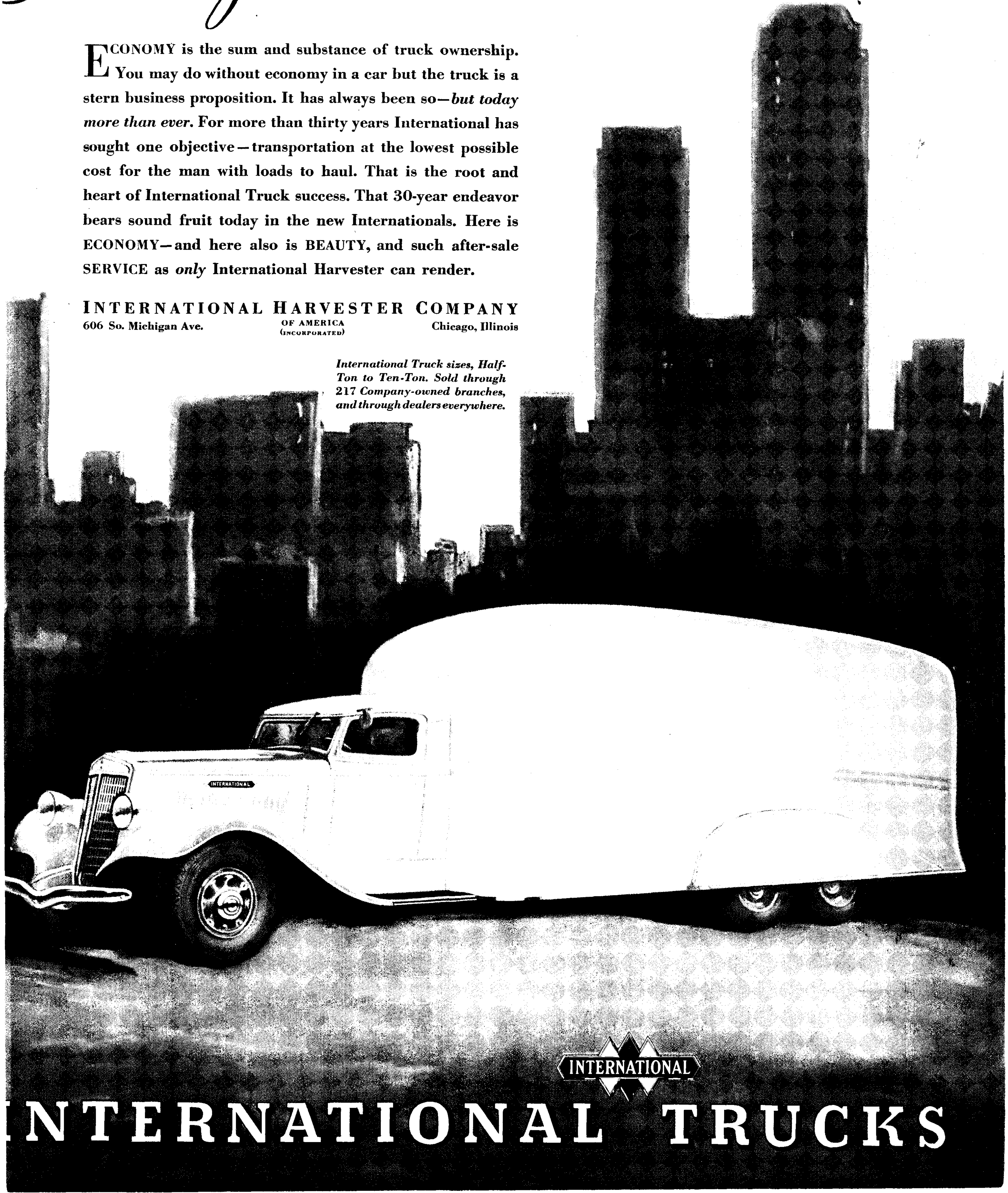

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"**WHEN THE SCORE** is close, and a high run may mean victory and a championship...smoking a Camel gives me a 'lift' in the pinches, when I need it most!" (Signed) **FRANK COPELAND**
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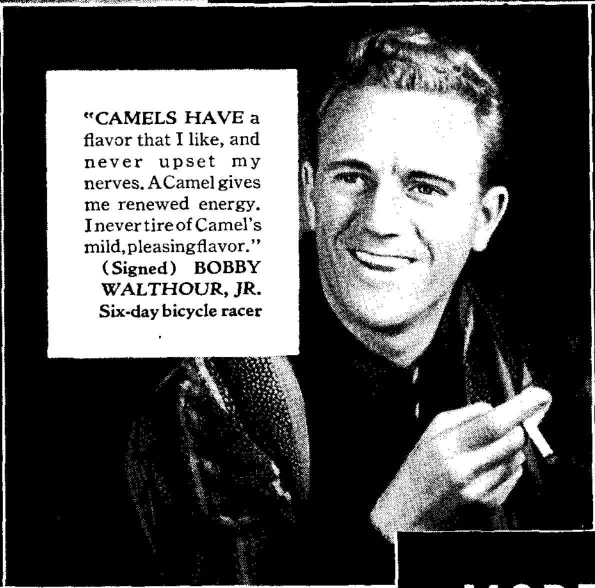

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"**TRANSPORT FLYING** takes stamina—vitality. When I get tired, I smoke a Camel. Camels help a lot in easing the strain and renewing my 'pep'!" (Signed) **E. H. PARKER, Chief Pilot, Eastern Air Lines**

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